MAY · 35 CENTS

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

TERRY MOORE

The girl who can do almost anything—and often does

HOW TO HAVE A BABY

The answers to questions that plague childless couples

BY ABRAHAM STONE, M.D.

Gentle William

Young pity for age can trap a girl—and her path to escape may narrowly miss murder!

A COMPLETE NOVEL
BY NONA COXHEAD

Out front with the finest . . . the beautiful new Ford Mainline Tudor Sedan and Crestline Victoria.

Two Fords are a dollar and sense proposition

In today's trend toward country living, you often see *two* Fords parked in driveways where there used to be but *one* expensive car. For more and more people are finding they can own two fine Fords, at costs not too different from those of maintaining one expensive car. And, they're finding in Ford everything to meet their particular tastes and requirements.

The modern advantages that Ford offers will make mighty good sense to you, too.

First, there's Ford styling. Ford brings you the smooth, clean lines of the recognized style leader *plus* the smartest interiors of any car priced so low.

Second, Ford is the *only* car in the low-price field that gives you a choice of V-8 or Six . . . the 130-h.p. Y-block V-8 or the 115-h.p. I-block Six. Both are new, deep-block, low-friction engines that bring you extra "go" . . . and *big* advantages in gas-savings.

Third, only Ford of all the low-priced cars, has a modern ball-joint front suspension system. This revolutionary new development allows greater shock absorbing movement of the front wheels . . . you enjoy a softer, more stable ride. And Ford's simple, sealed ball joints help *keep* handling easier, far longer.

Fourth, to take the "drive" out of driving, Ford offers *five* optional power assists: Fordomatic Drive, the most versatile of the automatics . . . a *4-Way* Power Seat . . . Swift Sure Power Brakes . . . Power-Lift Windows *all around* . . . Master-Guide Power Steering.

And last, but by no means least, Ford's worth more on the used car market. Year after year, the preference for Ford has risen, And, year after year, Ford returns a higher proportion of its original cost when resold than does *any other car!*

There are many other reasons why two Fords are a dollar and *sense* proposition for *your* family. Let your Ford Dealer show you how easily there can be a Ford in your future . . . maybe *two!*

'54 Ford **Worth more when you buy it . . . Worth more when you sell it!**

THOUSANDS FIND NEW INTEREST, NEW HAPPINESS IN LIFE!

See For Yourself How A Few Hours At Arthur Murray's Opens The Door To Good Times And Popularity

Once you've found out how quick and easy and what fun learning to dance at Arthur Murray's can be, you'll wish you had gone there ages ago. There's only one key step to learn—Arthur Murray's famous "Magic Step"—and most people, even beginners, master it at their first lesson. That's why you can do the Rumba, Samba, Tango, Waltz or Fox Trot after a few preliminary lessons. Then come the good times and popularity you've always wanted . . . the invitations and admiring looks as you and your partner whirl about the floor.

No One Can Afford To Miss This Opportunity For Happiness

Shyness and timidity seem to melt away when you are a good dancer. Knowing how to dance well is one of the biggest social assets you can have, a real confidence builder, too. So don't miss out on the good times. Visit the Arthur Murray Studio near your home now. See coupon below for special limited offer.

HOW OTHERS HAVE FOUND POISE, NEW CONFIDENCE AT ARTHUR MURRAY'S

"I feel years younger and much happier since I enrolled at Arthur Murray's. I thought learning to dance would be hard and take forever. I could actually dance after my very first lesson and it was fun, too. And what a wonderful time I've had ever since," says Arthur Murray Student, Martha Stone.

"I never danced and was too shy to learn. Just a few lessons at Arthur Murray's changed all that," says Arthur Murray student Paul Chauvin. "Now I have more confidence and really enjoy myself at parties. I certainly wish I'd gone to Arthur Murray sooner."

Joyce Lyons, typical Arthur Murray teacher. Pleasing personality. Interested in helping people. Pupils all sing her praises.

Exclusive Arthur Murray "Magic Step" Makes Learning to Dance Faster...More Fun!

© Arthur Murray, Inc.

Free DANCE BOOK AND 2 STUDIO LESSONS

Send This Coupon To Your Nearest

ARTHUR MURRAY STUDIO *(Consult Telephone Directory)*

Gentlemen:

Send me the new 64-page illustrated "Murray-Go-Round" with its hints on dancing and information about the Arthur Murray Studios and their wonderful parties. I understand if I send this coupon promptly, I will receive a certificate good for 2 FREE half-hour dance lessons.

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RB-5-54

PICTURE *of the Month*

Once you've kept your appointment with the ten fascinating Hollywood stars you'll meet in M-G-M's plush and highly polished "Executive Suite", you'll see why this powerful romantic story was *the* perfect vehicle to rate *the* great high-powered casting of our time.

Yes, M-G-M really rolled out the rich red-carpet treatment to welcome Cameron Hawley's breathtaking best-seller to the screen! They took its sizzling story of the personal affairs behind the cool facades of a skyscraper. They sharpened its staccato pace. They enhanced its heartfelt intimacy.

And then they gave it that grand all-star backing: William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Shelley Winters, Paul Douglas, Louis Calhern, Dean Jagger and Nina Foch. Here, indeed, is a gala offering for M-G-M's 30th Anniversary jubilee!

Everyone knows about the woman behind every successful man. No one knew, at first, the women behind Avery Bullard, ruler of a vast industrial domain. When he dies mysteriously, his five top male executives are plunged into a fierce grappling for control of his empire. And so are the women who love and serve and shape these favored five. Each fights in his or her own way, with his or her weapons. Only one man can win the precious vacated "Executive Suite". Who is it?

We've ransacked our memory without finding a man-woman conflict that lets loose more fireworks than this one. Here's that whole hectic and heady world of stainless steel... the open scandals behind closed doors... the chaste and the cheats... livewires, deadbeats, the what's-in-it-for-me boys with the adding-machine hearts, the heroes and visionaries, the soft women with the proverbial whims of iron.

And now, thanks to the infinite treat of "Executive Suite", we too know from the inside out and the top down, that fabulous but familiar world of thick carpets and thin skins and thrilling challenge!

The producer was John Houseman, whose hits include "Julius Caesar" and "The Bad and The Beautiful". Robert Wise directed.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents "EXECUTIVE SUITE" starring WILLIAM HOLDEN, JUNE ALLYSON, BARBARA STANWYCK, FREDRIC MARCH, WALTER PIDGEON, SHELLEY WINTERS, PAUL DOUGLAS, LOUIS CALHERN with DEAN JAGGER, NINA FOCH, TIM CONSIDINE. Screen Play by Ernest Lehman. Based on the novel by Cameron Hawley. Directed by Robert Wise. Produced by John Houseman.

MAY • 1954
VOL. 103 • NO. 1

Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

REDBOOK MAGAZINE is published each month simultaneously in the United States and Canada by McCall Corporation, Marvin Pierce, President; Lowell Shumway, Vice-President and Circulation Director; Edward M. Brown, Secretary; William C. Auer, Treasurer; William E. Terry, Advertising Manager of Redbook. Publication and Subscription Offices: McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. MANUSCRIPTS and ART MATERIAL will be carefully considered, but will be received only with the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury. TRUTH IN ADVERTISING: Redbook Magazine will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: $3.00 for one year, $5.00 for two years, $7.50 for three years in U. S. and Canada. Add $1 per year for other countries. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. IF YOU PLAN TO MOVE SOON please notify us four weeks in advance, because subscription lists are addressed in advance of publication date and extra postage is charged for forwarding. When sending notice of change of address give old address as well as new, preferably clipping name and old address from last copy received. MAY ISSUE, 1954, VOL. CIII, No. 1. Copyright, 1954, by McCall Corporation: Reproduction in any manner in whole or part in English or other languages prohibited. All rights reserved throughout the world. Necessary formalities, including deposit where required, effected in the United States of America, Canada and Great Britain. Protection secured under the International and Pan American copyright conventions. Reprinting not permitted except by special authorization. Entered as second-class matter July 14, 1930, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Printed in U.S.A.

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste!

No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine's lasting protection

Before you go any place where you might offend . . . on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement . . . remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria . . . to get at the major cause of bad breath.

That's a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

No tooth paste kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

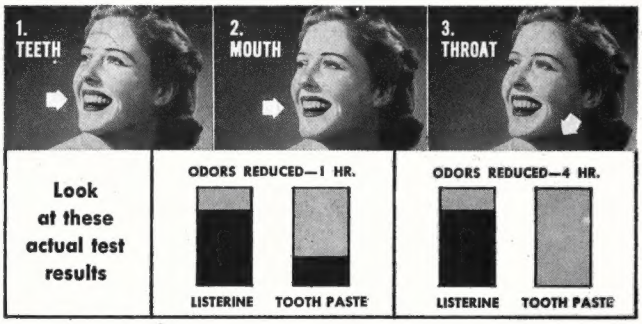
Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn't kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—gargle with Listerine, the most widely-used antiseptic in the world.

Stops Bad Breath up to 3-4 times longer!

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous, independent research laboratory against leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than the tooth pastes!

LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START



and for COLDS and SORE THROAT
(DUE TO COLDS)

A Product of The Lambert Company

GARGLE LISTERINE... Quick and Often

This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That's because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.

The Stangiers and pet, Sarah

BETWEEN THE LINES

Most interesting man alive—to the medical profession, that is—is the head of a young family named Jim Stangier. We think he will be a stimulating personality for you to know, too — not because of his unique and extremely precarious physical predicament, but because the guy has learned to laugh about it! Since predicaments of one sort or another are what most of us constantly are getting into, Jim Stangier has a story of broad interest to tell. It's on page 17, a REDBOOK Bonus Feature—"Inside Me." We expect it will create a nice glow inside you.

If all Jon Whitcomb's girls were stacked together, they certainly would make a well-stacked stack. The latest of these gorgeous creatures to be brush-stroked to life by the popular illustrator is Cathy, the girl in a charming story on page 30 by Florence Jane Soman. Cathy is one of those fresh ones, those sweet ones, who have been keeping Jon's work in the big magazines for many a day. Born in Oklahoma, he wanted to be a musician. Instead, he paints for a living in Connecticut, and the spoils comfortably permit him to fool around with music as a hobby; he's the only man we know who has a pipe organ installed in his living room.

Jon Whitcomb

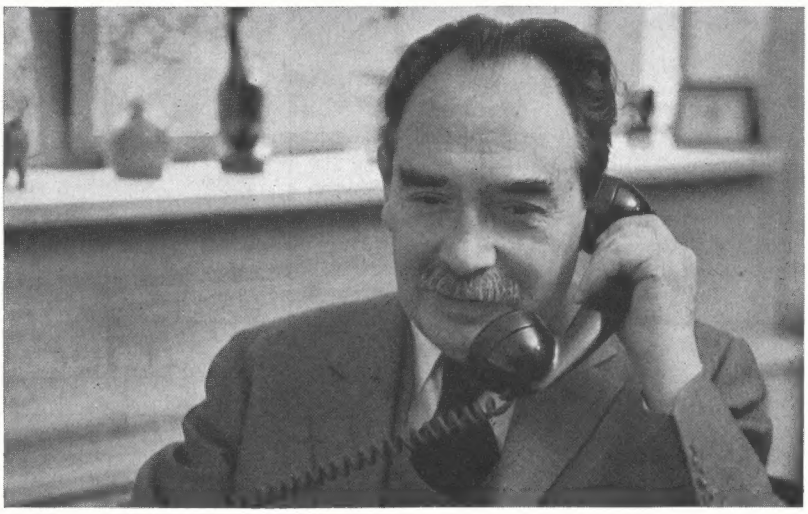
Selling his wife down the river is nothing to an author when it means putting a story across. After you've read Robert Zacks' short short on page 54, it may interest you to know it didn't happen that way at all in the Zacks' Brooklyn household. The fact is, as the author now sheepishly admits, it was he who took over the kitchen for several days "to inject a bit of variety into the diet," and it was Mrs. Zacks who each day scornfully foretold from the living room — and without peeking or sniffing — the exact menu!

Robert Zacks

"I haunted the little theaters," says Harriett Pratt, which partly explains how she could write so knowingly such a delightful story as "A Kiss for Luck" on page 44. There's grease paint in it, but mostly it tells how a shy girl finally was cued into a happier way of living. The Nebraska-born author's original idea was to learn more about writing through acting, but after studying at the American Repertory in Los Angeles, the glamour of the stage caught her up. "I did everything from an occasional part to ushering and sweeping out," she says. Now she lives in Beverly Hills, writing, and getting her drama kicks, vicariously, from the movies.

One marriage in ten in this country is involuntarily childless. So almost certainly you will know some couple who will deeply appreciate the hopeful information given by Dr. Abraham Stone on page 32 in "How Can We Have a Baby?" Here are the questions most frequently asked at the Fertility Service at the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau, of which Dr. Stone is the director — and the latest medical answers. Coauthor of "Planned Parenthood" and "A Marriage Manual," Dr. Stone has written and lectured widely on the subject of human fertility. He went to India as Family Planning Consultant in 1951 at the invitation of the Indian Government and under the auspices of the United Nations. In 1952 he traveled abroad on behalf of Planned Parenthood.

Harriett Pratt



Abraham Stone, M.D.

COMING NEXT MONTH: *"Billy Graham: God's Angry Young Man"—A profile of the fiery revivalist*

Lana Turner, star of M-G-M's Technicolor "FLAME AND THE FLESH", *wears Bur-Mil Cameo stockings with exclusive Face Powder Finish both on the screen and off.*

"Your face may be your fortune... *but your legs draw the interest*"

says Lana Turner. "And girls who want lingering glances make sure there's no shine on their stockings." Miss Turner and other M-G-M stars always insist on stockings that have a flattering, misty dull look. They wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish for glamourous leg loveliness at all times.

Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo's new 474 needle, 12 denier seamless, the most luxurious seamless stocking ever made. You'll find that it wears longer by actual test, too. The price? Only $1.65 a pair. Other Bur-Mil Cameo full-fashioned and seamless stockings from $1.15 to $1.65 a pair at your favorite hosiery counter.

BUR-MIL Cameo *the stockings with exclusive Face Powder Finish*

A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS... WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

BUR-MIL, CAMEO AND FACE POWDER ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.

Walling (William Holden) uncovers a lot about *Julia's* (Barbara Stanwyck) past when he tries to win her backing for president.

"EXECUTIVE SUITE"

A REDBOOK SILVER CUP CANDIDATE

Once in a great while a picture comes along with a plot so fascinating that the audience hates to have the film end. "Executive Suite" is this sort of picture, leaving its viewers anxious to know what will happen next. The film itself is rather a "Grand Hotel" of big business—a background which is sure to interest both young men and women.

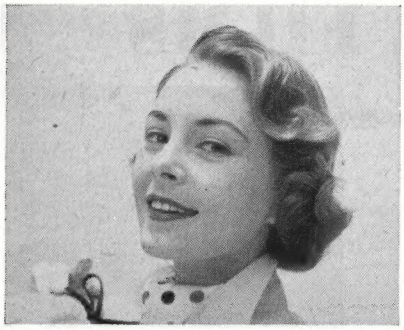
As the film begins, *Avery Bullard*, president of a large corporation, dies during a business trip to New York. He has created an industrial empire, and he has dominated the lives of those around him without designating anyone to succeed him. His five vice-presidents immediately begin vying for the presidency. *Fred Alderson* (Walter Pidgeon) feels entitled to succeed *Bullard* because he's the senior in service and *Bullard's* best friend. *Loren Shaw* (Frederic March), financial vice-president, is the most aggressive officer and assumes he's the logical successor. *Walter Dudley* (Paul Douglas), likable star salesman, might have gone far if *Shaw* hadn't discovered he was having an affair with his secretary (Shelley Winters). Production mainstay has been *Jesse Grimm* (Dean Jagger), but he's too old-fashioned in his thinking. The dark horse in the race is a brilliant young designer, *McDonald Walling* (William Holden), whose ambitions and ideals are more popular with his wife (June Allyson) than the board.

None of these men can become president without the backing of the majority of the board, which includes *Julia Tredway* (Barbara Stanwyck) and *George Caswell* (Louis Calhern). *Julia*, daughter of the founder of the company, was in love with *Bullard* for years. *Caswell*, a debonair stockbroker, immediately tried to capitalize on the stock reaction to *Bullard's* death and was caught by *Shaw*.

The race for the presidency narrows down to *Shaw* and *Walling*, with each trying desperately to win the necessary majority, and the climax comes during an exciting board meeting with *Julia Tredway* holding the deciding vote.

All the characters are so well developed and so well played that the film never becomes static or long-winded. As vibrant a group as this will not remain quiet long; that's why the picture is so intriguing and why the viewer is left wanting more. With its all-star cast and excellent production, "Executive Suite" deserves top rating as fine entertainment. *(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*

Left to right: Paul Douglas, Walter Pidgeon, June Allyson, Louis Calhern, Shelley Winters, Frederic March and Dean Jagger.



Casual, carefree—that's the "Ascot"—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.

Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this "Beau Belle" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.

Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Melody" hair style. So simple! No help is needed.

Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.

Bobbi is perfect for this gay "Miss Ginger" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking curls. No nightly settings necessary.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi . . . the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

THREE OTHER FINE FILMS

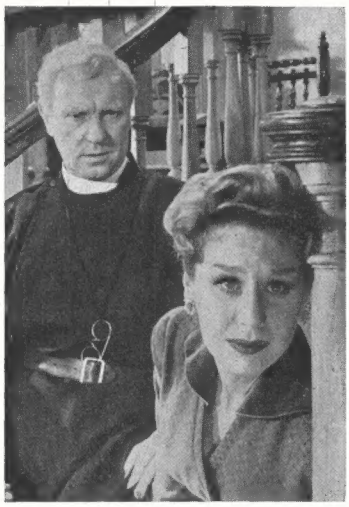
"Indiscretion of an American Wife"

ANY MOVIE fan can have a world tour these days without leaving his home town. This picture, for instance, was shot in the main railroad station of Rome. There is always a certain fascination about life in a railroad depot, but this film might have been stronger if it had included more of the background of the romance, as "Brief Encounter" did.

Mary (Jennifer Jones), an American visiting her sister in Rome, has decided to break off her relationship with *Giovanni* (Montgomery Clift) and return to her husband and child. *Giovanni* finds her before she boards the train and tries to persuade her to stay.

They become involved in the ordinary comings and goings of people in a big station, and their situation is poignant in that they have so little privacy to say the things that mean so much at a crucial time.

Vittorio De Sica, who made "The Bicycle Thief," directed this film with his usual careful attention to interesting and amusing bits of everyday life. *(Col.)*



"The Holly and the Ivy"

THIS IS the sort of picture which makes moviegoers say, "Why don't they make more films like that?" It's a very quiet, unpretentious story of family relationships, and it gets its title from the mythological use of holly as a symbol for man and ivy for woman.

The story concerns the family reunion at Christmas in the home of *Rev. Gregory* (Ralph Richardson). His daughter *Jenny* (Celia Johnson) has been keeping house for him and hopes that her sister *Margaret* (Margaret Leighton) will take over her duties so *Jenny* can marry. When the family gathers, each has his own problems which he has kept from the father in order to shield him from worldly affairs. The vicar inadvertently learns of one difficulty, solves it, and brings the family to the realization that he has more compassion and understanding than any of them.

The superb acting and the honesty with which everyday situations are faced make this an unusual and very satisfying production. *(Pacemaker)*

"New Faces"

LAST YEAR "New Faces" was a very gay, sophisticated revue produced on the stage by a group of talented young people. Someone had the bright idea of photographing the revue in CinemaScope so that all the country could see it. A few numbers have been deleted, and Eartha Kitt, who was a comparative unknown when the revue opened, has been given additional song hits which were not in the original show. Beside "Monotonous," which made her famous when the show opened, she now sings "C'est Si Bon," "Santa Baby" and "Uskadara," as well as some numbers with the rest of the group.

There are some sparkling dance sequences and several wonderful satirical bits, including one on Truman Capote and another on "Death of a Salesman." Robert Clary, June Carroll, Ronny Graham, Alice Ghostly and Paul Lynde, new names to movie audiences, give performances that are refreshing. The stage show has been imaginatively photographed. *(20 Century-Fox)*

THE BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

The Conquest of Everest—Superb pictures taken during the greatest mountain climb ever achieved by men. * April

Creature from the Black Lagoon—3D goes underwater and finds something pretty exciting. Julia Adams, Richard Carlson.

Elephant Walk—Life on a Ceylon tea plantation where Elizabeth Taylor is the only white woman around. * April

Hell and High Water—This proves that submarine life nowadays can be very interesting. Richard Widmark.

Hell Below Zero—The story is pretty ridiculous, but the pictures of Antarctic whaling are fascinating. Alan Ladd.

Prince Valiant—King Arthur's knights are box-office attractions this year, and Bob Wagner is a good one. Janet Leigh and a fine cast. * April

Rhapsody—Elizabeth Taylor loves not one but two musicians and almost ruins one of them. Vittorio Gassman. * April

Riot in Cell Block 11—Very forceful, melodramatic presentation of how prison riots, like those of last year, start.

Saskatchewan — With the Canadian Rockies as a background and a stirring Indian story, Alan Ladd does all right.

Tennessee Champ—Hymn singing and boxing, ordinarily strange partners, go very well in this film. Shelley Winters.

**Previously reviewed in Redbook*

Under his jacket

Are you proud that he has everything he needs as he starts the adventure of each day at school? Be prouder still of something hidden under his trim jacket —the stout heart that sends him off unafraid and eager.

This, too, you have given him because your love has made his small world secure. With it, he will build his own security as each challenge comes, in those days when he must stand alone without you.

What finer gift can you give those you love than the gift of security? It is the great privilege in America, where we are free to provide it.

And think, too—this is the way each of us helps build the security of our country, by simply taking care of our own. A secure America is the sum of its secure homes.

The security of *your* country begins in *your* home.

Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30.

U.S. Series "E" Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you a return of 80% on your original investment!

Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

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Ladies, bring new luxury and convenience to your home WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY. Just form a Charm House Club among your friends and be club secretary. Your friends will be delighted because they SAVE MONEY and receive valuable FREE PREMIUMS.

It's easy and lots of fun. As secretary you get $50—$150 and MORE in nationally advertised appliances, furniture, rugs, linens, draperies, fashions, giftware, etc. *ABSOLUTELY FREE!*

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Don't Delay — Act Today

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Please send me ABSOLUTELY FREE and without any obligation your LARGE NEW 1954 catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

For "Attraction in Action"

Complete your wardrobe with the "Playotte". This action-built skirt is as attractive on the street or in your living room as it is for Gardening, Golfing, Riding, Hiking or Bowling. Tailored with Buttoned Girdle front over a trim concealed zipper. Fine rayon gabardine in Navy, Black, Gray, Brown, Green and Wine. Waist sizes: 22-30 $5.95. Waist sizes: 32-40 $7.95. Team it up with the new "Complimenter" Blouse in silky, Sanforized broadcloth. Red, White, Blue and Gold. Sizes 32 to 38 $3.95. Send check or money order, plus 15c postage, to Sheldon Specialty Co., Dept. R, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y. (10% discount in groups of 5 or more.)

BABY'S *first* worldly possession

What a wonderful idea! Now you can have a cherished memento of that happy day. Baby's hospital identification beads or necklace . . . yours to treasure forever this lovely permanent way. Just send them to us, we'll embed them in a sparkling 3" square lucite paperweight with baby's full name in gold script. Delightful accessory for now and for always . . . a charmingly different gift for the new Mother.

Just $3.95 postpaid

Birth dates 50c extra

Keepsake Shops Union City 88, N.J.

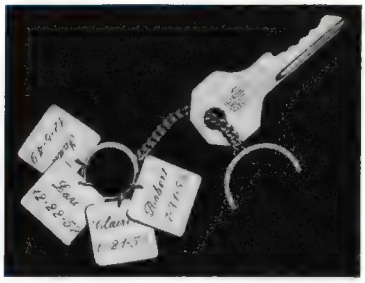
Actual size

100 PHOTO STAMPS GLOSSY PHOTOS IN STAMP SIZE $1.00

made from any photo or snapshot. perforated and gummed like stamps. Ideal for letters, invitations, announcements, greeting cards, pets or business use. Send $1 for 100 stamps (or 50 double size) with photo which is safely returned. Delivery 7 to 10 days.

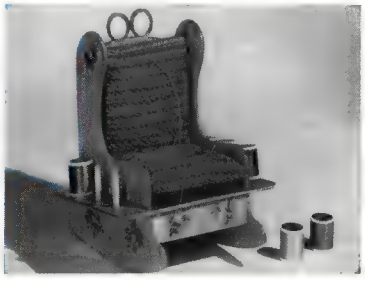
GIFT HOUSE, Box 484 Gt. Neck, N. Y.

Tops in the



A doting grandfather will be proud of a sterling silver key chain that records his growing tribe. Grandchild's first name and date of birth are engraved in script on a sterling disc the size of a dime. Chain, $3.50; each disc, $1.50. Tax and postage included. Holiday House, 126-R Bellvue Theater Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J.

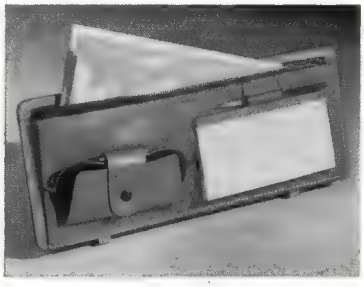
Daisies won't tell that the butterflies anchored in your flower beds or potted plants are make-believe. Of weather-resistant plastic in authentic colors, they're held captive on the end of a steel enameled wire that stretches to a full 30". Set of 3 for $2.50 ppd. Designer's Workshop, 743-R Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



Musical chair modeled after Granny's rocker is a good gift for stitch-in-timers. Upholstered fir plywood is decorated with tiny flowers. With 6 spools of colored thread, scissors and Swiss music box that plays a happy tune, $4.50 ppd. Without music box, $2.95. Hercuveen Novelty Co., Dept. R, Box 96, Smithtown, N. Y.

Mile-o-Meter is a dashboard accessory no motorist should do without. Forewarns of engine troubles, tells number of miles per gallon of gas and serves as a tune-up gauge to insure peak performance from your car. Fits all cars and is simple to install. Chrome and black, $9.95 ppd. Gale Hall, Dept. R, North Hampton, N. H.

A pocket saw weighing a mere ½ ounce is invaluable to outdoorsmen, hobbyists and scouts. Of high-grade steel, 17"-long Wonda-Wire is strong enough to cut down a tree. Works on all woods, rubber, plastic, plaster and ice. Coils to fit pocket or knapsack. $1 ppd. Walter Drake, Dept. R5, Colorado Springs, Colo.

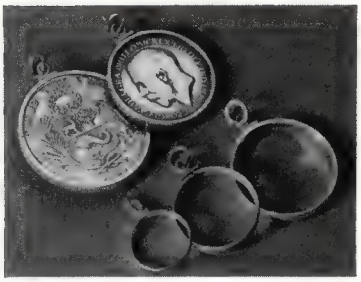


He au-to have a Visorette, so give him one for Father's Day. Saddle-stitched cowhide case, 14" x 5", clips to sun visor of car. Expanding zipper section holds maps —snap case holds glasses. With memo pad, mechanical pencil and 2 or 3 gold-stamped initials, $4.95 ppd. Wales Luggage, 540-R Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

• Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money order. (No COD's please.) Unless

Shops

WITH PHYLLIS SCHWEITZER

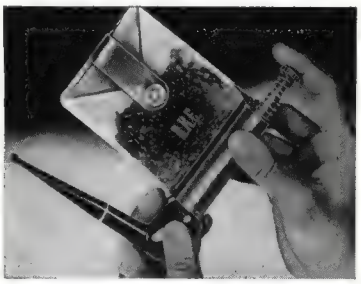


Coin collectors can wear their lucky pieces without defacing them. Sterling silver holders snap over coins and hold them securely. 1c, 5c and 10c sizes, $1.50 each. 25c, 50c and $1 sizes, $2 ppd. including tax. In 10kt. gold for U.S. gold coins on request. Wayne Silversmiths, 546-R So. Broadway, Yonkers 5, N. Y.

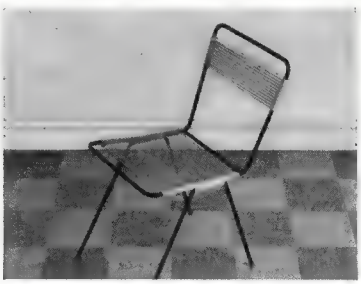
Treat your feet to a pair of lightweight Corkies. Designed for lounging or the beach, washable scuffs are flexible for added foot comfort. Composition rubber sole is waterproof. Cork tan with brown trim in small (4-5½) medium (6-7½) or large (8-9½). $1.98 ppd. Blackton, 398-R Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

Handi-jars are a handy file in which to keep small items. Ten 6-oz. removable jars attach to wall plaque by wire clips. Suitable for spices in the kitchen, a hobbyist's nails, screws and bolts or the home sewer's buttons and pins. With labeling stickers, $3.75 ppd. Herman Opt Co., 203-R Market St., Newark, N. J.

A sweet June graduate will cherish a perfume set received on a very important day of her life. Quaint old chintz design on white china is hand-painted with gold trim. Two 5" tall bottles and powder jar on a 4" x 8½" tray are only $2.95 plus 25c postage. Helen Gallagher, Dept. R, 413 Fulton St., Peoria 2, Ill.

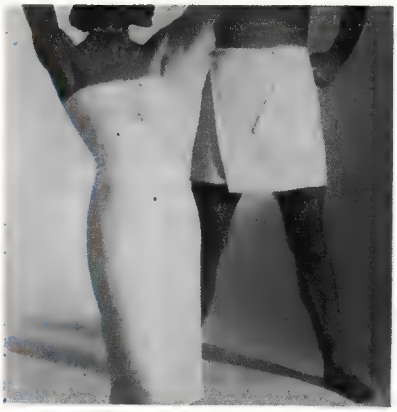


If the spouse of the house smokes a pipe he deserves a Phil-O-Matic pouch for Father's Day. Vinyl container keeps tobacco fresh and plunger automatically fills and tamps pipe. Keeps hands clean—prevents spilling. $1.95 ppd. 3-letter monogram, 25c extra. Crown Craft, 246-R Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



Make your own string chair from a sturdy 30½" high matte black wrought-iron frame and special mason cordage cut to lengths. Choose white, maroon, green or yellow cord. With easy directions, $7.95 each, 2 for $14.95 express collect. Ironmasters, Inc., Dept. S1, Box 202, Williamsburg Station, Brooklyn 11, N. Y.

personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund. Mention REDBOOK when ordering.



wraparong®
FOR HER . . . wonderful, multi-purpose gift . . . an oversized towel that's shaped and fitted . . . buttons on in a wink. Perfect for tub to phone, shampooing, make-up, bathing, lounging. White, yellow, blue, green or pink. Small, medium, large. **only 3.95**

snaparong
FOR HIM . . . popular terry towel that snaps on in a jiffy . . . ideal for shaving, bathing, locker room wear. Big, deep pocket holds shaving needs, cigarettes. White only. Small (28-32 waist), medium (34-38), large (40-44). Three adjustable fasteners.
now only 1.95

send check or money order
Add 25¢ for shipping. Mention Quantity, Size & Color desired.

THE TOG SHOP
AMERICUS, GEORGIA

Give her your heart in 14k gold

What is the greatest day in HER life? Her birthday . . . wedding day . . . the day you met . . . ? Mark it in 14k gold with this lovely Calendar Heart charm! We'll make an accurate calendar, indicating the day with a genuine ruby — just tell us year, month, day. **Calendar Heart $15.**

14k gold; shown actual size

Write Dept. R5 for Marchal's FREE catalog with over 1,000 charms from the "world's largest collection of 14k gold charms".

14k Gold Bracelet shown $13.50
Fed. tax included
Mail orders filled

Marchal JEWELERS
719 Fifth Ave. at 56th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

Thrifty Gifts from Mac the Canny Scot!

WUNFER BIRD and DISH

Meet the Wunfer Bird. He sits on the edge of baby's cereal dish and helps you feed the tot. Wunfer the baby and Wunfer the bird. Not too much help as far as junior's concerned because the birdie lets his share go back into the dish again. Ceramic bird and dish, gift boxed.

$1.25 *per set postpaid*
2 Sets for $2.25 *postpaid*

CHORE BIRD—SPOON REST

As a companion in your kitchen, this ceramic yellow chick will help you hold the pot cleaner, your spoon while you cook, or be your ash tray in a pinch. 5½" long, complete with chore girl pot cleaner. Get 2 or 3 for the kiddies—good for eggs or serve with nuts or candy corn.

$1.25 *each postpaid* **2 for $2.25** *postpaid*

Write for New Spring Catalog. **Dept. R-5**
HIGHLAND GIFTS
4 Chester Circle, New Brunswick, N. J.

BLACK WROUGHT IRON
WALL MURALS
All Forms Reversible
Sea Horse, 9" $2.00
Angel Fish, 15" 3.00
Star Fish, 3" (set of 2) 1.00
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KILL garden pests the EASY way

INSECT-O-GUN
sprayer goes
ON GARDEN HOSE

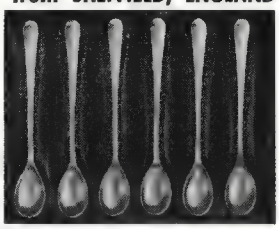
Water Does the Work!

No pumping! No tank to carry! Sprays *any* insecticide, fungicide or weed killer, *liquid or powder*, you mix with water to apply. Thoroughly mixes spray material with water from hose; 3 gal. capacity with pint mason jar furnished (substitute qt. jar for 6 gal.). Steady drenching stream like costly power sprayers *kills more pests.* Automatic valve; water pressure holds on or off as set. Cleans in 30 seconds. *Fully guaranteed.* **$5.95** at garden stores, or postpaid from:

The Bradson Co., Inc., North Hollywood 8, Calif.

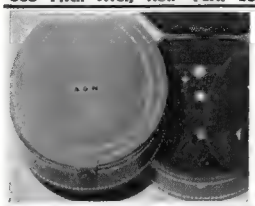
FREE from SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

To New Members of SHOP THE WORLD CLUB



All six of these silver-plated Tall Drink spoons (7½" high) sent to you direct from Sheffield, England FREE if you join now! As a member you get a Treasure Package direct from abroad each month, postpaid, duty-free. Write for brochure, or send $7.50 for 3 months, $13 for 6 mos., or $24.50 for 12 mos. **Money-back guarantee.**

SHOP-THE-WORLD CLUB, Dept. 725
668 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.



Lucky Gift FOR A Lucky Guy *Leather Jewelry Box*

Please your favorite man (REMEMBER DAD!) with this man-sized, man-styled case (6½ x 6 x 1¾"). It will keep his dresser tidy and end the frantic morning search for precious possessions. Of honey-tan genuine leather, horseshoe shaped, saddle-stitched and lined with green velvet, it has a removable tray and a lower compartment..... **$3.95** ppd.

FREE: **2 or 3 gold-plated monogram initials.**
Ours exclusively . . . Money Back Guarantee
Write for Spring Catalog.

ZENITH GIFTS **2674-R Valentine Ave. New York 58, N. Y.**

FIREPLACE FAN FARE
Only **$3.95**
plus 35c postage

The black cavern that is your unlit fireplace becomes a decorative exclamation point with this glamourous, colorful fan. Extends to 39" in width. You'll love it in bright gold finish. Decorator Green or Rustic Red. Self supporting with brass trim. Order now, you'll be delighted! Only $3.95 plus 35c postage.

Write for new, FREE exciting Spring catalogue!

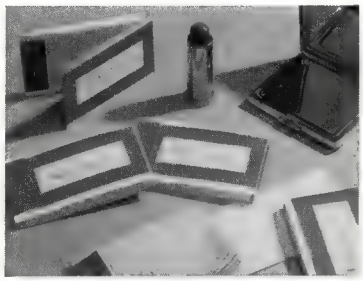
HELEN GALLAGHER **413-D5 Fulton St. Peoria, Illinois**

300 Printed Name & Address Labels 50¢

Imagine! 300 Gummed Labels—Nicely printed with your Name & Address. Stick 'em on Letters, Pkgs., etc.! Put up in Handy Pad Form. Easily worth $1 — price only 50¢! Money back if not pleased!

TOWER PRESS, Inc. P.O. Box 591-AP Lynn, Mass.

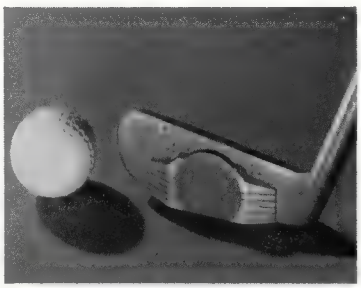
TOPS IN THE SHOPS



Lip service for your handbag! Little Kleenex tissues, in booklet form, are vital for blotting fresh lipstick and for protecting clothes while dressing. 21 red booklets, imprinted with full name or monogram, are packed in gift box (also personalized). $1.75 ppd. Rowling's, Dept. R, 142 So. 15th St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

The origin of a silver mother-in-law bracelet is steeped in the tradition of the Navajo craftsmen who made it. A husband, threatened with the loss of his eyesight if he looks at his mother-in-law, is warned of her approach by the tinkle of this bell. $3 ppd. including tax. Southwestern Gifts, 630-R E. Alameda, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Man's best friend is a Valet Master to keep his clothes neat and tidy. Combination coat hanger, trouser bar, tie holder and shoe rack is a wonderful accessory he'll use for years. Of birch in maple or mahogany finish, it measures 42½" x 17". Unbelievably low-priced at $7.98 plus 50c postage. Merrill Ann, 102-R Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.



Reduce your golf score 8 or more strokes with a scientific sight and putting guide. Strokoscope eliminates the two most common causes of missed putts. Attaches to any putter with weatherproof cement. Not a mechanical aid, it's positively legal. $2.95 ppd. Order from Choate's Gift Mart, R-5 Jackson Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn.

SPARKLING, HAND-BLOWN CRYSTAL PARFAIT GLASSES
Inexpensive luxury in your home . . . an indication of good and gracious living. Shimmering crystal parfait glasses of graceful lines are crafted to keep perfect balance. Now you can prepare elaborate desserts in advance and leave them in the refrigerator. Marvelous hostess gift . . . and for yourself, too. Set of 8, ppd. **$3.95**

No C.O.D. Guaranteed
ELRON 219 W. Chicago Ave., Dept. A-251, Chicago 10, Ill.

FORCES You to Save

$100.00 a Year!

Get perpetual Date & Amount Bank. 25c a day *automatically* keeps calendar up to date. Also totals amount saved. Forces you to save a quarter every day, or calendar won't move. Guaranteed mechanism and key. Use year after year. Start saving right away. Order several. Reg. $3.50. Now only $1.98 ppd. Rush order to LEE-CRAFT, Dept. RB, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y.

STOP RADIO & TV NOISES INSTANTLY

NEW PATENTED ELECTRONIC INVENTION "CLEAR TONE" filter eliminates noisy interference caused by all motor appliances, autos, oil burners, etc. Simply plug radio or TV cord into filter and filter into wall socket. Enjoy "CLEAR TONE" reception. Try 5 days—MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

SEND 10c for postage & handling.

Household Prod., Dept. 55, Searsdale, N.Y.

MAKE MONEY WRITING
. . right away!

You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. Hundreds now making money every day on short paragraphs. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply big list of editors who buy from beginners. Lots of small checks in a hurry bring cash that adds up quickly. No tedious study. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. **BENSON BARRETT, 1751 Morse Ave., Dept. 22-E, Chicago 26, Ill.**

TOPS IN THE SHOPS

Baby's first shoes, preserved forever, are a memorable keepsake for a proud parent or grandparent. Finished in solid bronze plate, they're mounted on a pair of bronze bookends. Complete, $6.95 ppd. For information and mailing carton write to Bronzecraft, Dept. R, P. O. Drawer A, Greenville Station, Jersey City, N. J.

For a mister and his missus— personalized salt and pepper set is a gay gift idea for a newly engaged couple. Roguish Gay Nineties faces decorate 3"-tall white china shakers. Pair, hand-painted with "his" and "her" first names, is only $2 ppd. Personalized Gifts, Dept. 329, 100 West 61st St., New York 23, N. Y.

Baby Anchor holds wriggling splash-happy youngsters firmly in the tub. Seat, cushioned with sponge rubber, fastens to tub with 4 powerful suction cups. Permits mother to use both hands but doesn't restrict baby's playing. Usable in the kitchen sink as well. $3.95 ppd. Puddin' Holler, Dept. R, East Swanzey, N. H.

Thirsty terry, as much at home at the beach as in your bath, sports 3 big initials on one pocket. Sanforized Cannon terrycloth robe is teamed with striped red and navy ribbed jersey. White only. Small (sizes 10-12), medium (14-16), large (18-20). $9.98 ppd. Without monogram, $8.98. The Hope Chest, 115-R Chauncey St., Boston 11, Mass.

WET BEDS?

STAYDRY* PANTY

protects your child and you against them $1.95 ea. up

Expense and discomfort of rubber sheets gone forever

WHAT IS STAYDRY

STAYDRY prevents discomfort from wet outer-clothes and wet bedding. All in one complete garment. . . . praised by many doctors. The panty that assures complete sleeping comfort . . .

STAYDRY (not a diaper) is made of the finest, highly absorbent material with waterproof outer-covering of soft, non-toxic plastic . . . can be worn under pajamas. Requires no pins. Ties with cloth tape.

NON-BINDING • WASHABLE
BLEACHABLE • BOILABLE

Infant sm., med., lg. $1.95
Infant extra lg. $2.45
Waist sizes: 18 ..... $2.95
20, 22, 24 ..... $3.95
26, 28 ..... $4.95
30, 32 ..... $5.95
34, 36, 38 ..... $6.95
40, 42, 44 ..... $7.95

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMERS SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

*Reg. U.S. Pat.

Exact waist measurement in inches necessary for perfect fit. 10% discount when ordering three or more. Money Back Guaranteed in 10 Days.

HERMAN OPT. CO., Dept. R-9
203 Market St., Newark, N. J.
MArket 3-8686

CHOICE OF 6 FAMOUS BEAUTIES

LIFE SIZE—FULL COLOR

5 FOOT TALL

PIN-UPS or GREETING CARDS

TERRIFIC GIFT OR PARTY GAG! Absolutely Life-Like—The most stunning pin-ups you ever saw. Men love them! Choice of: Marilyn Monroe, Lili St. Cyr, Pat Hall, Joanne Arnold, Anita Ekberg, Madeline Castle . . . . all reproduced from Kodachromes in sparkling color—a FULL 5 FT. TALL—The ONLY LIFE-SIZE Pin-Ups! Ideal Gift-Gag for man with den, bar or playroom. Hang on walls, doors, screens (as ill.) An eye opener anywhere! Perfect as wall paper; set of 6 covers area 5'2"x10'6" wide. Available Plain or with Greeting (we'll sign & mail for you). Choice of: Birthday, Anniversary, Get Well, Thank You, Welcome Home, Bon Voyage, Father's Day and Party Greetings. Specify choice of Girl & Greeting. Order several—NOW! Size: 21½" x 62"—mailed rolled. Only $2.00 ea., ppd. (Air mail—50c extra ea.) Full set of 6—$11.00 ppd. Send Check, Cash or M.O. Money Back Guarantee. Write: LIFE SIZE, Dept. R5-4, Life Bldg., Redstone, New Hampshire.

Madeline Lili Pat

SEND 3c STAMP FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

JUST IRON IT ON! NO SEWING! SAVES TIME!

PERSONALIZED NAME TAPE

For Servicemen, School Children, Campers, Home Users, Institutions

RESISTS LAUNDERING, CLEANING

100 for $1.50 • 150 for $2.00 • 300 for $3.00 ppd. *for each person's name.* (For 2 line name add 50c) Individually Cut and Boxed • Imprinted in Black, Blue or Red on White Tape.

Print Name Clearly. No COD's Please

ART COLONY INDUSTRIES, Inc., 11-A University Place, N. Y. 3, N. Y.

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BUY DIRECT! MAIL A POST CARD TODAY FOR OUR NEW FREE 28 PAGE BOOKLET R 2

Tall Gals of all ages send to Shoecraft for thrifty styles with the Young Touch. Priced as low as $9.95. You'll love the perfect fit. Sizes to 13. AAAA to C. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE if returned unworn in 10 days. 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12 add $1.

ULTRA $12.95

Black patent leather

White kidskin.

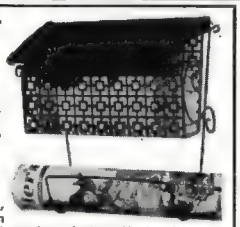
SHOECRAFT 603 FIFTH AV., NEW YORK 17

Drama for your Doorway—

BLACK MAGIC MAIL BOX

Only $3.95

Plus 35c postage



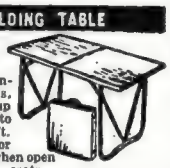
The season's newest, smartest mail box in a distinctive Swedish-modern design. Made of heavy black lace iron with gracefully scrolled ends to hold magazines. Big size, 11" wide, 11" high by 4" deep will make this the center of attraction to be admired by all. A real value.

Write now, for FREE exciting Spring catalogue!

FOSTER HOUSE 15-DS Cole Court, Princeville, Ill.

All ALUMINUM FOLDING TABLE

reg. our price $22.95 $16.95



Lightweight Folding Table for Banquets, Clubs, Homes, Offices, Schools, outdoors-indoors. Sets up in a jiffy. Sturdy; supports up to 1000 lbs. Seats 6, opens 2 x 5 ft. Folds compactly, has handle for carrying. Weighs 19 lbs. 30" high when open. LARGE TABLE opens 2½ x 6 ft., seats 12, weighs 25 lbs. reg. price $30.95 our price $21.95

Send $5 deposit—Balance COD

WHOLESALE SUPPLIERS, Dept. RB-5, Scarsdale, N. Y.

SWEATER -LINEN BAG

Plastic with Zipper

2 for $1.35

12 for only $7.25

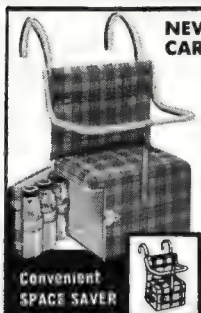
MOTH PROOF... DUST-FREE!

Also ideal for storing small woolens, baby things, handbags . . . everything visible . . . 14"x12" with 3" gusset.

Gifts MASTERCRAFT 212R SUMMER, BOSTON 10, MASS.

FREE! GIFT 'N GADGET CATALOG

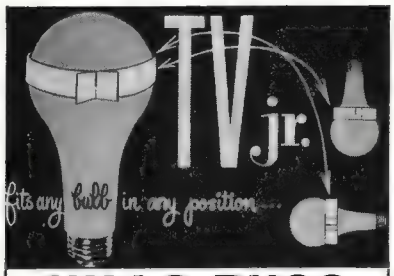
NEW! BABY'S 3-WAY CARRY-ALL CAR SEAT



Holds everything securely including baby. It's a sturdy, comfy car seat by fastening backrest to well padded carry-all. Detach and it's handsome case for beach, picnic, travel. Made of waterproof leatherette case 8x8x12". $7.50 ppd.

Convenient SPACE SAVER

KALFRED-ARTHUR BOX 254 FOREST MILLS 75, N. Y.



KILLS BUGS

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Tilt back hood—pour in refuse—ignite—close and safely burn damp, green, dry, garbage and refuse to fine ash in any weather. Scientific draft design ends neighbor-annoying nuisance and fire hazard of flying ash, sparks, burning blowing bits of paper. Minimizes smoke, smell. Needs no watching. Ends refuse hauling and fire hazards to quickly pay for itself. Sturdily made of RUST-RESISTANT ALUMINUM BONDED TO STEEL. Recommended by Bureaus of Fire Prevention. Over 100,000 satisfied users. Model A—21½" sq. x 29" high—2 bu. cap.—$12.95 postpaid ($13.95 W. of Denver). Model B—24" sq. x 34" high—3 bu. cap.—$16.95 postpaid ($18.95 W. of Denver). Money back guarantee.

ALSTO COMPANY
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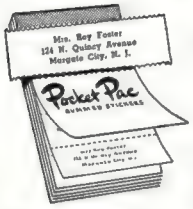

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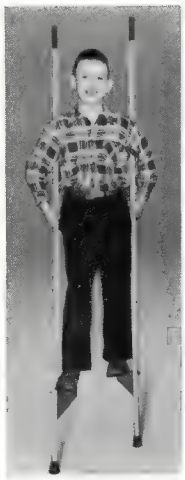
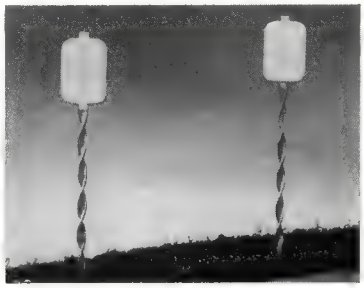
godell's (Dept. SR) 37 West 27 St., N. Y. 1

Breakfast set for the high-chair crowd tempts tiny appetites. 5 pieces of imported glazed pottery stack to form a jolly 7½" tall clown. Take him apart and he's a cereal bowl, cup and saucer, egg cup and salt cellar. Complete set, $1.95 plus 45c postage. Dresden Art Works, Dept. R5, 169 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

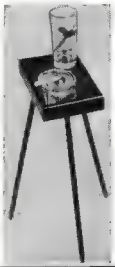
A pistol packin' Pappy nowadays wears his shootin' irons as cuff links and a tie holder. Miniature Colt .45 in sterling silver with pearl hand-grips and barrel that revolves is a fine he-man gift. Tie holder, $7.95; cuff links, $9.95. Add 25c postage for each. Market Combers, Dept. R, Box 3282, Station "F", Atlanta, Ga.



Tall story for active youngsters starts with a pair of sturdy stilts. With non-slip rubber safety tips, they're loads of fun as they develop and coordinate growing muscles. 70" long of hardwood, with bright red foot-steps that adjust to 3 positions. Pair, $4.95 ppd. Add 50c west of Miss. Russell Snow Co., Dept. ST-16, Waltham 54, Mass.



Driveway guides are easy to follow when garaging your car. At night they shine a brilliant yellow in car lights. In daytime yellow shows up against shrubbery, lawns or snow. 24" high on rust-proof aluminum stakes. $1 each; 2 for $1.85; 6 for $4.95 ppd. Spear Engineering Co., R-5 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.



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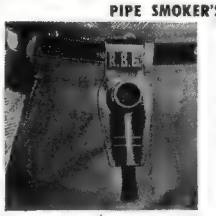

No more searching for his pipe! No more bulky pockets! This genuine leather pipeholder keeps his briar close at hand. Holds straight or curved pipe! Slides easily on his belt, or attach to suspenders; protects his pipe! Handsomely saddle stitched. Ideal for golfer, fisherman, tennis player or any man who cherishes his pipe! In Brown. $1.25 ppd

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TOPS IN THE SHOPS

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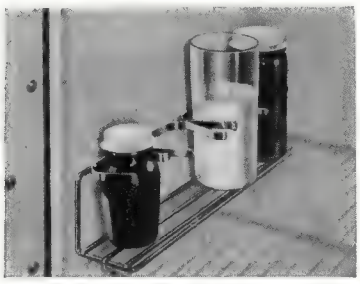
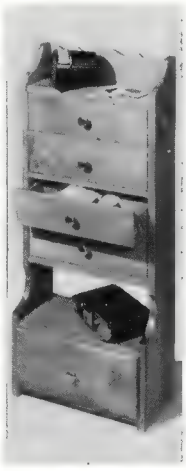
If you savor the flavor of good French onion soup, try serving it in earthenware ramekins. Individual casseroles, 4½″ in diameter, with their own separate lids make oven-to-table service a colorful affair. In terra cotta, with cream, blue and green designs. Set of 4 is $3 ppd. Old Mexico Shop, Dept. R, Santa Fe, N. Mex.



Spillproof refrigerator rack keeps small jars and uncovered glasses from tipping over. 13″-long chrome-plated rack needs no special installation—simply hook it on to refrigerator shelf. Saves precious space and ends messy clean-up jobs. Only $1.29 ppd. Mastercraft Products, Dept. R, 212 Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.



Kodachrome rack files precious slides safely and neatly on the wall. 650 ready-mounts or 180 glass 2″ x 2″ slides can be indexed with plastic tabs in 4 removable drawers. Bottom drawer holds accessories. 9¼″ x 22″ of knotty pine in honey-tone or mahogany finish. $12.95 express collect. Yield House, Dept. R, No. Conway, N.H.

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√ trims tummy √ nips waist √ provides uplift
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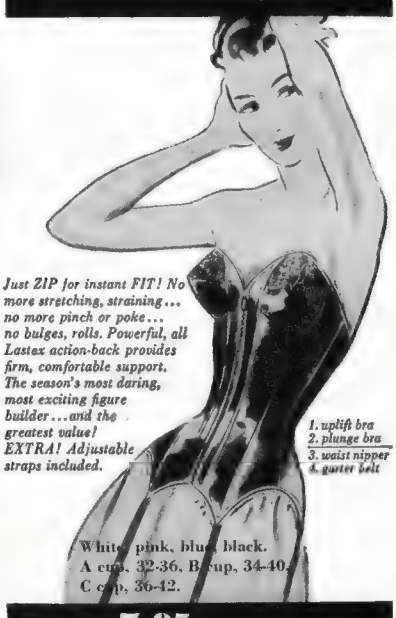

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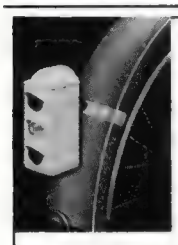

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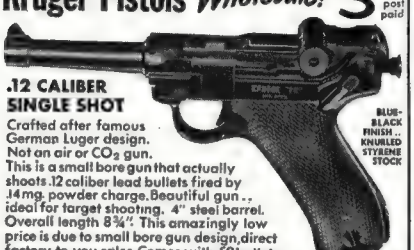

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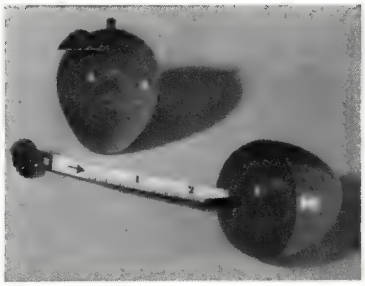
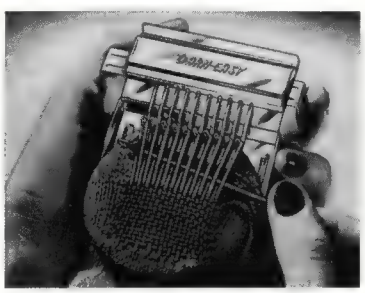
TOPS IN THE SHOPS

We wish the wish you wish comes true, but Ho-Toi wishes it just for *you*. Rub his tummy, make a wish and this Chinese god of happiness will do his best to see that it's fulfilled. Handcarved of teakwood, he's a merry 4"-high mascot for desk or table, $1.95 ppd. Beverly Baker, Dept. R, Box 427, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

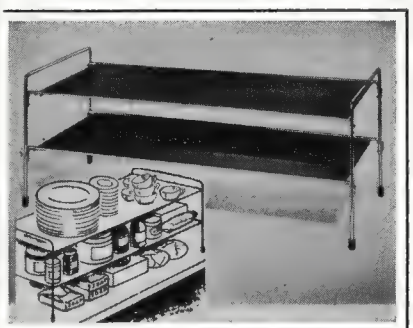


The apple of your eye is really a red tape measure only 2" high. Pull green leaf to extend 36"-long steel tape. A turn of the stem locks it at the number of inches you want. Magnetized base captures vagabond needles and pins. A good bridge prize for only $1 ppd. Zenith Gifts, 2674-R Valentine Ave., New York 58, N. Y.

Screw-in crystal chandelier fits right into ceiling socket without expensive wiring. 73 imported crystal prisms hang in tiers from brass or chrome filigree fixture. 10" long and 8" in diameter. Enjoy its gleaming grandeur for just $19.95 ppd. Add 75c west of Miss. Paulen Crystal, 296-R Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.



It's darn easy to mend socks or do fine needlework with the world's smallest loom. Ten times faster and neater than hand work, Darn-Easy eliminates the in-and-out motion of darning. Works perfectly on any fabric. With complete instructions, $1 ppd. House of Schiller, Dept. 21C, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago 6, Ill.



NEW KITCHEN CUPBOARD ORGANIZER

Here's wonderful help that "unclutters" kitchen shelves and cupboards. This organizer actually holds a 52 piece set of dishes in ⅓ the space normally used. No more dangerous stacking. The two big roomy shelves are supported by rubber tipped legs which extend up across the top to make firm carrying handles. Shelves of marproof steel stay bright and shiny . . . yellow, white or red. They measure 17" long, 8½" wide, shelves stand 3½" and 7" high. Helps organize closets, too! $3.95 ea. ppd. (Write for Free Gift Folder) Send to: RED OAKS, Dept. 103E, Winnetka, Illinois.

For proud home-owners—California redwood house sign is hand-carved with your family name. Weatherproofed 6" x 18" plaque is ideal for porch, gate or lantern post. Comes with 2 eye screws for easy attachment. Print exact wording that you desire. $2.95 ppd. Order from Wiseman's, Dept. R-1, Box 216, El Cajon, Calif.

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INSIDE ME

The Secrets of a Successful Invalid

by

Jim Stangier

"I am always impressed by the incredible courage of doctors and their brave laughter in the face of pain. I have never yet seen one wince when he cut into me...." These are the words of a man with one of the rarest—and most dangerous—conditions in medical history . . . and some of the rarest courage and good humor that you will ever find between the covers of a magazine

Redbook Bonus Feature →

I live two lives. In one of them, I am a happy family man with two youngsters—a boy and a girl—and a patient and loving wife. But for long periods of time, I live in a hospital, away from my family, while doctors and nurses tinker with every part of my anatomy. I have one of the rarest conditions in medical history—a condition that leaves me almost defenseless against all kinds of disease.

Over the past few years, I have been in and out of hospitals more than 30 times. Sometimes I stay only a few days or weeks, other times months at a stretch. I have become something of an authority on medicine myself—from the point of view of the consumer, that is. And I have learned a good deal about what makes human beings tick.

It all started after 25 normally healthy years. I had married, joined the Navy, spent 18 months in command of a small and very rough patrol and rescue vessel, and then quite suddenly been overwhelmed by a series of acute illnesses. These all followed a general pattern—they were all infections, and most of them involved those areas of the body where bacteria are normally present, chiefly the respiratory tract. They told me I was in great shape, though, when I was what the Navy calls "separated." A week after separation I went back to my job as a screen writer at Twentieth Century-Fox, but on the third day of my new seven-year contract, my temperature went up to 105°, and my morale down to zero.

I had three more of these episodes in three weeks, all unexplained except as influenza or "a virus," and then my doctor told me that on top of these I had infectious hepatitis and would have to go to bed for at least two weeks. I told him that I could not possibly spare two weeks from work, which I now look back on as a highly humorous remark.

I went to bed all right, and it was six months later when I got up. Within a month I had another fever, and it was at last apparent to almost anybody that these almost uninterrupted attacks were not some whimsical coincidence, as the Navy used to suggest. The doctor arranged for me to be admitted to the Birmingham Veterans Administration Hospital in Van Nuys, California.

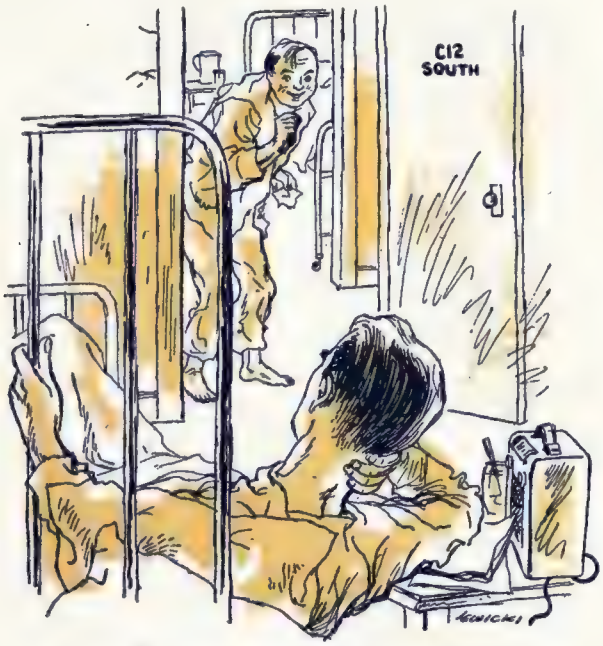
Betty, my wife, drove me to the hospital, but we didn't talk much. She was worried and I was discouraged. The fever was high now, and I sat with my head in my hands, watching the feet go up and down the hall—the long, assured strides of the doctors, the sensible, flat-heeled steps of the nurses, the breathless, teetering steps of the young typists, and the determined jounce of the older ones. Finally, my case history and temperature were taken, and in the clothing room I exchanged my clothes for a pair of clean, freshly-wrinkled white pajamas, which immediately looked as though I had slept in them since Pearl Harbor. I clutched a Navy surplus robe around me and crept after the attendant who escorted me to my ward.

Birmingham was a tremendous, rambling, temporary structure which projected itself by fits and starts over a good part of the San Fernando Valley. I covered acres of patched linoleum and hundreds of yards of drafty halls before we finally turned in at a door marked C-12 SOUTH.

The nurse put me to bed in a mustard-colored room about six feet by eight or nine, so high that it seemed to me as though I were lying at the bottom of a deep box. I lay down there at the bottom, savoring the feel of the cool sheets, and I sensed the company of the other men who had occupied that room—the hundreds of feverish and pained bodies which had molded that mattress into its present shape. Time slowed down as my fever went up. A very young doctor came in, a portable X-ray machine was somehow squeezed through the narrow door, and a good-looking girl with black hair waited her turn to sample my blood with a syringe the size of a bicycle pump; but finally the traffic slowed down, and I dropped off into a troubled sleep.

In the morning, the doctor told me I had pneumonia, and with penicillin every four hours I began to recover.

Being in the hospital is like being at sea for a long time. The outside world recedes, the hospital seems to move independently in time, and when a man comes back from pass he is asked how things are "on the outside." Betty was there whenever visits were allowed and often when they weren't, and this was about the only thing that made me feel I was still a part of that other life.



He cheerfully accepted the medicine from the nurse and wrapped it in a piece of paper. "I'm not taking any of that stuff until I find out what it is," he told me darkly. "My wife sent some to Sacramento to have it analyzed."

Directly opposite the foot of my bed was a middle-aged man with a very young grin, who cheerfully accepted his medicine from the nurse every time she came around, then darted out to peer suspiciously up and down the hall, and finally wrapped the medicine in a piece of paper and put it in his night stand. "I'm not takin' any of that stuff until I find out what it is," he told me darkly. "My wife sent some to Sacramento to have it analyzed."

Camp, as I shall call him, was always telling me he had a blood clot that would take him off "just like that," and he would snap his fingers to show me just how quick. He had some sort of operation on his leg, and he ripped the bandages off the next day because they were bothering

"Anyone ever tell you that you had no gamma globulin?" the doctor asked. "Should I have some?" "You can't live without it," he said cheerfully.

him. When I mentioned the danger of infection, he laughed at my naïveté. "If it gets infected they'll give me some penicillin or something," he pointed out logically. "What's the use being in the hospital if they can't fix you up when you get a little infection?" I liked Camp.

One night I awakened to see a man being lifted onto the bed next to mine, and in the shifting island of light from the nurse's flashlight I could see his face—white, drawn, and with a peculiar waxen quality. I talked to him in the morning. His first name was Howard, and ever since he had been in India during the war he had had fevers of unexplained origin, gradually getting closer together and more acute. The doctor talked to Howard a long time that morning, and as he walked away past my bed he said to the nurse, "I want Mr. Lenfill to have a Brett test this morning." (Both these names are fictitious, as are all the names of patients and doctors in this account.)

The ward secretary was just delivering mail, and after the doctor was gone she whispered to me, "That's the test for cancer." I was shocked. Howard and I killed a good many slow hospital hours with talk after that, but I always felt a little guilty, because I knew what they suspected, and he didn't.

I **made** a standard recovery from my pneumonia and went home with the little card which gave as the reason for my discharge simply MHB—Maximum Hospital Benefits. Just being home seemed like an intemperate luxury, but before I could be spoiled by riotous living I was back in.

In the middle of the night—and I will say as my contribution to medical advancement that these things always happen in the middle of the night—both my ears began to ache intolerably. Even before the very welcome dawn, my left eardrum had ruptured and was bleeding messily, and after four hours of the admitting process at the hospital, I was glad to climb into a bed in C-4 NORTH, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. I had an acute mastoiditis, and here again penicillin was my salvation. In a few days the pain disappeared, and then I became stone deaf. I lived with my head in a bale of cotton, and found myself leaning forward anxiously when someone spoke, and staring helplessly at his lips.

By far the greatest number of patients in C-4 NORTH were there to be relieved of their tonsils. As I sat in the hall outside the clinic every morning, one of the doctors would examine a few patients, trot down the hall to remove a scheduled brace of tonsils, then resume his only slightly interrupted routine. I often wondered what they did with all those old tonsils.

The next most popular operation was the submucous resection, designed to straighten out crooked nasal passages. It is my estimate that some city blocks of such passageways were repaired here each year. I was talked into one myself, and for two hours a doctor I had barely met sawed and chiseled on my nose while he and a nurse I couldn't see discussed the love life of a girl in the office.

I **went home,** but again the fever struck in the middle of the night. At about the same time, Betty, without asking if it was convenient, decided to go to the hospital to have a long-awaited baby—our first. We said good-by more unhappily than usual and departed for different hospitals. The next morning George James Stangier III checked in.

Almost every morning in the hospital, usually before breakfast, I was whisked in a wheel chair to the hematology lab where blood was collected. I decided that somebody must have an abiding interest in mine, or else they were selling the stuff. I found out soon when the doctor asked me bluntly, "Did anyone ever tell you that you had no gamma globulin?"

"I never heard of it," I told him. "Should I have some?"

"You can't live without it," he said cheerfully. "At least, nobody else does. It's one of the proteins of the blood plasma and the source of almost all the antibodies in the blood—the body's own defense against disease. You just don't have any gamma globulin, and we haven't the vaguest idea why. There isn't a similar case in medical literature. So while you're here, there are several things we'd like to do. First we'd like a sample of bone marrow from your breast bone."

I told him I was a timid fellow, and did not encourage this sort of thing, but he only laughed.

Two mornings later, a perfect stranger stood over me and pushed a needle about the size of a tenpenny nail through the center of my chest. All sorts of things occur to a nervous man, and I was momentarily expecting my

chest to shatter and fill the room with splinters, but then I felt the needle break neatly through into the center of my sternum. I was right about one thing, though: I didn't like it.

My bone marrow was completely normal. I was put on a high protein diet, but this had no effect on my blood proteins. I was given a series of typhoid shots to see if I couldn't build up some sort of antibodies, but if I produced one they were unable to find it. I was given all the known tests which would show immunity to specific diseases, and I had no immunity to anything. Furthermore, the modern techniques of immunology which have practically wiped out smallpox, yellow fever and a host of other diseases were totally ineffective with me. I could not be immunized against anything. In this respect it was as though I were living back in the Middle Ages.

I am six feet three inches tall, and at this point I weighed 138 pounds. I was getting transfusions of blood plasma twice a week, with an occasional bottle of whole blood, and it was hard to remember when I had told a doctor that I couldn't spare two weeks in bed.

During the next year, I spent as much time in the hospital as at home. When I try to recall the feeling of that world "inside," I find that I think not of doctors and nurses, syringes and hospital smell, but the rows upon rows of men in wrinkled white pajamas. In a hospital you live intimately with the maimed, the deranged, the scabrous and the feeble—and you find friendships just as possible, and maybe more real. I felt that way about Howard.

Betty and Howard's wife used to have dinner together between afternoon and evening visits, and one night Betty came back with the grim news that Howard had an incurable malignancy—that he had only a year or two to live. Howard did not know, and even in the face of his terrible fevers, often over 106°, he remained gentle and good-humored. He was quarantined while being treated with radioactive material, and while I sat outside the doorway of his room, he used to grin and sing a song he had composed entitled, "Oh, I'm So Attractive 'Cuz I'm Radioactive."

I had been in the hospital some 30 times now, and

They talked me into a submucous resection. For two hours a doctor sawed and chiseled on my nose while he and a nurse discussed the love life of a girl in the office.

I hated it so bitterly that I resisted every effort to admit me until it was obvious that home treatment was no longer possible. During the summer we visited my home town, Pendleton, Oregon, and I ended my visit in the local hospital with infectious hepatitis and bacillary dysentery.

While I was there I got a letter from Howard saying that a nurse had inadvertently given him his chart without sealing it, and he had read it—read his own death sentence. Yet when I was again admitted to C-12 SOUTH, I found that he had somehow maintained his own peculiar, sweet good humor. He talked about the inevitable course of his disease very calmly. Whenever anybody asked him how he felt, he always said pretty good.

The doctor wanted to get hold of one of my lymph nodes for study, and when I told him how I shrank from the knife he laughed and said it was as simple as opening a boil. (I am always impressed by the incredible courage of doctors and their brave laughter in the face of pain: I have never yet seen one wince when he cut into me.)

When I got to surgery, I sat down while an attendant wandered in, then a nurse, the doctor, then another attendant, and I began to wonder if it took this many people to open a boil.

"We'll get started just as soon as I can find some tools," the doctor said cheerfully, and while I imagined somebody was rummaging around in drawers and closets I lay on my left side on the operating table. There was a little prick as the local anesthetic was injected; then for a long time I listened to a steady snip-snip—snip-snip-snip which sounded like somebody cutting his toenails, but which of course was the doctor cutting my reluctant armpit. When I thought he must be through, he hadn't even found it yet, but eventually the stitches were put in and I was encased in about a furlong of gauze and adhesive tape.

I always haunted the doctor until he told me the results of my tests, and now he said my lymph node was reported normal. But by now I had been in the hospital too long. I thought too much. I had seen too many patients who, like Howard, were being kept in the dark about the true nature of their illness, and I had wondered for a long time if I were being told the truth. I wondered now.

Betty knew what was in my mind. Whenever something was bothering me particularly, she would quietly talk it over with the doctor, and she assured me they were not keeping anything from me—that she would have to know if they were. But a hospital is a fertile place for worry, and I couldn't give it up so easily.

For an ambulatory patient, which I now was, the area called Skid Row was the center of social life. It was a wide place in the main corridor, lined with chairs and couches and decayed palms in tubs, and opening directly into it were the recreation hall, the canteen, the fountain and the bank.

Skid Row was about the only place you ever saw the female patients, the Wacs and Waves and nurses. They always showed up in their best pajamas and most colorful robes from home—a nice accent in the *décor* of Skid Row. The men were uniformly dowdy, except for a few dudes in silk robes and two boxers in their professional dressing gowns.

I found that I was becoming in a small way a celebrity—I guess "oddity" is the word. Still no record had been

I just sat there quietly, trying to feel that I was something besides just a great big container for freak blood.

found anywhere of anyone living without gamma globulin. I saw a paper which described even my minor illnesses as "a real threat to life," but I had already accepted this as a primary fact of living.

One morning I was told that I was to be presented at a hematology conference. I found that my part in the conference consisted of sitting on a bench outside while they talked about me inside. I did make a brief appearance, however, seated in a folding chair facing some 30 young doctors who eyed me clinically. I knew several of them, but since this was not a social occasion I just sat there quietly, trying to feel that I was something besides just a great big container for freak blood. They all thought it was very interesting.

By this time I had had possibly a hundred transfusions, but now I was transferred to another ward for some special studies. They were preparing to give me injections of pure gamma globulin. This new ward contained one huge room filled with a confusion of scientific instruments —a glass and copper jungle—and four private rooms for four patients. These included me and, surprisingly, a girl in striped pajamas right across the hall who had everything but her thyroid gland.

I was given an injection of gamma globulin labeled with a radioactive material in what is always delicately referred to as the hip. Then one arm of a tremendous Geiger counter was positioned over the spot, and all I had to do was lie still and give blood at five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, half an hour, an hour. I think it would have been easier to connect me to the lab with some sort of plumbing, but probably there were technical objections.

I was about ready to go home again when I developed a fever and a shocking-pink rash. A sign which said ISOLATION appeared on my door as if by magic, a parade of doctors came through to shake their heads and draw blood—collectors, no doubt—and I was just becoming convinced that I had something namelessly horrible when my doctor gave it a name—infectious mononucleosis.

"It's a self-limiting disease," he said. "Nothing to worry about. We had a tough time pinning it on you, though, because your lack of antibodies gives us false results on some tests which depend on antibody response." I asked him why I was in isolation. "We thought you had measles," he smiled. He took the sign down and disappeared.

Even when I was living at home, the search went on. I was always going without fluids for 24 hours for some sort of kidney test, going to the hospital without breakfast for a liver function test, or hopping into a fever therapy machine so they could get a glassful of my sweat for chemical analysis. I had X-rays of my head, chest, stomach, intestines—large and small—kidneys, gall bladder, arms and legs—and everything was completely normal.

My parents were tested, then both my brothers, and almost with reluctance the doctor told me that they all had absolutely normal blood. "I wish somebody had checked your gamma globulin just once before you went into the Navy," he said almost wistfully, "although your history makes it almost certain that it was normal. Something must have happened quite suddenly. If we only knew what."

I woke up one morning at home to find that my right knee was the knee of a grossly fat man, and not the bony protuberance I was used to. It was agony to put my foot on the floor, and as soon as Betty saw my face she quietly began packing my things. In C-12 SOUTH a new doctor—a tall, shy young man—deftly inserted a long needle up under my kneecap and drew off a half a glass of clear yellow liquid which was sent to the lab, and then my leg was put into a cradle of pillows. It was decided that I now had a form of arthritis.

In about a week I was up on crutches. The first thing I noticed out in the ward was that the corner where Beds 15 and 16 had been was curtained off, and from behind the curtain came the heavy breathing of an iron lung. Sticking out of the lung was a head with an honest grin and hair which had been chopped off by a nurse in a hurry. This was Gene Rossman, and the only muscle below his neck that Gene had the use of was his heart.

He depended on this piece of machinery for his every breath, on a piece of rubber tubing to relieve his bladder, on a nurse with a spare minute to scratch him if he had an itch, to wash him, feed him, or move a finger if it grew cramped and uncomfortable. And yet with all this Gene's hearty laughter often sounded all over the ward—the very laugh itself dependent on the pressure of the iron lung. We became very good friends, and from him I began to

understand that patience and courage and acceptance are not things that come automatically with tragedy, but that they must be tirelessly and slowly and heartbreakingly fought for.

Someone arranged a surprise party for Gene's birthday, with the guests to include Margaret Whiting and a carload of starlets; but just before they arrived, the charge nurse suddenly realized that Gene was still in his summer wardrobe—one tiny hand towel. He good-naturedly resisted anything more formal, but finally, just as the girls arrived, she pulled her rank and chastely draped him from chest to knees in a big bath towel.

I came back from a pass on a Monday morning relaxed and feeling pretty good, and the charge nurse greeted me cheerfully. "Good morning, Mr. Stranger. You're to go down for a Brett Test right away." I knew at that second exactly what it means to have one's blood run cold, and I recalled the exact tone of the secretary's voice saying, when Howard was sent, "That's the test for cancer."

I went through a door marked DEPARTMENT OF INVESTIGATIVE MEDICINE to a room full of rabbits and tadpoles, where a very pleasant woman took some blood; and I wondered if this, after all, was to be the end of the long search. I had learned by now, though, that this sort of speculation was deadly, and I told my doctor I had to know what was going on.

"Well, in the first place," he said carefully, "it's wrong to describe the Brett Test as a test for cancer. It's actually a test devised by Dr. Brett here in the hospital which might help to detect malignancy if there were any. Frankly, in your case we have to suspect everything, check everything; but we have found nothing to suggest that you have any sort of malignancy."

He sounded sincere, but by this time I had talked to too many doctors. I had been told too many stories, many conflicting, and my peace of mind was a precarious thing.

One of the patients—Morley, a big, tough fellow—was considered to be quite a humorist, so when he was rolled into the ward one afternoon on a stretcher, making faces to indicate great pain, everybody started to laugh. "They want to get a look at my liver," he boomed, "so they go in there three times and don't find anything. How do they know I even got a liver?"

Everybody roared, including me. My sense of humor must have been impaired, though, when the doctor told me they wanted to do a liver biopsy on me. Without even a giggle, I told him that I didn't want anyone fooling around with my liver unless it was absolutely necessary. So the doctor sat down and started convincing me that it was indeed absolutely necessary.

There was a lot of talk about the production of antibodies, and the fact that I had had several episodes involving the liver. There was a special device, he went on persuasively, with which they went in and clipped off a teentsy-weentsy piece of the liver which I would never miss. There was nothing to it. Before he was through I had my fountain pen out and was practically begging to sign before the limited offer was withdrawn. Betty says I will buy anything.

I lay on my left side on the table, and a couple of doctors muttered and drew diagrams on my ribs, standing behind me. First they went into my liver with a local anesthetic. They told me it didn't hurt, but then a nervous fellow like me feels things that other people don't. Then the presiding doctor said, "Now I want you to hold your breath as long as you can and then breathe as easily and shallowly as you can for just a little while."

They were cutting into my liver now, and I closed my eyes and held my breath and there was a terrible pain in my chest. Why my chest? As soon as I was through holding my breath, I said, "Ouch," using as little air as possible, and the doctor said cheerfully, "Must have touched a nerve."

When I was wheeled back to my bed, Morley asked how it was. "Felt just like somebody kicked me in the breastbone," I answered, and everybody roared with laughter. I was a humorous fellow, too.

A hospital is by its nature a lonely place, and nights and week-ends were the loneliest of all. There was a show almost every night, in the Post Theater for ambulatory patients and in the Rec Hall for bed and wheel-chair patients. Nearly half an hour before showtime, the air was filled with the rumble of beds bound for the Rec Hall, usually with one attendant pushing and an attendant or wife guiding the front end. Most of the traffic came from the even-numbered C ramp, and down that narrow, dimly-lit tunnel of a hall flowed a seemingly endless river of broken men on wheels.

A sign which said ISOLATION appeared on my door as if by magic, and a parade of doctors came through to shake their heads and draw blood—collectors, no doubt.

On June 1, 1950, Birmingham Hospital was suddenly closed. This was very nearly a disaster. We had sold our house and moved just a few blocks away, and I had come to depend on it to see me through emergencies. An immense amount of research had been done on my case there; I knew the doctors, and, more important, they knew me. I didn't know where to turn.

I had always almost taken it for granted that medical science would find an answer to my problem or I would just get well, but I was beginning to realize that the years were passing, and still I was no better. One night I was awakened by the familiar racking chills, and Betty and I made the long drive to the Long Beach Veterans Hospital, where the Birmingham staff had been transferred. Antibiotics were given to me intravenously for quicker action. And for the first time nothing happened. I had been told many times that any one of a dozen illnesses I had had

I had been told that any one of a dozen illnesses I had had would have been fatal without antibiotics—and now antibiotics were failing me.

would have been fatal without antibiotics—and now antibiotics were failing me.

Cultures were taken almost daily, sensitivity tests made, new antibiotics and combinations of antibiotics tried; and still week by week and then month by month the infection got more out of control. The chest people recommended a bronchoscopy, and a lighted tube was passed down my throat so the doctor could look into my bronchial tubes. I can't say much about this except that it was the most painful experience of my life, and the doctor could find nothing except an almost universal infection.

Next were bronchograms. A doctor told me to take hold of my tongue and pull hard, while he poked a local anesthetic down my throat. Whenever he poked, my tongue snapped back into my mouth and we glared at each other, but finally he was able to pass a thin metal pipe with a curve on the end down my throat, and I walked into the X-ray room. For 45 minutes a special oil was pumped into my bronchial tubes while I was stood on my head and rolled around and examined under the fluoroscope, and then pictures were taken. All this didn't show much, either.

For Halloween we had pumpkins and witches on our paper napkins, and for Thanksgiving cardboard turkeys on our trays. For Christmas there were streamers in the halls and a tree in my room, but I became very firm with the doctor and told him I had to have a pass to go home. I now had a red-haired daughter, and this was her first Christmas. I came back with a high fever.

My parents took turns coming down from Oregon to help with the children, as they did whenever needed, and Betty spent most of her time contending with the traffic between our home and Long Beach. I couldn't see much future for me if all the facilities of a tremendous hospital were unable to subdue what in most people would be a simple bronchitis, and then a handful of pills—a new antibiotic—finally brought the infection under control, barely. Then I badgered the doctor until he agreed to let me try my luck at home.

This was the beginning of a battle, sometimes fairly desperate. Under constant treatment I would slowly improve, but if treatment were stopped my condition would become acute in just a few days—and of course the doctors were always anxious to discontinue the use of antibiotics, because with such constant use my particular germs were becoming resistant, and antibiotics were becoming ineffective.

I still had other infections, too. One rather violent gastrointestinal infection put me in the hospital, and for ten days I was allowed to take nothing by mouth except a small piece of ice occasionally. All my food and drink was through a needle, and when one friend came to visit me, he was unnerved to find bottles running into both legs and my right arm at the same time.

My sinuses were now so ferociously infected all the time that as an emergency measure small openings known as windows had to be put in them. I was in the EENT ward of another hospital, and every morning the green-sheeted stretcher from surgery would come scooting into the ward, pushed by a green-clad attendant, to cheery cries of, "Here comes the Green Hornet." The Green Hornet took me, and I got two new holes in my head.

I developed a tremendous case of laryngitis here, and was unaccountably discharged with my voice completely gone. This posed some peculiar problems. I was fine in a crowd—I could nod and smile—but when I was left alone with one person there was nothing for us to do but stare fixedly at each other until he muttered something about making a phone call and disappeared forever.

The only way I could attract anyone's attention was by snapping my fingers. I think Betty resented being treated like a lagging waiter, but the first time I tried it at home, every dog in the house joyously responded and landed in a heap on my chest. Granted there are only two dogs in the house, but they make a sizable heap on anybody's chest.

When I was able to whisper a little, I could break up any gathering simply by being there. Everyone would be talking normally, then people would start straining to hear my replies, and before long the entire party would be huddled in one corner whispering furtively.

Finally, when no treatment seemed to help, I was put in a steam room. It rained in there 24 hours a day for two weeks, but I got my voice back.

I still have no gamma globulin, and still nobody knows why. The struggle is still going on. I have gained a lot of weight, and I have fewer acute illnesses, but my

With my laryngitis, the only way that I could manage to attract anyone's attention was by snapping my fingers. The first time that I tried it at home, every dog in the house joyously responded and landed in a heap on my chest.

chronic diseases are becoming more serious. And I am getting older. Not long ago some of us in a ward were talking about the attack on Pearl Harbor. I had been at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, writing movies for the War Department. One young fellow who had just come back from Korea with only four-fifths of his head was listening without interest, and when someone questioned him about Pearl Harbor he said only, "I was in the second grade." I brooded for a week after that.

I think I have been a source of frustration to a number of doctors. I recently spent several weeks in a very large Midwestern hospital, and when I was discharged I was told that I was well by all objective tests and examinations; but less than 48 hours later, on the train returning to Los Angeles, I had such a high fever that I lost consciousness. Betty nursed me through to Los Angeles, where I was told I had pneumonia—again.

The importance of gamma globulin in the prevention of disease is being more widely recognized every day. When my lack of it was discovered, many doctors did not know what gamma globulin was; now it is being used for mass inoculations against polio—and thus there is none available for me. Two or three other men with no gamma globulin have been located. I am glad of their company, but their history is very much like mine, and apparently nothing has been learned from them that will help me.

I visited Howard in the hospital, but he was so weak that a few minutes of talking left him weak and trembling. The last time I saw him it suddenly seemed to me that I spent a lot of time talking with people who would just quietly die without making a ripple on the face of the smooth hospital routine, and Howard did just that a few days later. I thought I had gotten used to this sort of thing, but I found that I hadn't.

Everyone has the most profound assurance that it can happen to the fellow in the next bed, but never to him. There are times like this, though, when you begin to wonder what is so special about you that you are still alive, when so many with the same assurance are not. This can lead to some complicated thinking and perhaps some spectacular worrying, so the question of how to adjust to a life of at least semi-invalidism becomes important.

I have learned to avoid a lot of illness by being just a little overcareful of my health. There is a fairly narrow line here between hypochondria and just plain imprudence, and disaster lies on either side.

One thing is certain—I have sanction for almost anything I want to do. I have been advised that I am not a well man and must learn to live like a semi-invalid; and again that I must try to live a normal life or I will become neurotic—both times by excellent doctors. So I can take my choice. During most of this time I have been variously rated between 70- and 100-per-cent disabled by the Veterans Administration. Actually, I try to consider myself a well man who must of necessity be sick sometimes. When I am sick for short periods, no one usually knows about it except my family.

One difficult thing an invalid must do is forgive his friends their blooming health. This is hard if they are the kind who bound up stairs, describe themselves as never having had a sick day, and tell you that it is because they eat yogurt or stand on their heads or concentrate on the good, or drink the essence of grapefruit rinds, and tell you that you will be well if you will only do the same.

Of course I worry. The only thing I can hope to do is keep it within reasonable bounds, and the very beginning of this is simply keeping busy and not brooding over problems for which there is no solution. "You wouldn't be normal if you didn't worry," a doctor told me some years ago, "but just live one day at a time—today. You can't live yesterday again, and you'll live tomorrow when you get there. So relax." This, incidentally, would be good advice for anybody.

I've never gotten used to being sick, and I still howl if I have to go to the hospital, but I reluctantly suspect that there is something to be gained from even these experiences. I have come to have a very high regard for just plain old human beings. I don't think any of the dreadfully sick people I have known had any handy ready-reference philosophy which automatically covered all their problems, but they always seemed to develop whatever courage or patience they needed. Not in one blinding flash. I have no idea what the process is, but it is slow.

It is no accident that these people seldom complain. They are completely aware that on any scale of troubles there are too many higher than theirs. I frequently get cheerful letters from Gene Rossman. These are written on a frame above his head with a pencil held in his mouth, and make the simple act of picking up a pen or sitting at a typewriter a blessing.

I used to be a little concerned about raising children in the atmosphere of the sickroom, but it turns out that no room can be much of a sickroom with them around. When I am in bed, they beat each other over the head to see who gets to bring me the morning paper and they beat out jungle messages on my oxygen tank because it has such a lovely boing-g-g-g. When I am up, I still nag at my wife, shout at the dogs, threaten to belt the kids, then brood when I think I'm getting sick again; but when I stop to think about it, there is no one I would trade places with. . . . THE END

Popular television star Arlene Francis and her son Peter in the back yard of the New York house she recently redecorated.

Everybody's Arlene

"**Hi, Arlene**" is a call that is recognized in any TV city as a salute to Arlene Francis, one of the busiest people in television. Because of her friendliness and warmth, Arlene is one of the favorites on the CBS panel called "What's My Line?" Her audiences have come to consider her one of the family, and her quiz-show fans, or those on her own ABC "Talent Patrol" program, rush to greet her whenever they see her. When Arlene traveled about the country as a fashion-show commentator she was astonished to find how often she was recognized. She had had quite a career on the stage before she entered television, but this never brought her the friendliness which strangers accord her now.

Because of this, she's the perfect choice for the editor of "Home," NBC's new daytime television show produced five times a week. This is an all-out effort to capture the noontime audience, and is, naturally, directed toward women. The contacts Arlene had with women all over the country give her a wide knowledge of what appeals to them. She keeps their interests at heart as she introduces them to the various features of the show. She's responsible for bringing them the latest news concerning leisure-time activities and shopping, and her staff of experts assists her in the other fields of homemaking such as fashions, food, child care, decorating, gardening and etiquette.

The program is ordinarily produced in a unique studio in New York, which allows a more exciting visual presentation than has been possible before. Turntables on the stage enable the cameras to show furniture from every angle or food actually cooking on the stove. Whenever there are events in other sections of the country which are important to "Home's" audience, they will be covered, too.

As the wife of actor-producer-director Martin Gabel and the mother of their seven-year-old son, Peter, Arlene is well aware of the problems of homemaking. The Gabels recently bought a house in New York, and Arlene supervised all the renovating and decorating herself, emerging from this ordeal with a fine know-how of contracts, plumbing, plastering, cabinetmaking and bricklaying. She likes to cook and is fond of gardening whenever her schedule allows time for either. One look at her testifies to her keen interest in fashion and beauty. Arlene knows what she's talking about, and her quick wit and charm brighten the day for housewives everywhere.

With shows on three major networks, Arlene must be seen by more people in a week than saw Cleopatra in her lifetime. Not bad for a Boston-born girl whose family never wanted her to go on the stage! —Florence Somers

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You can make your plans around this shoe... it's so *correct* whatever you do... *Glove-soft* white kid with *slender* heel... *Fashion-flex* arch for wonderful *"feel"*. Also in white linen or natural straw cloth.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET: *"What Every Woman Should Know About Choosing Shoes."*

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PETERS SHOE COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS

ALSO MAKERS OF CITY CLUB SHOES FOR MEN AND WEATHER-BIRD SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

She wants a social life, would like to go to parties, dance and have fun. He wants to sleep.

WHAT WOULD *YOU* DO?

My husband and I are very much in love and happily married—except for one thing, and it is driving me crazy. He is making a hermit of me.

I am home doing housework, taking care of the kids, all day. At night or on weekends I want to go out and *do* something. But he has a physically tiring job and comes home dog-tired every night. All he wants to do is relax and sleep. If I don't get out of the house soon I think I'll go out of my mind. What can I do?

ELLEN M.
Oklahoma

■ *What's your advice?* *ED.*

SUCCOR FOR SUCKERS

There are more ways to combat nauseating commercials on radio and television than are mentioned in your article "You Can Clear the Airwaves."

Contrary to what seems to be the prevalent belief, you don't have to have your radio or television set on all the time. You can try the soothing effect of shutting it off. Or, you can have it under control. I sit by my radio and use the little knob as and when needed.

Or, you don't have to be a sucker—don't snap at the bait. If enough people didn't rise to this sort of advertising, it would cease.

ELMER GUSTAFSON
Tulsa, Oklahoma

PORTRAIT

Oh, I wept and sensed within me some of the problems that Marty has in "Portrait of a Family." I am a graduate nurse who works with children ravaged by polio or born with malformations of the body or who have had accident s such as Bill's.

More than just a nurse, I am a mother of two young sons and know a parent may have that twisting, tearing feeling of inadequacy. This story will be of great help to parents I have met in my work.

ROBERTA STADT, R. N.

. . . a story I shall keep to read when the going gets tough, to remind me that everyone has one right—the right to a whole life, no matter how different he may be.

MRS. LA NELLE KELLY
Detroit, Michigan

ARTICLE X-RAYED

I resent the article about Caesarean births in your February issue. Both my life and my baby's were saved by Caesarean section, and the fact that I could not give birth to the baby normally was backed up by X-rays.

If I had read an article like this before my baby was born, I would have been scared to death. There are probably doctors who take advantage of their patients, but the conscientious doctors who try hard to do the right thing should not be put under a cloud by articles written in general.

MRS. GLEN LORE
Douglas, Wyoming

■ *Our article "How Safe Is Childbirth by Surgery?" was not intended to condemn Caesarean section for those who can give birth no other way. Our purpose was to warn mothers who can give birth normally of the dangers inherent in childbirth by surgery, so that they will think twice before having an unnecessary Caesarean.* *ED.*

Ten years ago I had my first daughter by Caesarean section, and had more pain after the operation than I would like to remember. It took me a year to get back to normal.

Six years later I gave birth to another

daughter, normally, and, incidentally, was given X-rays which I had not received previous to the Caesarean birth. The doctor could not understand why the Caesarean had been performed.

After this birth I could have bounced out of the hospital. Give me a normal delivery any day!

MRS. G. N. HUTTON
Altadena, California

TYPEWRITER OR MOP

■ *"I hate housework, but my husband won't let me take an office job," a reader wrote us in February. Here are your comments. ED.*

Being married means keeping house for your husband and raising his children. If she didn't want this, why on earth did she get married? It seems to me all she wanted was a legal love affair.

MRS. KENNETH MCMICHAEL
Trotwood, Ohio

When young women get married, they are expected to drop all their ambitions and content themselves with a seven-day-a-week battle with food, dishes and dirt.

If this man permits his wife to do the work she likes to do and to hire someone to do the work she does not like to do, he will come home to a happier wife and a cleaner, neater home.

MARY LOU GRIES
Lafayette, Indiana

This gal's just plain lazy!

MARY O'CONNOR
New Haven, Connecticut

Why not give this husband a day alone with the clean-up job and then have him give an honest answer as to what he would choose if the positions were reversed!

MRS. ETHEL M. SNOW
San Diego, California

POPULAR PANCAKES

You had a good article on pancakes, but here is my family's favorite:

Cornmeal pancakes

½ cup cornmeal	1 cup milk
3 tsp. baking powder	1 tbsp. sugar
½ tsp. salt	1 egg

⅞ cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 tbsp. melted shortening

Mix sifted flour, cornmeal, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add beaten egg, milk and melted shortening. Drop by tsp. on greased hot griddle. Makes five dozen dollar-size pancakes.

MRS. JAMES QUILLEN
Beloit, Wisconsin

■ *Mrs. Quillen's best customers: her seven children. ED.*

★ **Address: LETTERS TO THE EDITORS, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York**

WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

BY CARLTON BROWN

UNIQUE FINEGAN AND SAUTER

When Ed Sauter and Bill Finegan formed their orchestra in the fall of 1952, they united the talents of two of the most influential young arrangers in popular music. In his years with Benny Goodman, from 1939 to 1944, Sauter gave the band a fresh impetus with such compositions as "Benny Rides Again" and "Superman." He went on to arranging for Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Woody Herman and Ray McKinley. Bill Finegan was chief arranger for the Glenn Miller band from its start, in 1938, until 1942, when Tommy Dorsey hired him for a ten-year stretch.

In these jobs, Sauter and Finegan wrote to suit the instrumental styles and musical tastes of their employers. When RCA Victor encouraged them to form their own recording band, they welcomed the chance to give free rein to their ideas, without reference to any established framework. From the start, they wrote the sounds and rhythms their vivid imaginations suggested, and then found the instruments and the men to make them. In recording, in taping their weekly "Camel Caravan" radio show, and in bandstand performances on their current tour, they make use of ten microphones to achieve the acoustic emphasis they are after. The band's 21 musicians switch agilely from one to another of some 80 instruments, including a harp, flutes, piccolos, recorders, a tuba, a celeste, chimes and kettle drums. To produce their exhilarating new sounds, S and F often resort to unorthodox devices. On "Moonlight on the Ganges," Ed Sauter adds his own kazoo solos to heighten the mock-mysterioso effect. On "Midnight Sleighride," Finegan beats his chest to simulate the horse's hoof-beats.

These two tunes, along with the sprightly "Doodletown Fifers" and five other colorful S-F specialties, are in their first RCA Victor album, which has been followed by a coupling of two six-minute compositions, "Child's Play" and "Horse Play," on an EP record, "Extended Play Suite." A new album, "Inside Sauter-Finegan," and an "Extended Play Suite, Vol. II," were released in April. For all of its precision and impressive orchestration, their music gives the effect of being made for their own and their listeners' good fun.

Just
eggs-actly
what your hair
needs!
Helene Curtis
shampoo
plus egg*
CONCENTRATE
WITH HAIR-CONDITIONING ACTION
*2%
Watch this luxury lather make your hair exciting to behold! Suddenly glowing clean... silky... amazingly manageable! That's the magic touch of fresh whole egg! Conditions any hair! Try it! From 29¢

Ich muss Tampax haben

私はタンパークスが欲しい

Je désire Tampax

Quiero Tampax

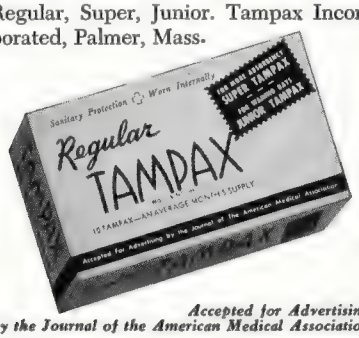
They all mean

"I want Tampax"

Yes, women all over the world — from Capetown to California, from Sumatra to Saskatchewan — want Tampax and only Tampax. This modern internal sanitary protection is not only sold to millions of American women, but it's distributed in 75 other countries as well.

How could this product — unknown 25 years ago — have achieved such outstanding popularity in such a relatively short space of time? *Because Tampax is really what women want.* They like the way it eliminates belts, pins and bulky external pads. (It's worn internally.) They like the fact that it can't be seen or felt, once it's in place. They like its easy disposability, and they particularly like the way Tampax prevents odor from forming.

Tampax was invented by a doctor. It consists of compressed surgical cotton in throwaway applicators. It can be used by any normal woman. And whether you live in Paris, France, or Paris, Kentucky, you can get Tampax at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
Regular
TAMPAX
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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Is your child relaxed and happy when she visits the doctor—or is she scared?

YOUR CHILD AND THE DOCTOR

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

Four-year-old Janie was waiting for her regular medical checkup. As Dr. Marshall opened the door, Janie ran ahead of her mother and held out her doll. "I brought Celeste!" she told the doctor gaily.

Since most children visit their doctors regularly nowadays, it is important to make the relationship friendly and easy. Going to the doctor is not always a pleasant experience. All children feel some pain during and after immunization, and thorough examinations are sometimes uncomfortable. But if you create the proper mood, you may even find your child looking forward to his visits to the doctor.

Here are a few suggestions.

Tell your child the truth about where he is going when you set out for the doctor's office. He will become very upset if he ends up in a doctor's waiting room when he thought he was going to a Roy Rogers movie. If he's due for a shot or a blood test and he asks, "Will it hurt?" admit that it may hurt for a second. But remind him that it's no more than a mosquito bite, and change the subject. I have seen children more outraged by deception than they were hurt by the needle prick.

Stay calm if your child acts up a few times. Your child will get over his fears sooner if you are not frowning at him and adding your disapproval to his problems.

If it's necessary to hold him while he is getting a shot, do it. This is easier for you, the doctor and the child than a futile argument. But don't shame him about it.

Sometimes your child can be diverted into co-operation. A couple of tongue depressors, a moment on the big scales, may make him forget his worries.

It often helps, too, if you take along one of your child's cherished possessions, like a favorite doll or Teddy bear. He feels safer when he's clinging to something from home. And if the doctor will listen to the Teddy bear's heart, that may put your youngster at ease.

Don't hush him when he starts to tell about the fire engine he saw on the way, or where he is going afterward. Instead, encourage him to make a friend of his doctor. Your child's chatter is not a waste of a busy man's time. It's part of the doctor's job to build confidence as well as health, and he knows it.

And never, never, under any circumstances, threaten your child: "If you don't behave, I'll call the doctor!" Such tactics are not only inexcusable but dangerous. The time may come when your child's recovery from illness depends at least in part upon his willingness to co-operate with his doctor.

Many doctors today routinely offer their young patients a lollypop or some small toy at the end of the examination. If yours does not follow this custom, take one along in your purse to insure a happy end to the visit. It's a small thing, but small things mean a lot to a three- or four-year-old.

Public defender Howe *(left)* acted as both lawyer and investigator for Buster Youngwolfe.

Redbook Reports on:

THE ORDEAL OF AN INNOCENT MAN

A young father confesses the brutal murder of a neighbor's child—and then claims he didn't do it. This is how a young public defender fought for him—and, in a real way, for you

BY RALPH G. MARTIN

Something recently happened in Tulsa, Oklahoma, that could have happened almost anywhere in America. It could have happened to anyone accused of a crime who couldn't afford the price of a lawyer. And since what happens to the least of us might also happen to any of us, perhaps this is really your story.

It's also the story of a young lawyer's faith that justice is not the private property of a few but the public right of everybody. It's the story of 33-year-old Elliott "Bill" Howe, a court-appointed public defender who fought against the opinion of a whole city.

It all started with the disappearance of 11-year-old Phyllis Jean Warren in March, 1953. Three weeks later her body was found buried under a brush pile some 300 yards from her home. Pulled tightly around her swollen neck was her blue plastic belt. The evidence was clear: rape and murder.

Five days later, the county attorney announced that an Indian ex-convict named Buster Youngwolfe, a next-door neighbor of Phyllis, had confessed to the crime.

The case was considered closed.

And it would have stayed closed if it hadn't been for Bill Howe. This was only Howe's third jury case as a public defender—a part-time job with little prestige and less pay. For $250 a month Howe was expected to handle some 50 cases a month, with no office, no secretary, no expense money.

But Howe had been properly toughened for this job by four years with the Navy in the Pacific, by working as a house painter to pay his way through night law school, and then by long investigations and quick decisions as an insurance-company adjuster. He had also worked the other side of the fence: a short hitch as an assistant county attorney.

Howe's first visit to Buster Youngwolfe was routine.

"We didn't even talk about the case," said Howe. "He had con- *(Continued on page 76)*

Many Happy Returns

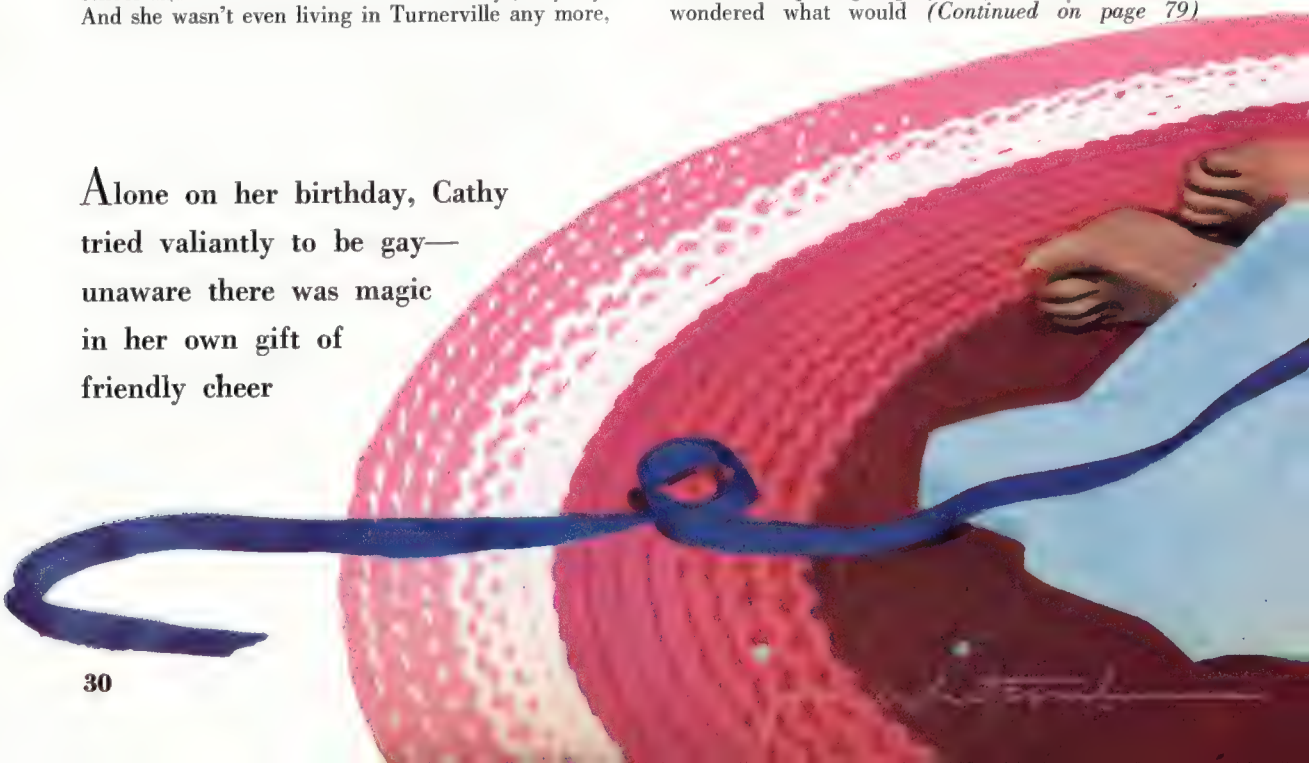
BY FLORENCE JANE SOMAN
ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

The moment she woke up, Cathy knew that it was a different morning from all the others. She lay still, looking up at the ceiling. My birthday, she thought; it's my birthday. Something light and happy lifted inside her like a bubble rising to the surface of water; for a moment, lying there, it was like all the birthdays at home; she could almost believe that she could run downstairs in a minute and find that Hulda had already put the cake in the oven, and that on the breakfast table would be the cards and the silly poems and the presents, with Pop and her brother Tom grinning—

Something pricked at her throat and eyes, and she rolled over and lay very still, her eyes closed. This birthday wasn't going to be like that at all. Because Pop was dead now, and Tom was away at school and he never remembered birthdays, anyway. And she wasn't even living in Turnerville any more, but in New York, where she hardly knew anybody after only three weeks—just the people at the office, and one or two neighbors; that was all. Speaking acquaintances, you might call them; certainly they weren't *friends.*

Lying there with her eyes closed, she thought, This is probably going to be the worst birthday I ever had. But almost instantly, she opened her eyes, furious with herself. She jumped out of bed and went to the window—a small, pretty girl with brown eyes and honey-colored hair. The street, she saw, was choked with traffic even at this early hour, and the people walked by with hurrying steps, frowning a little in preoccupation. That was the trouble with people in New York, Cathy thought; they looked at you without really *seeing* you. Half the time, you felt like a cipher going by—a puff of air. Now she wondered what would *(Continued on page 79)*

Alone on her birthday, Cathy tried valiantly to be gay—unaware there was magic in her own gift of friendly cheer



I should have put in a card—
Happy Birthday from Me to Me.

One out of every ten young couples asks:

"How Can We Have a Baby?"

BY ABRAHAM STONE, M.D.

A distinguished doctor answers questions that plague childless couples—and tells how science's new methods may help them

What are our chances of having a baby?" That question is in the hearts of every childless couple which comes to a physician for aid. There are many such couples: One marriage out of every ten in this country is involuntarily childless.

Well, the chances of having a baby are good. Modern scientific methods, largely developed within the past 30 years, have helped many thousands of childless couples. Today, we can estimate that nearly one-third of such couples eventually succeed in having children.

Many couples believe that infertility treatments are strange and complex—and uncomfortable. This is generally not true. At the Fertility Service of the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau, we hold "orientation" sessions in which we discuss fertility problems with couples who have registered for treatment. When these husbands and wives come to one of our group sessions and see other intelligent, healthy people in a similar situation, much of their anxiety is relieved. The mere realization that they are not alone can help them greatly. One woman wrote us that she became pregnant a month after attending a lecture on infertility!

Here are the questions that these couples ask most often. They cover practically all of the problems of childless couples, and I believe they will answer the unasked questions of many husbands and wives who are facing similar problems alone:

How soon should a couple seek treatment for infertility?

If pregnancy does not occur within one year, provided no effort is made to prevent conception, a fertility examination is advisable. In fact, I feel that if no pregnancy occurs after six months, a preliminary checkup is in order. Occasionally a minor condition may be found and corrected. I recall one woman who had tried for three years to become pregnant but had sought no medical aid. When she was eventually examined, a small polyp was found at the entrance to the womb. This was easily removed, and the woman became pregnant within two months.

Does the age of the wife or husband affect their fertility?

Biologically, the most favorable time to have a family is at a younger age—in the twenties. While a woman may remain fertile into the late thirties or even early forties, as she grows older she is more likely to have acquired obstacles to motherhood—complications such as fibroid tumors, aftermaths of infections, chronic conditions which affect general health and reproductive function. Men, though probably also less fertile after middle age, may become fathers at age 60, 70 or even later.

Can pregnancy occur in a woman who has long been childless, without medical help?

Surprise pregnancies do occur without medical assistance. One woman approaching the change of life was alarmed by an "abdominal tumor." To her

astonishment, she proved to be pregnant. During her long married life she had never been able to conceive, though she had ardently desired to.

Each marital partner may be either of low, medium or high fertility, and these levels may fluctuate from time to time. Sometimes, ideal conditions for conception among partners of low fertility may suddenly occur for unknown reasons. Perhaps some 10 per cent of childless couples could eventually conceive without medical aid. Generally, though, couples are likely to waste the best reproductive years of their lives if they fail to apply for skilled help.

How often is the husband wholly or partly responsible for infertility?

In about 40 per cent of our cases we have found the husband to be wholly or partially responsible. In all instances of childlessness, though, we look upon the situation as a problem of the *couple*, and both husband and wife should be examined to determine their respective degrees of fertility.

If a husband is virile, does it signify that he is also fertile?

No, not necessarily. A man's ability to perform the sexual act does not prove that he is fertile. A man may lack virility and yet be highly fertile, or he may be infertile and yet be sexually highly potent.

How can a physician find out whether a man is fertile or not?

It is comparatively simple. In addition to a full medical history and a general physical examination, the most important step is the examination of a sample of the man's semen under the microscope. Normal semen should contain an adequate number of sperms (male germ cells)—somewhere between 50 and 100 million per cubic centimeter—and most of them should be vigorously active. If the number of sperms is less than 30 million per cubic centimeter, or their motility is poor, a deficiency in fertility is indicated. Sometimes the seminal fluid contains no sperms. In our series of sterile couples we found that nearly 10 per cent of all husbands had what we call azoospermia—*i.e.*, complete absence of sperm cells from the seminal fluid. Such a condition may be due either to a lack of formation of sperms in the testicles or to some obstructions in the channels which prevents their passing through.

Can anything be done for a man who has few sperms or whose sperms are not very active?

In treating an infertile male we rely mainly on improving his general condition through proper diet (including certain vitamins), removing any sources of possible infection in the body, and stimulating his glandular system if it is underactive. In some cases these measures produce very good results. It should be admitted, however, that our methods of treating the infertile male are not yet very satisfactory, and that much research is still needed.

How does a physician determine whether a woman is fertile?

In examining a woman for fertility, the doctor tries to determine whether her organs are normal, whether she is producing egg cells or ova, and whether the channels through which the sperms must travel to meet and fertilize the egg are open and unobstructed. A brief description of the female reproductive organs will clarify the purposes of these tests.

Normally, the husband's sperms are deposited near the cervix, the neck of the womb which projects into the upper part of the vagina. The cervix is easily inspected, and the physician can readily tell whether it is normal or whether it is inflamed, obstructed or in a displaced position. Any of these conditions may prevent sperms from traveling through the cervix into the womb.

After passing into the womb, some of the sperms pass through its cavity into a narrow canal on either side, the Fallopian tubes. The farther ends of the tubes branch in frilled, fingerlike processes which receive the egg when it has been released from one of the ovaries. Normally, the sperm meets the egg in one of the tubes, where fertilization takes place.

If a barrier anywhere along the line prevents the egg and sperm from meeting, pregnancy cannot occur. The first question, then, is whether the sperms actually pass through the cervix on the first stage of their journey. A rather simple test gives the answer. The wife is examined a few hours after sexual relations with her husband, and a little of the secretion from the cervix is obtained and put under the microscope. If the spermatozoa have actually entered the cervix, a large number of active cells are seen in the secretion. If very few are found, it is necessary to determine the cause.

If we find that the sperms have passed through the cervix, the next step is to determine whether the tubes are open. The so-called Rubin or insufflation test gives the answer. A gas, usually carbon dioxide, is passed into the womb under controlled pressure. The gas makes its way into the tubes, and if one or both of them are open, escapes into the abdomen. This is indicated by a drop in the pressure and by a special bubbling sound which can be heard over the abdomen with a stethoscope. When the patient sits up, she may feel a brief twinge of pain in one or both shoulders, caused by the free gas working its way upward and irritating the diaphragm. These symptoms and signs show that one or both tubes are open.

If the tubes are closed, the gas does not pass through, and these signs and symptoms are not observed. Instead of gas, an oily liquid substance may be injected, after which X-rays are taken. If there is an obstruction, the X-rays will usually show its exact location. *(Continued on page 91)*

What Do the Medical Terms Mean?

In discussing the problems of childless couples, doctors use a number of words that most laymen do not fully understand. Following are Dr. Stone's definitions of these words:

Fertility: the capacity to have children; *infertility:* an impairment of the capacity to have children (which may be only temporary); *sterility:* complete inability to have children; *virility:* man's sexual vigor or power; *impotence:* a weakening or lack of sexual power.

Nick's heart went with his father. Even mother-love could not fill the gap—nor prevent the danger into which the boy's grief led him

THE LONELY CRY

BY LUCY CUNDIFF
ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

They had left the city before dawn, and now, coming out on the steps of the cabin in the late afternoon, Anne was aware of the long, full day that lay behind her. Nick had helped with the work of opening the cabin for the summer, but a ten-year-old can do only so much. She missed Steve's strength, the quick, efficient way in which he worked. For a moment her need for him rose; then she thrust the thought from her. She had to get used to being without Steve.

She walked slowly down the grassy slope toward the shore, welcoming the feeling of weariness in her muscles. Tonight she would sleep. Tonight there would be no lonely staring up into the darkness. No need to summon up again all of her arguments, convince herself anew that her decision had been the right one.

Nick was stretched flat on his stomach at the end of the pier, his head hanging over the edge. The water below him was so placid it had the static, contained look of an aquarium. When she stopped beside him she could see both of their faces mirrored below.

"Watch, Mom," he said, and their faces crinkled, broke and rippled away as he poked with a stick at a crawfish scuttling across the sandy bottom.

Anne looked down at him. At the jutting knobs of his spine, as fragile as a string of shells across the slim, pale arch of his back. In a week or so his back would be brown as a pine cone, and the soles of his feet, now so pinkly tender, would be hardened. And for the rest of the summer, never quite clean.

She drew the tip of her moccasin lightly across the bottom of one of his feet, and he wriggled and rolled over and grinned up at her. He had grown so much in the past year that the faded jeans ended just below his knees and gaped above his navel, lying like a thumbprint in his hollowed stomach. His gray eyes, which so frequently of late had seemed to be shuttered against her, were as clear and untroubled as the shallows behind him.

"Hungry, Skipper?"

"Yeah, man!"

She laid one of the sandwiches she had brought on his bare chest and dropped down beside him on the pier. They ate in silence. The peace of the hour seemed to flow around them as softly as the sound of the water lapping against the pilings. The pines were massed green and gold along *(Continued on page 86)*

RELIGION GOES TO

WORK

On factory assembly lines, these young pastors are turning out machines—and turning men back to God, and the church

BY BOOTON HERNDON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY IKE VERN

Cliff Hart works in an automobile factory in Lansing, Michigan. He's an intelligent, personable young man who, like his attractive wife, Marge, has a deep and abiding love of God. And, like his wife, he wants their three children to grow up with a strong religious faith.

But until recently, Cliff had strong reason to doubt this would happen. He and Marge were gravely troubled by a situation which caused recurring friction between them and which threatened to stunt the religious development of their youngsters.

Cliff wouldn't go to church. As a factory hand, a union member, a semiprofessional football player and a guy who likes beer, Cliff Hart did not feel he was made welcome in church. Marge pleaded with him, pointed out how Skip, their eldest child, was beginning to question why he should go to Sunday school if Daddy didn't, but Cliff was unmoved.

Cliff's church, the Mount Hope Presbyterian Church, was located in the middle of one of the greatest industrial areas in America, in sight and sound of huge factories where thousands of men turned out trucks and automobiles, even jet planes. But, like hundreds of other churches throughout America, it seemed to cater mainly to middle-aged and elderly people, well-established in life.

No provision whatsoever was made for couples with small children. Even if Cliff had felt welcome, he or Marge would still have had to stay home with the children.

No wonder that, though the church was located in the fastest-growing section of Lansing, its membership decreased steadily. It was a dying church.

The financial drain became so great that eventually it was decided to close Mount Hope's doors. Then someone made a final suggestion. Why not get one of the eager young graduates of the Institute of Industrial Religion as pastor, and give the little church one last chance?

So a new minister, right out of the seminary, came to Lansing. He was the Reverend Henry B. Date, but he looked more like a grinning, gangling kid named Hank.

Hank brought his bride with him—a little

Full-time worker in a gear factory *(left)*, the Rev. Donald Mathews accepts no pay from the Kalamazoo church which he serves with the help of his wife, Grace *(right)*, a former schoolteacher who came to America from Japan when she was a child.

It's a happy place for adults and children to worship, play and sing out. That's the way this New Jersey congregation feels about "Seb's church"

New life in the resurgent First Presbyterian Church of Perth Amboy is symbolized with the baptism, by Dr. Andrew M. Sebben *(left)*, of Deborah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Awde.

blonde named Marilyn. She, too, was a graduate of the McCormick Theological Seminary, with a major in Christian education. She was also just as bright and gay as she could be. Hank and Marilyn bought a car —not a dull black sedan, but a green and yellow station wagon, which subsequently carried a group of screaming teen-agers piled in the back as standard equipment.

Hank and Marilyn knocked themselves out for their church. Things started humming. Sunday school for the kids. A nursery, tastefully decorated by the girls of Marilyn's circle, so parents could go in to services together.

Hank visited everybody—not just regular church members and the well-to-do, but *everybody*. Guys who worked in the plants. Young wives in the new housing developments. He visited Cliff and Marge Hart, too, and Cliff was amazed to find a minister of the gospel who spoke his own language. For Hank had worked on the assembly line himself, understood the special problems of men in mass-production industry. He'd been an athlete of sorts, and was an enthusiastic viewer of TV boxing. He wanted to organize a basketball team, and he wanted Cliff to coach it.

Cliff agreed to go back to Mount Hope, just once. In the middle of the sermon that morning, Hank hit the nail right square on the head. Many a child today, Hank said, looking straight at Cliff, is forced to ask himself this terrible question:

"How can I believe in God if my parents don't?"

Marge, right there in church, dug her elbow into Cliff's ribs and shot him a meaningful glance. He nodded. And that was the day that Hank Date got a coach for the basketball team, and Cliff Hart returned to church, this time for good.

Faith for young people

Fortunately for all the other young people in the nation, there are more Hank Dates coming along—young men and women who have always had the desire to bring their faith to the people—*all* people—and who now, for the first time, have the training. It is for them that the Institute of Industrial Religion exists, for the Institute, in Chicago, grew out of a desperate need for such ministers.

Hundreds, thousands of other churches all over the nation, particularly the old-line, established Protestant churches, are going the way the Mount Hope Church was going. Most tragic of all, it is the very areas of the country in which population is on the greatest *increase*—the industrial areas—which show the greatest *decrease* in church membership. An almost unbelievable proof of this stands right across the street from the McCormick Theological Seminary in one of Chicago's most thickly populated sections, in full view of every student, every teacher. It is the boarded-up structure which used to be a Presbyterian church—a church that failed completely under the very shadow of one of the largest seminaries in the world!

At the same time, young people all over America, the people who make up a large part of these industrial areas and the rapidly-growing housing developments, are crying out for religion. They want churches not only as a place of worship, but also as a center of wholesome friendships, a place to meet people with common interests and faith.

How many young men and women, moving to a new town or a new neighborhood, have sought first in the neighborhood church for new friends to dispel their loneliness? When given the slightest bit of encouragement, the young people of America flock to church.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, several years ago, resolved to do something about the sad decline of church attendance in industrial areas. They set up a department of city and industrial work,

The church jazz band plays in the recreation hall for teen-age dances. Separate sessions are held for younger children.

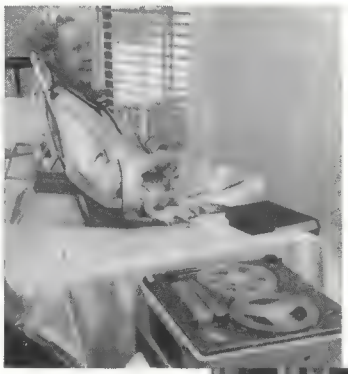
under the late Dr. Jacob A. Long. About the same time, reports began coming in on a young minister named Marshal L. Scott, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbus, Ohio. Doctor Scott seemed to be aware of the fact that he, and the church, lived in a changing world. He spoke out bitterly against segregation in the House of the Lord, for instance, and he organized a monthly luncheon meeting in which labor leaders sat down next to ministers, and both groups discussed their problems.

So Doctor Long went to Columbus and spoke to the young minister about a program in industrial religion. Dr. Scott, somewhat apologetically, said he wasn't able to take such a course just then.

"Good heavens, man," Doctor Long exploded, "I didn't come all the way from New York to get you to *take* the course. I want you to *teach* it!"

The Institute of Industrial Relations, organized in its present form in 1950, grew out of the program that Doctor Scott set up. Six hundred ministers and divinity students, each hand-picked by Doctor Scott, have attended the Institute, in one or both of its two phases. One of the phases consists of a three-week seminar for ordained ministers who are pastors of churches. The other, of far greater scope, is the annual summer work program, in which divinity students actually take jobs in heavy industry. This project has been so successful that other programs have been started in connection with the Yale Divinity School in New Haven, in Boston, and in San Anselmo, California.

The essence of such a *(Continued on page 85)*



Shut-ins needn't miss Pastor Sebben's sermons. Here, Cornelia Lyon *(left)* listens to last Sunday's services on one of the church's three tape recorders. Bill Cummings *(below, center)* likes people to "sing out" lustily, the way they do at "Seb's" church.

HOMECOMING

A vacation from marriage may be wise. But suppose a husband accepts bachelorhood willingly . . . too willingly!

BY AUDREY DAVENPORT
ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Marc stood at the ship's railing and watched without any sense of excitement the nearing fortress of Manhattan silhouetted by the morning sun. It was the first time this impressive homecoming view had failed him. More passengers crowded to the rail. He turned and went down to the deserted bar, ordered a Scotch, and opened the letter again. It was almost falling apart at the folds. He had read it a hundred times since he'd received it in Paris the day before sailing.

"You must consider that you are a bachelor," it said in cool, blue ink. "You are coming home with the telephone number of a girl you used to know, and you'll call her, and perhaps have some dates with her. Perhaps you'll like each other. Perhaps not."

The letter ended on a slightly more promising note: "Yours ever." Yours ever, he thought, was a wonderfully absolute phrase. It was also the one you might use to close a letter to your lawyer, or to your butcher.

The letter was from his wife.

Last Thursday he'd gotten into Paris from Rome, booked a room at the Lutetia, and phoned the airlines office to see if he could get a plane the next day. He'd decided that he'd been away from Karen long enough, and wanted to fly home and surprise her. After he'd made the reservation, he'd gone downstairs and found the letter in his box. He had been so stunned that he'd told the desk to cancel his plane and get him a boat instead. Even in the first few minutes he'd known that it would take him more than a day to figure out what had happened.

He had had six days now to think about it. He had thought about it on the boat deck and in the bath, at mealtimes and in the small hours of the night, cold sober and under the warming influence of Martinis. He had even thought about it while he had dutifully kissed the daughter of the Argentinian consul behind a lifeboat. He could now, at times, think about it quite unemotionally, and list the elements of the case.

Item One: He and Karen had participated in a marriage of four and a half years which had ranged with comfortable regularity *(Continued on page 82)*

Whenever she was on a date she would ask herself, would I rather be with my husband? Too often the answer was no.

Mrs. Crabtree

A young mother, who never held a hammer, starts building a six-room house. Results: hard work, tears—and a cement mixer for Mother's Day

BY JOHN L. SPRINGER

PHOTOS BY JACK MANNING

Building the Crabtree house was a family affair, from the foundation to finishing touches, like painting window frames.

BUILDS HER DREAM HOUSE

Shirley Crabtree is a blue-eyed strawberry blonde with an easy and infectious smile. But when her husband, Saville, told her they couldn't buy a house, she became a grim, determined woman.

"We'll build one ourselves," she said.

Two months before, they had $2,000, a one-acre lot in Easthampton, Massachusetts, and blueprints for a six-room house. They knew where to hire labor and obtain a mortgage. They had all they needed to make a modest home for their daughters, Linda Lee and Nancy; their puppies, Stuff, Bother and Nonsense; their hamsters, Pic and Pat, and their chameleon, Duke.

Then, one morning, Shirley was rushed to the hospital for a delicate mastoid operation. For six weeks Saville paid jolting bills for drugs, doctors, the hospital, and for boarding the children. When she returned to their overcrowded one-room apartment near the gas station where Saville worked, he told her that their money was gone. There would be no house.

But Shirley shook her head. "We'll pay for material as we go and do the work ourselves," she said.

He reminded her that neither of them knew a thing about building, that builders had to know bricklaying, carpentering and plastering—and that Shirley had never even held a hammer.

"We'll learn," she said.

That's how it started, *(Continued on page 75)*

This homemade house *(above)* is the pride of the Crabtrees. The children are Ryck, three, Nancy, six, and Linda, ten. Mrs. Crabtree divides her time between buying lumber for new additions to the house *(upper left)* and relaxing with the family in their still-unfinished living room.

Janet experienced, for the first time, the heady sensation of walking with a man most girls would give seventeen credits to date.

"Why did he choose me?" Janet wondered as she was whirled into sudden popularity. And the answer was more surprising than

A KISS FOR LUCK

The campus was different in the summer. There was a feeling of lazy adventure about the place. Earnest grinds found themselves signing up for courses in ceramics, or folk dancing; staid faculty members turned out in sport shirts; students smoked in the classrooms. Even Janet Dorn, who was very stern-minded about wasting time, had taken a part in a play. Of course, she had sound academic reasons for this—she was taking a course in history of theater, and Dr. Larson had told her that to really grasp the material she should at least appear once on a stage.

While it was all very logical, she felt that there was some deeper motive behind her dramatic fling—an obscure, unexplainable urge, rather like the times when, for no reason at all, she simply *had* to have a chocolate, or a drive to the country.

Janet was walking across the campus one evening, worrying about this problem, when she saw Tom Donald ahead of her. Her hands went cold, and she could feel her heart trying to burst out of her ribs.

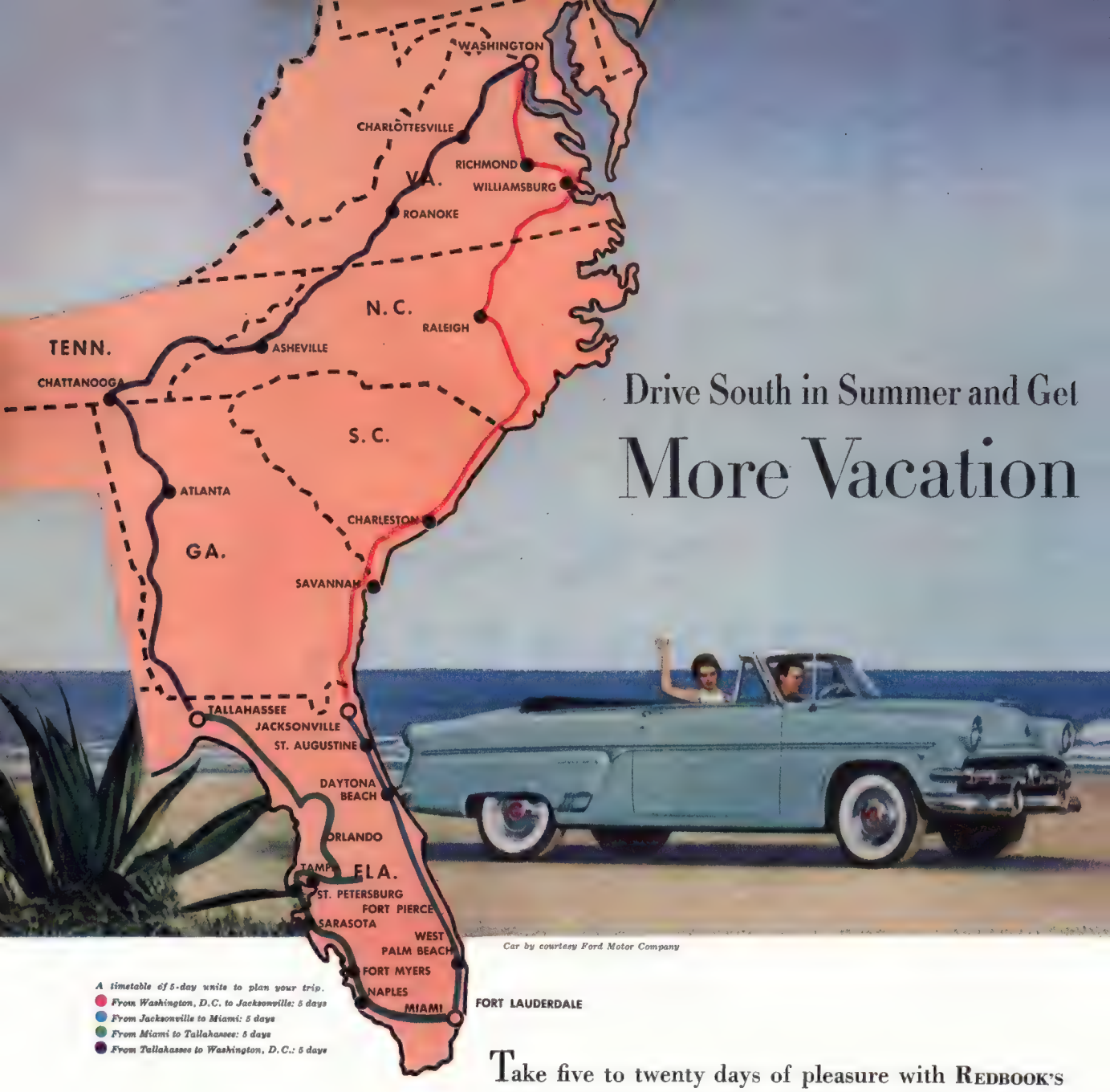
Ordinarily she would not have known Tom. He was a lord of the campus; she was nobody in particular. But his name was Donald, and hers was Dorn, and this accident of the alphabet had seated them together in English 13, and had turned her life into a series of hidden crises. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from one to two-twenty, she lived in a state of panic, unable to decide which was worse—when he spoke to her, or when he didn't. This was the first time she had seen him outside class. She was tempted to slow up, and turn off at the next corner. Oh, no, you don't, she told herself severely. Speak to him. Now.

"Hi, Tom," she said.

He turned and waited for her. "How's the jewel of English 13?" he asked.

"Surviving," she said, barely glancing at him. It was not necessary to look at him. She knew exactly what he looked *(Continued on page 95)*

BY HARRIETT PRATT
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER



Car by courtesy Ford Motor Company

Drive South in Summer and Get More Vacation

Take five to twenty days of pleasure with REDBOOK'S new four-part tour—for just $10 a day per person

There is so much summer luxury and fun waiting in the South—and at such bargain rates—that the temptation to stretch time as well as dollars is hard to resist.

So here is an expandable vacation plan. If you have two weeks, you can cover half to two-thirds of the route on the map above. If you have three weeks, and start somewhere along this loop, you can duplicate the test run I made for REDBOOK over this whole gloriously varied 3,500-mile trail through Virginia and the Blue Ridge mountains, North Carolina and the Great Smokies, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Tennessee.

From any part of this route you will bring back memories of vivid experiences that cost nothing but your time—such as swimming in the warm Gulf Stream by day, when its waters waver from an incredible, pale, pure emerald to cerulean, ultramarine and turquoise, or by night when it glitters black under big tropic stars; and listening to spirituals crooned in the dusk as you stroll through streets which were old before the Revolution; and driving along hard-packed, white sand beaches with water-skiers whizzing along on one side and royal palms towering against the sunset on the other.

You can also pick up a fabulous shell collection without charge. You can explore a score of battlegrounds, and see orchids growing wild. You can even pick an orange or a Georgia peach off a tree (some growers invite you to take a sample—but don't try it *without* invitation!), and fish from a thousand shores, bridges and docks. All this you can have, and more,

For Your Money

Photo by Hans Knopf—Pix. Flexichromed by Frank Van Steen

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER

at an average cost of only $20 a day for two people.

Here is how expenses break down:

I was driving a new 1954 Ford. I spent an average of $3.17 a day for gasoline. Money slips away on a holiday, however, so you better allow five dollars a day for car expenses. This will give comfortable leeway for tolls, oil, ferries, parking, and getting stuck in the sand (as I did, rashly and romantically adventuring on a lonely beach).

Fine food along this route is not inexpensive, though it is markedly less than for the same quality

Exotic tropical settings and exciting water shows lure visitors to Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Fla. The park is famous for spectacular water-ski performances.

Fascinating Charleston, S. C., is a city of beauty and history.

Take your pick of delightful adventure and beauty

Oglethorpe Park is one of many lovely spots in Savannah.

Old colonial is the style in Williamsburg, Va. Even the tavern host wears 18th-century clothes.

and service in big Northern cities. An allowance of five dollars a day per person is ample. For this you can get all kinds of delicious novelties: green turtle steak (tastes like veal—has no fish taste), papaya salad, stone crabs, ice cream made with coconut milk or with greengage plums, hush puppies, conch chowder, pecan pie.

If you balance a few of the "All you can eat for $1" fish dinners against a few dress-up meals in smart resort hotels you will come out even, especially since you will find an occasional motor hotel serving continental breakfast of coffee and sweet rolls in your room at no extra charge.

The deeper you go into Florida, the bigger the bargain in lodging. Quite a number of places that charge from $10 to $16 at the peak of the winter season charge only four to six dollars for two people in the summer. These are air-conditioned, with soft beds, pretty furniture and immaculate tile showers. Many are on the shore, so you can step from your own palm-shaded door to your own white beach—a fine beginning and end to a day of driving.

On the northern part of your route it is wise to stop driving around five o'clock, since all overnight accommodations fill up fast. In southern Florida, however, you can drive late into the evening, if you like. No matter where you are, it is always a good idea to ask the price and to see the room before registering. Managers are quite accustomed to these requests. They will show you what they have willingly.

A word of warning here: $20 a day will easily cover basic expenses for two. You can have a fascinating time without further investment. However, many of the unique attractions along the way charge admission. Better carry a few extra dollars for these and for the souvenirs you will probably want to pick up.

Let us say you follow my route and start south from Washington. All of Virginia, from Blue Ridge to tidewater, is a living museum of history. Near Fredericksburg is the birthplace of George Washington. In Richmond you can step into the very church where Patrick Henry cried "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

Plan to spend the better part of a day in Williamsburg. In this remarkable restoration you step straight back through 200 years as you walk through the Governor's palace, furnished

This mansion on the Orton plantation in North Carolina is old Southern architecture at its finest.

Field hands picking leaves from long rows of tobacco plants are a familiar sight on the farms of North Carolina.

with eye-opening richness, including such elegancies as the stand on which his wig was powdered. A guided tour costs $2.50, but shops, churches and taverns are open without charge.

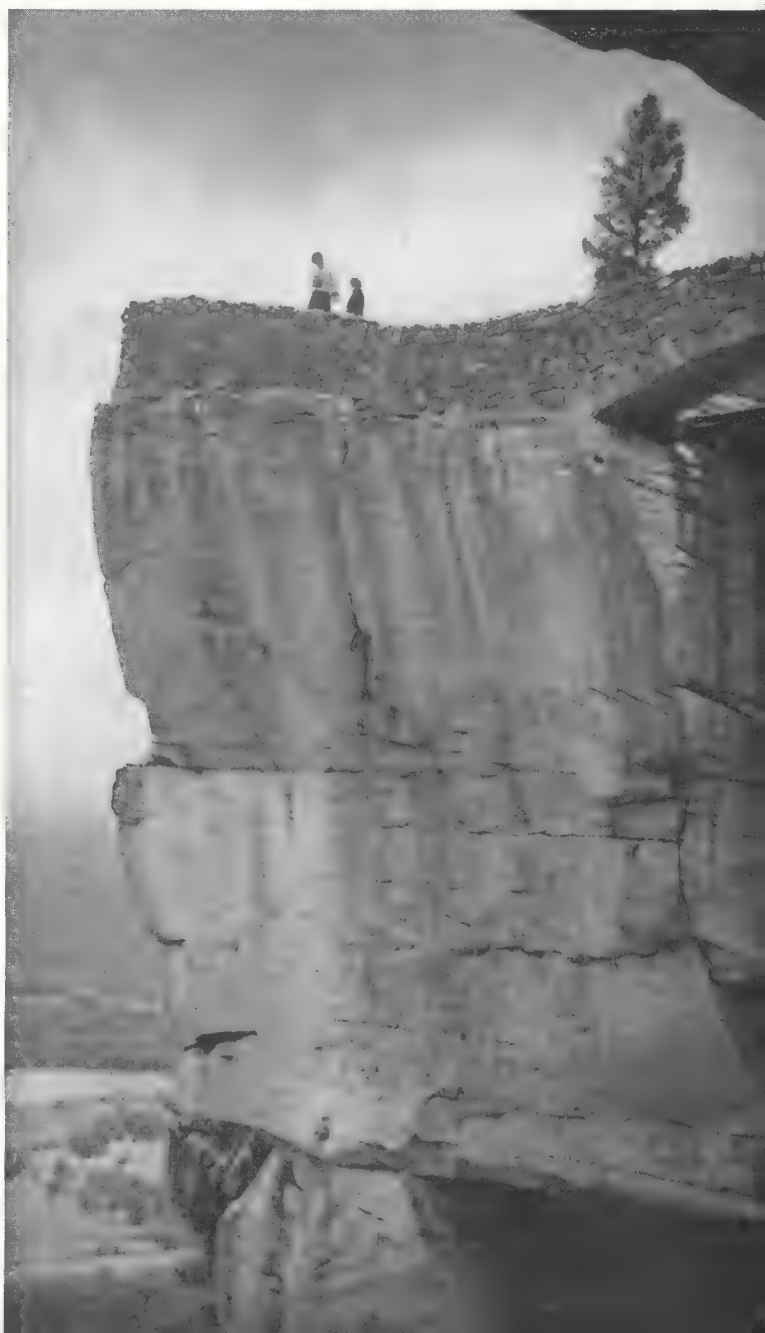
A popular stop is the stocks in which early malefactors were clamped for such crimes as wife-beating, gossiping and intemperate use of "hysteric water," better known as whisky. This is a fine place to pose your loving spouse for a picture to send back to your in-laws.

Half of Williamsburg seems to be in Colonial costume. At a tavern, lighted only by candles, waiters wear the jerkins, knee breeches and buckled shoes of indentured servants of the 1700s. They give you a napkin a yard square to tie around your neck, as did dandies of long ago to protect ruffled neckerchiefs. Even the menu is in character, listing "Efcalloped oyfters, frefh fifh and paftries." You eat with three-tined forks, from reproductions of pre-Colonial china, glass and pewter. Prices, alas, are modern.

You could spend your entire vacation happily exploring any one of the states on this list, so tear yourself away before you are completely off-schedule. If you go down U. S. Route 1, you can stop at Raleigh, North Carolina, and see a nuclear reactor. You can walk right in—no guards, passes or barricades. It is on the campus of North Carolina State College.

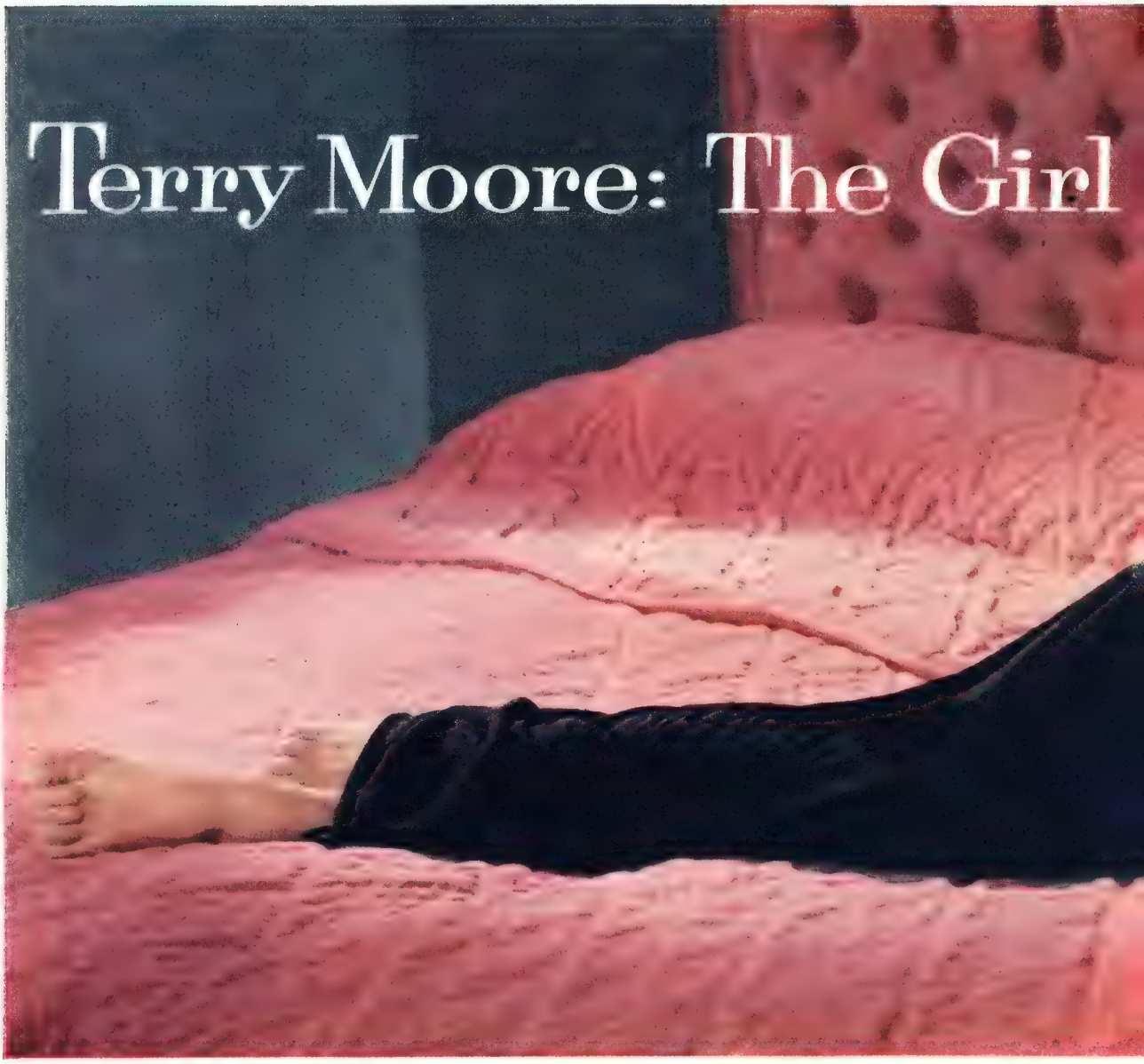
Near Charleston, you drive through the beautiful "Low Country" of big plantation homes dramatically shaded by ancient oaks waving festoons of Spanish moss. Charleston, like lovely Savannah, is a city to see on foot. Stroll beneath the fronds of the tall palmettos. Explore the cobblestoned streets past verandas where ladies in crinoline saw the first shots of the Civil War fired at Fort Sumter in the harbor. Here, and in any other city along your way, drop in at the Chamber of Commerce for excellent free maps.

While in Charleston, try a sensationally good local specialty: she-crab soup, so called because crab roe lends it a special impact of sea flavor. And don't fail to get some benne (pronounced benny) wafers. These are something between the thinnest *(Continued on page 71)*



Lovers' Leap, on Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga, offers one of America's breath-taking views.

Terry Moore: The Girl



BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

When new ways of attracting attention are invented, Terry will invent them—dancing with an elephant, making love under water or taking an ermine bathing suit to Korea

There is one kind of question that Hollywood agent Hugh French has no trouble answering. "When studios call to ask me if Terry Moore can do this or that," French explains, "I automatically answer, 'Sure.' That's what *she* would do. It wouldn't surprise me if that girl could walk a high wire, wrestle a bear or play the glockenspiel."

French has good reason for his confidence in Terry Moore. To make good in the movies, she has already danced with an elephant, put a ring of circus horses through their paces, and made love underwater; in her next picture, she'll fly a plane.

This willingness to do almost anything to make good has earned Terry a $750-a-week job, a nomination for an Academy Award and a reputation as one of Hollywood's most successful and versatile young actresses.

It has also earned her a good deal of criticism.

Last Christmas, as even the most casual newspaper reader must know, Terry went to Korea to entertain servicemen—and came back with a raft of publicity about a white ermine bathing suit. Reports were that Terry was ordered home because the suit was "too sexy" and was allowed to stay only after she promised not to wear it.

Even so, George Murphy, chief of the Hollywood committee that sent out Terry's troupe, commented acidly, "Miss Moore became overeager about getting publicity for herself. Of all the one hundred and fifty performers who have gone out in the past four years, this is the first

Nobody Can Ignore

instance where a screen player used the tour for personal publicity."

Murphy's opinion, shared by some other observers, was emphatically not shared by Terry. And since then, Army spokesmen have defended her against such charges.

Fortunately, Terry's enthusiasm usually brings more constructive results. Only three years ago, she was bogged down in Hollywood. Although 23 years old and already married and divorced, she was still being held back by her reputation as a "juvenile" actress. But instead of brooding about her problem, Terry went right to work on it. She called the William Morris agency, then handling her professional affairs. "I want to try out for *Marie* in 'Come Back, Little Sheba,'" she told them. "Will you set up an interview?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Terry," she was promptly rebuked. "That's not for you. It's a sexy job. We've sent out Marilyn Monroe."

Undaunted, Terry picked up the telephone again and dialed Paul Nathan, casting director for producer Hal Wallis, who was preparing to film the Broadway play. She repeated her request.

"Why not?" he told her. "We've tried almost everyone else. But," he added, "make it snappy. We're winding this up today."

Terry slipped into a royal blue sweater and skirt, pulled her light brown hair back into a horsetail, and risked a traffic ticket getting from Glendale to Paramount studios within the hour. After a five-minute test, she won the part because—as Daniel Mann, the director, later explained—"I needed a girl to put across burning ambition and the relentless drive to achieve success. Both stuck out all over Terry."

Her supercharged love scenes with Richard Jaeckel were described by one critic as "the sexiest since Garbo and Gilbert." And Bob Hope quipped, "Terry Moore is the girl who put the 'She' in 'Sheba.'" The part won her an Academy Award nomination, three studios started bid-

Dancing is one of the newer facets of Terry's ever-expanding career. Her current partner and instructor is Dick Allen, a promising new movie dancer.

ding for the new Terry Moore, and she was on her way.

But even before those returns were in, Terry scored again. In the seaside resort of La Jolla, 125 miles from Hollywood, where she was gaining experience in summer stock, Terry got word from her agent—a new one—that Elia Kazan was interviewing prospects to play a circus girl in "Man on a Tightrope." The director would see her at four o'clock.

It was past noon then. Terry had a show that evening. She said, "I'll be there."

Renting a plane, she piloted it north (she has a license and 265 hours in the air) and burst into Kazan's outer office. She was still wearing the pedal pushers, T-shirt and tennis sneakers she had started with, and her hair was in wild disarray—but she was on time. Viewing this windblown applicant against a background of Hollywood glamour girls primped to the eyebrows, Kazan, a militant realist, looked at no one else in the room.

"Who are *you?*" he asked. "And what can you do?"

"I'm Terry Moore," she panted. "I can act. I can break horses. I can fly a plane. And sometimes I can be real mean!"

After taking Terry to Germany for her circus role and watching her work with wild animals and play steaming love scenes immersed in an icy Alpine stream, the director gave Terry his highest tribute. He called her "a female Marlon Brando."

By now, such demonstrations of initiative and enterprise have confirmed a growing conviction in film circles that Terry Moore can do anything and look both pretty and provocative doing it—a handy reputation for a girl to have in Hollywood (or anywhere else). How Terry Moore looks is undoubtedly due to a happy chemistry of Nature. But nobody created her reputation except herself.

One noon, a year ago, Terry snaked her way through the clattering 20th Century-Fox studio café and sat down, unannounced and uninvited, between two surprised executives. To the director, Henry King, and producer, Frank Rosenberg, she confidently proclaimed that she was just the girl to play opposite Tyrone Power in their approaching picture, "King of the Khyber Rifles."

"You'd be fine, Terry," they said, "but this girl is a British Army officer's daughter in Victorian India. Her accent must be as legitimate as the Queen's own. That would be impossible for an American kid like you."

"Reahly?" Terry drawled, and proceeded to argue her case in the best Mayfair accent she could muster. When that failed, Terry ran to the nearest telephone and called her friends, British actor Robert Newton and his wife, Vera.

"I'm coming to dinner tonight," she told them, "and I'd like to haunt your house for the next few days." When she told them why, the Newtons said they would be enchanted.

Today "King of the Khyber Rifles" is being shown in the nation's theaters and playing the part of the British girl, of course, is Terry Moore.

Each new picture seems to offer a challenge to Terry's daring. Currently, in "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef," she can be seen dallying romantically with actor Robert Wagner while submerged in the transparent waters off the Bahamas. For that mermaid feat Terry learned to stay underwater as long as 90 seconds at a time. Terry's next picture is "Parachute Sisters," in which she will fly a plane. If called on to make a parachute jump, Terry is willing and able.

The girl who grew up to become such a living example of "The Power of Positive Thinking" was born Helen Koford in Los Angeles January 7, 1929. Both her parents, Luella Bickmore and Lamar Koford, are Mormons. Terry's grandfather, William McArthur Bickmore, was brought across the plains to Salt Lake City as a boy and today, at 75, is a bishop in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Her grandmother was taken from Copenhagen, Denmark, to Utah at the age of two by Mormon missionaries. Terry—or more accurately, Helen—was imbued with the positive, enterprising precepts of that sturdy sect at an early age.

After Helen's infantile bout with pneumonia, the Kofords moved to the dry hills of quiet suburban Glendale near Los Angeles. Almost from the day she arrived, Helen set about "waking the place up."

On her block, she is remembered as a wiry, mud-spattered tomboy. At five, Helen hooked her red wagon to the laundryman's truck, ending up two miles away at the plant, where the shaken driver called Mrs. Koford. "Please come get your daughter," he begged, "before I lose my job."

Another time, taken to the pediatrician's for a tetanus shot, she wriggled out the window and teetered on a cornice five stories above the pavement until *(Continued on page 70)*

Terry's busy young life is crammed with work, study and fun. In addition to college classes, she spends a good deal of time trying to improve her acting. She rehearses her lines before a tape recorder and studies the playbacks *(above)*. But she still manages to find some time for fun at the beach *(right)*—with a photographer along, of course—and to fly her own plane *(below)*. She is the holder of a CAA pilot's license and has more than 265 hours in the air. In her next picture, Terry will fly a plane, and since the title is "Parachute Sisters," nobody is willing to bet she won't make a jump.

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING

BY ROBERT ZACKS
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

Phil Cunningham, a good-looking, dark-haired fellow of twenty-six, understood his sweetheart, Laura, as thoroughly as a memorized, lovely poem. A quiver at the left corner of her luscious red mouth revealed to him that she was secretly full of mirth; a faint shadow between her unplucked brows told him she was wistful—and invariably Phil knew what was bothering her; and if she'd lift her eyes from a being-read magazine and steal a glance at him, he'd keep looking down at his book and murmur, "I love you, too!"

"Oh, darn it," she'd say, exasperated, and dive at him for a lovely, laughing tussle.

Just about perfect, eh? That's what you think!

The crisis came, as it inevitably had to, after they were married. It started when Phil was driving down a winding road toward home and supper, one evening. He began to feel hungry, and he wondered what Laura would cook. Not pork chops, he mused idly; they'd had that yesterday. Today was Tuesday. On Tuesday Laura went to the library. And there was a new chromium-trimmed fish store just opened on the street leading to the library. So of course they would have fish. Now, what kind of fish? thought Phil idly. Probably salmon steak, what with the new infra-red-ray broiler they'd just bought. Laura hated frying fish, so it would be . . .

"Broiled salmon for supper tonight, eh?" he said to Laura, who had run out to the curb and was fervently kissing him as he got out of the car.

Laura looked surprised, and perhaps a little disappointed. "That's a good guess, all right," she said, and then added, "I wanted to surprise you."

"Oh, you did, you *did*," said Phil, pleased with himself. "I love salmon. When I figured out what you'd have, I was very happy."

Laura looked at him, puzzled. She started to say something, bit her lip, and thought better of it, merely stating that perhaps he'd better come in and have the salmon while it was still tasty. As they walked toward the door Phil grinned to himself, because it was obvious that Laura had made a mental note to surprise him with what she would have for supper the *next* evening.

The next day, as she met him at the car, smiling, Phil waited with vast anticipation.

"Guess what's for supper!" said Laura, gloating.

"Smörgasbord," said Phil, promptly.

Laura's mouth formed in a round O of astonishment, and a stricken look came into her face. She struggled with her sorrow and won, quickly, beginning to grin in defeat. It was a rather hurt grin, if only Phil had noticed.

"Well, I'll be darned," said Laura weakly. "Did you see me shopping or something?"

"Oh, *no*, honey!" Phil protested. "It's just that I *know* you so well." As Laura glared at him, he explained happily, "It really was obvious. After yesterday you made up your mind to have the one meal I'd never guess. That ruled out all the ordinary dinners. On the other hand, you'd be very careful not to risk something I might not like, just to be sure of the surprise. So, I searched my memory to see what I'd told you I was crazy about, and I remembered—smörgasbord."

"It must get pretty dull for you," said Laura, her mouth quivering. "I'm no novelty at all. It's as if we'd lived together twenty years. No more freshness. No . . ."

Alarmed, Phil gathered her into his arms. "Are you *crazy?*" His voice squeaked. "Why, you're something new to me every day! You . . ."

She pulled away, and he hurried after her into the house. She refused to be soothed, even though Phil raved about the smörgasbord which she'd set up, including everything from cubes of spicy Cheddar to strips of smoked lake sturgeon, from sweet olives to cocktail sausages, from . . .

"O-boy," gulped Phil, his eyes bulging. "This is terrific. . . ."

"Never *mind!*" cried Laura, her eyes furious. She slammed an empty saucer before him. "Go stuff yourself. . . ."

The dish split in two: The first broken dish in their new, expensive set. Laura stared at it, horrified. Then she said accusingly, "It's your fault. You and your darned mind-reading act. I suppose you think you're smart. Well, let me tell you, you'll find out I can be as full of surprises as any woman! I'll have a supper you won't guess *tomorrow*. . . ."

Immediately, even though he was upset at what was happening, the answer flashed into Phil's mind. How? Well, he simply knew how Laura's mind worked, that's all. So the words popped out of his mouth with utterly

"Ooooh!" ***she wailed. "Ooooh, you*** **monster!"** ***She locked herself in the bedroom. That night Phil slept on the couch.***

irresistible force—impelled, probably, by his feeling that she was being pretty darned unreasonable about this whole thing.

"Yeah?" he shouted. "I'll bet I know. You're going to make some greasy, tasteless hamburgers. As a punishment!"

There was a moment of utter, horrified silence as Laura stared at Phil as if he were Satan exercising his darkest powers.

"*Ooooh!*" she wailed, turning and running. "Ooooh, you *mon*ster!"

She locked herself in the bedroom.

That night Phil slept on the couch. He was pretty sore. In fact, he was boiling. What was the matter with the girl? You'd think she'd be delighted at how shrewd he was, wouldn't you? And anyway, didn't it indicate what a close relationship they had?

The next morning he awoke, secure in the knowledge that by now Laura must have cooled off, must be full of sweet regrets. He tapped on her door. "Darling," he said briskly. "Are you all right?"

Laura's voice sweetly answered through the still-locked door: "Dear, make your own breakfast this morning, please. Go on—surprise your*self*."

Phil opened his mouth—and closed it. Thoughtfully, then, he walked away, got dressed, and went to the kitchen. Strangely enough he stood for quite a while before the opened refrigerator, unable to make up his mind about what to eat. Eggs? No, maybe just cereal. Cold or hot? No, maybe eggs after all. Scrambled or boiled? With a vast effort he settled on orange juice and coffee.

Bemused, he went to work, after first calling a wistful good-by through the bedroom door. Laura answered cordially enough . . . but in an odd tone of voice.

All that day Phil thought about it. The whole thing, he thought irritably, was ridiculous. Suddenly he wanted to hold Laura in his arms and make up with her. Impulsively he reached for the telephone and dialed the local florist.

"Mr. Jones," said Phil, "I want you to send . . ."

". . . a dozen roses to your wife, Laura," said Mr. Jones, bafflement in his voice. "I know. She called this morning and told me you would call at about this time in the afternoon and order them sent to her. She said she wanted to beat you to the punch."

"Punch?" said Phil.

"These women!" said Mr. Jones, sadly. "They know everything a man is thinking, don't they?"

Phil gurgled something and hung up. A tremor went through him. When the thought of flowers had flashed into his mind, he'd also thought of taking Laura to a new, expensive restaurant recently opened ten miles out of town.

His hand fumbled as he dialed the number.

"This is Mr. Cunningham," said Phil. "I want . . ."

"I know," said the headwaiter. "Your wife said you'd call. Uh . . . she said to tell you, why can't you be original? I'm sorry, sir; I don't understand, but she . . ."

"Who can figure out a woman's mind?" said Phil humbly. He hung up and dialed his wife.

Before he could speak, she said happily, "Darling, I was expecting your call. . . ." . . . THE END.

THE TRIP THEY'LL NEVER FORGET

These American girls went to Havana to study, but found street singers—and a revolution. They learned many things that were not in their books

BY BOOTON HERNDON
PHOTOS BY IKE VERN

Practicing the language of the Cuban fan was useful fun for the Goucher girls. They learned much about social customs from the ancient art.

Students fought in the summer revolt of 1953. The black border around this statue at the University of Havana commemorates those who died.

Get out and see life!" the professor said to his students on their very first day in Cuba. "Get lost!" But the girls, a group from Goucher College in Baltimore, scarcely had time to get their bearings when, literally—came the revolution.

The girls, typically alert, cheerful American students, went to the island last summer to attend the University of Havana as part of their college course in Pan-American affairs. Serious study of Cuban problems was their main objective, but they looked forward to having the fun-time of their lives there, too. What they ran into, head on, was real life.

Not one of them ever dreamed that they would see and be a part of exciting adventure, that they would live through a perilous time, that their own friends would engage in a struggle to overthrow the Government.

The group went to Cuba in the summer of 1953, during the revolution that was suppressed only after bloody fighting. They themselves were under martial law, and the university they attended was closed down as a hotbed of revolutionaries.

The day after the revolution exploded, Nona Freiberger, the popular senior from Cleveland who was elected leader of the group, saw a Cuban student sitting on a bench near the campus, sobbing.

"His brother was killed in the fighting," someone whispered to Nona. At that very moment the boy jumped to his feet and unleashed a flow of hysterical Spanish. He pulled a revolver out of his shirt and brandished it in the air, swearing to all who would listen that with that gun he would avenge his brother's death.

"I walked away," Nona said later, "and I don't know what he actually did. But I know this. If I spend the rest of my life reading books on Latin-American politics I'll never learn as much as I did in that one moment. That gun was real, and that boy was ready to use it."

The Goucher study program in Havana, something new in education, was the brain child of Dr. Enrique Noble (pronounced NO-blay), Cuban-born professor of Spanish and Pan-American studies at Goucher. He believed that an applicant for a degree in the field of Pan-American affairs should spend some time in another American country. So he arranged to make the entire six-weeks term, including board, room, tuition and transportation to Cuba, possible at a cost of $300 per girl.

The girls—there were fifteen in all—stayed at the

Cuban farmers lead a hard life, Marlene Cline found on this visit during a field trip from the University of Havana.

Colegio Buenavista, a private girls' school in a lovely part of Havana overlooking the ocean, and they commuted by bus to the University of Havana each day. Their only restrictions were the customs of the country, and just plain good taste.

Living in a foreign country, being part of it, proved to be much more satisfying, much more fun, than just being tourists.

"It's like playing tennis yourself instead of watching somebody else play," Becky Croxton, of Columbus, Ohio, explained one afternoon. Becky, a pretty girl with short brown hair, was sprawled out on a Havana beach. "My parents took me to Mexico once, and we had a fine time, but we always seemed to be on the outside looking in. Here we're part of the community ourselves—we *are* in."

It wasn't long before all Havana knew about the Goucher girls. (They became known as the "Gaucheritas," because "gaucho," the popular word for cowboy, and Goucher are pronounced so much alike. The word would mean "little cowgirls," if translated literally.)

If Havana liked the Gaucheritas, the Gaucheritas loved Havana. They found it a gay city, full of smiling people and fascinating places.

The girls quickly entered into the life of the city. Take the busses in Havana. They are called *gua-guas* (pronounced wah-wah), and the girls were intrigued immediately. Bebe Davis, a pert little blonde from Cleveland, is the acknowledged expert on *gua-guas*.

"The minute you get on one all the men stand up and offer you their seats," Bebe said. "That's *not* the way it is in Cleveland! But what I liked most is the way you get off the bus. If you're a girl, the conductor pulls the cord three times, the driver brings the *gua-gua* to a complete stop, and you leisurely get up and stroll down the aisle.

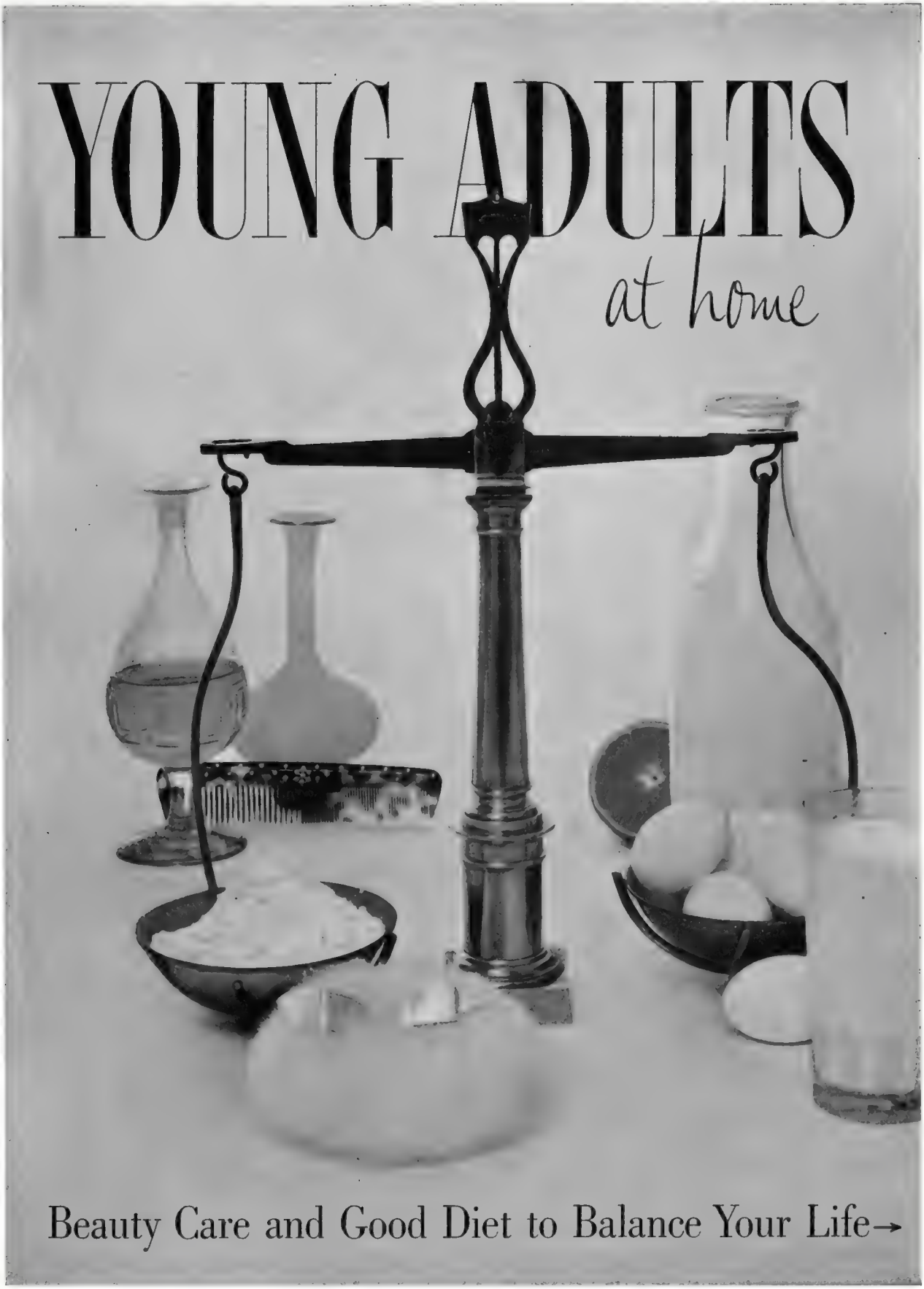
"But if you're a man, the conductor only rings the bell once. You run down the aisle and stand in the open doorway, and get ready to jump. When you think the *gua-gua* is going as slow as it's ever going to, you dive off. Sometimes you break your leg, sometimes you don't."

Bebe maintains that riding a *gua-gua* is an education in itself. The *gua-guas* take not only the broad avenues, but also the narrow, twisting little streets. Vendors of all kinds get on and off, hawking their wares. The bus driver blows his horn in staccato bursts at corners, but, gently, *beemp-beemp*, at pretty girls. One moment there comes into view a huge town house with luxurious gardens, the next moment a squalid and wretched hut.

This contrast, so inescapable in Cuba the moment you get off the tourist trail, forced itself on the consciousness of the girls in many ways. Gail Moore, a good-looking and likable young woman, noticed it on the way to a yacht-club dance. Her escort drove through one of the inevitable slums. In Havana, because there is no heating problem, a hovel can be lived in even after the doors and windows have fallen out, and that is exactly what happens. To Gail, from the quiet commuter's village of Cheshire, Connecticut, the sights were incredible. It was twilight, and she saw naked children playing in the refuse-littered alleys as their parents slept on vermin-infested pallets spread on the floors.

At the yacht club, as she was about to get out of the car, Gail suddenly burst into *(Continued on page 94)*

Dancing under the stars was a never-to-be-forgotten interlude for the American college girls when they went with Cuban friends to the Tropicana, Havana's famous open-air night club.


YOUNG ADULTS
at home
Beauty Care and Good Diet to Balance Your Life→

HEAD-LINES

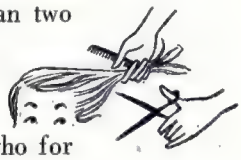
1. "Ballerina" hair style by Enrico Caruso. Pretty, too, with a comb band. The natural looking permanent, a Toni Regular.

RUTH DRAKE,
FASHION & BEAUTY EDITOR

ON BEAUTY

The casual, hatless season is just around the corner. If you aren't one of the fortunate few with naturally curly hair, have your permanent wave during the month of May, before the summer sun dries your hair and scalp.

If you want to save time and money, give yourself a home permanent. More than 24,000,000 women had home permanents last year. This figure does not include the women who gave their little girls permanent waves and whose small daughters in turn curled their dolls' hair. The cost, considering the initial price and the length of time a home wave lasts, adds up to less than two cents a day. However, invest in a good professional shape and trim.



For the woman who is contemplating her first home wave, or who for some reason has not as yet attained the results she expected, REDBOOK stresses the following points:

1. Select the right kit for your hair texture. Before you buy, read the instructions that come with each kit. You will then know if the home permanent is for easy-to-wave, hard-to-wave, bleached, tinted or normal hair, or whether it is recommended for all types of hair. Decide whether you want a kit with separate neutralizer, or a self-neutralizing permanent.

2. Follow the directions as meticulously as you would prepare your baby's food formula. Manufacturers have spent fortunes in research to bring you the right formula to make your wave a lovely one. There is a reason, and a good one, for every single step they recommend. Do this even though you're an "old hand" at permanenting. The directions may have been revised.

Illustrated on these pages are five new hair styles designed by America's outstanding hair stylists. They are easy for you to achieve and maintain.

Photos by Carmen Schiavone • Drawings by Denny Hampson

Help yourself to beauty with a becoming new hair style. Add to your attractiveness with a completely new make-up

2. The "Debutante" hair-do, softly waved for a very casual effect. Especially designed by Enrico Caruso. The easy-to-give pin-curl permanent—a Bobbi. Make-up: Sheer Beauty Rose Tan liquid foundation and face powder, First Robin lipstick. By Lentheric.

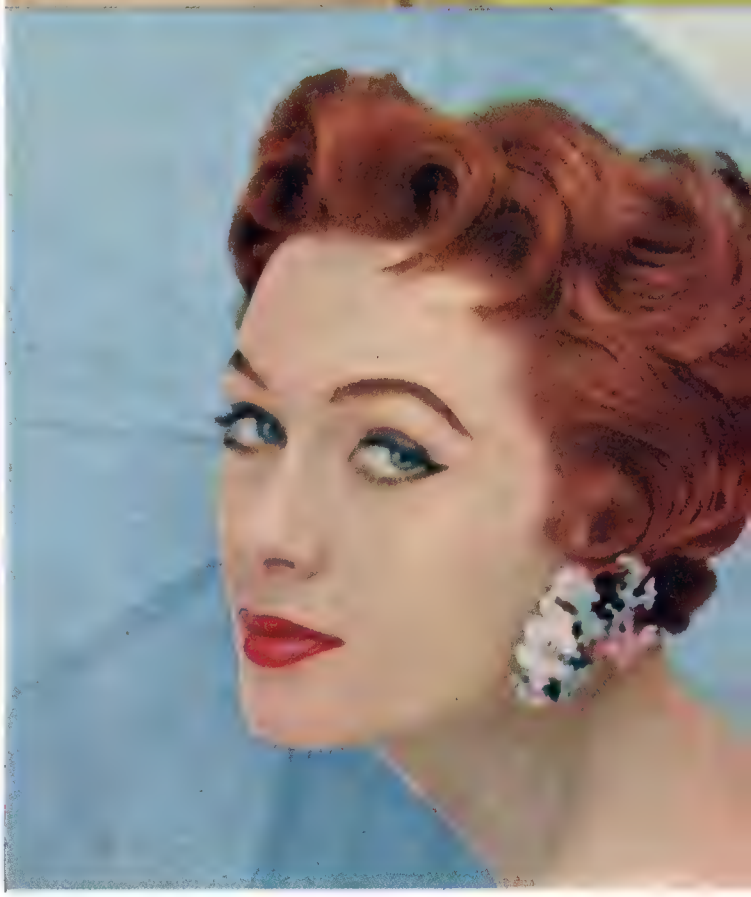
3. The "Modified Italian" in a flattering new hair style by Antonio of Frederic Antonio. The home wave—a Lilt Gentle. Creme Puff make-up base-and-powder in the natural Tempting Touch shade. Coral Spray long-lasting lipstick. Both by Max Factor.

4. The "Sea-Breeze" hair-do with deep, soft waves. Designed by Michel of Helena Rubinstein. Easy to have with Helena Rubinstein's home permanent. Peachbloom Silk Screen face powder, Waterproof Mascara, Gauguin Pink lipstick. Make-up Helena Rubinstein.

5. The "Wide-Winged" look created at the Elizabeth Arden New York Salon. A flattering breadth without height, slightly longer length. Elizabeth Arden's Spun Cream Home permanent. Make-up: Rose Rachel Basic Sheen liquid cream foundation. Desert Pink lipstick. Both by Elizabeth Arden.

Try Q-Tips Beauty Swabs to apply make-up skillfully

Parasols by Lorenson
Flower earrings from Lord & Taylor, N.Y.



Easy-to-follow setting instructions for these hair-styles and hair-style on page 60, may be obtained by using coupon on page 80

2 3

4 5

See page 64 for HEAD-LINES on hair care →

LIGHT-OVER-HEAD

How often do you hear friends say, "Your hair looks beautiful"? Chances are you hear such a compliment when you've just come from the beauty parlor, or when you've just washed and set your hair. That's easy. But to have your hair look its best always does take a little time—a little trouble.

And beautiful hair is a morale builder. That is a psychological fact. For clean, glistening hair and a new hair-do actually do lift your spirits. Proper and frequent shampooing keeps the scalp healthy and the hair looking lovely.

The two most common complaints regarding hair are: the too dry and the too oily.

Dry hair. In order to restore the natural oil to your hair, you should stimulate scalp circulation. You must massage your scalp, and you must brush. Use a mild shampoo and warm water, never hot. Treat dry hair as you would a fine cashmere sweater.

Oily hair. Oily hair requires more frequent shampooing than dry or normal hair. Use a shampoo which removes oil film and helps reduce oil-gland secretion. An astringent tonic massaged into your scalp may be beneficial. Brush and wipe hair brush on towel after every few strokes.

If you have normal hair, make every effort to keep it in its naturally healthy state.

There are many excellent shampoos and conditioners for every type of hair. The idea is to find the one that works best for your particular hair. We list as many as space permits:

Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg. This shampoo homogenized with the magic touch of fresh whole egg. Helene Curtis Lanolin Discovery—a new spray-on hair conditioner.

Shulton Shampoo. Scented with lovely Old Spice fragrance. Comes in a plastic bottle.

Lanolin Plus Hard Water Shampoo. Hard water or soft, this shampoo lathers instantly. Its twin—Lanolin Plus for the Hair—is a conditioner to use before shampoo and to use sparingly after as a dressing.

Drene. New formula. Lathers quickly in water of any hardness and leaves no residue.

Dial Shampoo. Formulated to cleanse thoroughly with the plus of a freshening agent (Hexachlorophene).

John H. Breck. Three liquid formulas. Breck Shampoo for Dry Hair, another for Oily Hair, and Breck Shampoo for Normal Hair. Recently Breck introduced a new "Cream Treatment" for oily, dry or damaged hair that contains a vitaminlike ingredient.

Finesse. Cream shampoo. Flowing cream with nonalkaline formula. New-type plastic container with hinged cap.

There are many fine lotions, pomades and sprays to help you keep your hair well-groomed. Notice how men make their hair behave with grooming aids. Here's a tip. You will probably find your husband's Wildroot Cream Oil Hair Tonic in the bathroom cabinet. Try it yourself.

RUTH FAIRCHILD POMEROY,
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

Should You Diet Now?

If you're 18 to 30 years of age and five to ten pounds overweight*...
YES; get rid of those pounds before they "inch up" on you.

If you're 18 to 30 years of age and more than ten pounds overweight*...
YES; the extra weight is making you look older than your years.

If you're over 30 years of age and more than ten pounds overweight*...
YES; you're endangering your most precious possession, good health.

If you can honestly make 100 on the quiz below...
YES; you're ready to do a good job of getting in trim.

*Average height and weight charts on pages 66, 67

DIET QUIZ (answers on pages 68, 69)

	Yes	No
1. Do you want to enjoy appearing in a bathing suit, rather than draping a hiding-towel casually over the bulges?	☐	☐
2. Do you need an incentive or an excuse to start dieting now?	☐	☐
3. Would you go on a diet if you could see results in a week?	☐	☐
4. Have you, on occasion, watched a dancer or a tennis player and wished you, too, could be so lithe and graceful?	☐	☐
5. Would you go on a diet if you knew you'd never have to feel hungry?	☐	☐
6. Do you think you could go on a diet and make it stick if someone would give you an extra dose of will power?	☐	☐
7. Have you squarely faced the reason, or reasons, why you're overeating?	☐	☐
8. Would you go on a diet now if you thought you'd be able to eat the things you like best again?	☐	☐
9. Have you seen your family doctor, and has he approved your diet plans?	☐	☐

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES: Redbook's Choose-Your-Own Diet ——▸

Redbook's Choose-

FOR WOMEN

CHOOSE 1
CHOOSE 3
CHOOSE 1
CHOOSE 2
CHOOSE 1
CHOOSE 2
CHOOSE 1
CHOOSE 3
CHOOSE 2
Choose-Your-Own Diet
½ cup beet greens, broccoli, green cabbage, celery, dandelion, escarole, spinach, watercress, asparagus, bean sprouts, green peppers, mustard, young peas, okra, cucumber, scallions, kale
1 cup skim milk or 1 cup buttermilk; under age 21 choose 4 cups. Use as beverage with coffee or tea, with cereals
1 egg, soft-cooked, hard-cooked, codded, poached, for breakfast or with vegetables or salads
1 tablespoon of cottage cheese, Farmer's cheese, pot cheese, on salads or with bread
1 average serving lean beef, ham, chicken, lamb, pork, tongue, veal, liver, (once a week), brains, turkey, heart, squab, all lean fish, lobster, scallops, shrimp, oysters, clams, crab
6 slices Melba toast (some with each meal); under age 21: (use all) 1 slice whole-grain enriched bread, 4 slices Melba toast, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup cereal, whole-grain or restored, cooked or dry
(Must use 1 of each group) citrus or tomato: ½ cup any citrus fruit, citrus fruit juice or tomato juice. Other fruits: ½ cup serving any berries in season, apples, plums, pears, bananas, cherries, peaches, rhubarb, apricots, watermelon, prunes
Generous green salad (with lemon juice or low-calorie dressing) Use any lettuce varieties, any greens, watercress, parsley, Swiss chard, cabbage, green peppers, celery, spinach
For nutritional insurance, 1 teaspoon (or capsule equivalent) codliver oil and 1 teaspoon yeast extract
MUST USE
ALL YOU WANT

Diet charts prepared especially for REDBOOK by Ann Williams-Heller

We make only one rule to follow to use our Choose-Your-Own diet. You *must* choose, in the number designated, foods from each color wedge on the chart. The full circle makes a day's menus. What you eat is up to you, though it's best to divide foods into three equal meals. The full choice is a safe, sure way — not a fad or fast one — to lose weight. How much will you lose? How fast? Approximately 2 pounds a week.

DESIRABLE WEIGHTS FOR WOMEN (AGE 25*)

HEIGHT WITHOUT SHOES		WEIGHT WITHOUT CLOTHING		
Feet	Inches	Small Frame	Medium Frame	Large Frame
4	8	97	108	122
4	9	99	110	124
4	10	101	112	126
4	11	103	114	128
5	0	104	116	131
5	1	107	119	134
5	2	111	123	138
5	3	113	126	142
5	4	116	129	145
5	5	120	133	149
5	6	123	137	154
5	7	127	141	158
5	8	131	145	163
5	9	134	149	167

* To find desirable weight at age 18, subtract 5 pounds from chart weight. For age 20, subtract 3 pounds; age 30, add 3 pounds. Age 30 weight is desirable for remainder of life.

For more information on

Your-Own Diet . . .

FOR MEN

CHOOSE 1
CHOOSE 3
CHOOSE 1
CHOOSE 2
CHOOSE 2
CHOOSE 1
CHOOSE 3
CHOOSE 1
ALL YOU WANT
CHOOSE 3
CHOOSE 2
Choose-Your-Own Diet
½ cup or more of beet greens, broccoli, green cabbage, celery, dandelion, watercress, escarole, spinach, asparagus, bean sprouts, cucumber, okra, scallions, young peas, green peppers, kale
1 cup whole vitamin D milk; under age 21: (use 3 of each) 1 cup whole vitamin D milk, ⅔ cup skim milk or buttermilk
1 tablespoon cottage cheese, Farmer's cheese, pot cheese with bread or salads or 1 serving Gruyere, Swiss, Roquefort, or processed cheese as dessert
1 egg, soft-cooked, hard-cooked, coddled, poached, for breakfast or with vegetables and salads
(Must use 1 of each group) yellow vegetables: ½ cup carrots, young yellow corn, small squash, rutabagas, wax beans; Potatoes or rice: 1 medium potato, jacket-cooked or baked, or 10 tblsps. cooked rice
(Must use 1 of each group) citrus or tomato: ½ cup any citrus fruit, citrus fruit juice or tomato juice. Other fruits: ½ cup serving any berries in season, apples, plums, pears, bananas, cherries, peaches, rhubarb, apricots, watermelon, prunes
1 serving dry or cooked whole-grain or restored cereal with 1 tablespoon wheat germ
carbonated water, mushrooms, water, herbs, spices, non-calorie beverages, non-calorie sweeteners; age 21 and over: clear coffee or tea
1 slice whole-grain or enriched bread
(Optional) 1 serving turnips, sauerkraut, red cabbage, beets, bamboo shoots, onions, white squash, cauliflower, egg-plant, kohlrabi, leeks, parsnips, radishes, zucchini

Weight charts— Courtesy, Life Extension Examiners

Photos by Diane & Allan Arbus

Though these charts are very closely the same for family meal-planning, you will notice they represent four different diets. One is for women over 21 (1100 calories), one for men over 21 (1600 calories). Noted additions on the charts make a diet for women under 21 (1400 calories) and men under 21 (1800 calories). Because 18 to 20 are still growth years, you need to feed that growth; the unwanted pounds will still fade away.

how to diet, turn the page ☛

DESIRABLE WEIGHTS FOR MEN (AGE 25*)

HEIGHT WITHOUT SHOES		WEIGHT WITHOUT CLOTHING		
Feet	Inches	Small Frame	Medium Frame	Large Frame
5	1	109	121	136
5	2	112	124	139
5	3	115	128	144
5	4	119	132	148
5	5	123	136	153
5	6	126	140	157
5	7	130	144	162
5	8	133	148	166
5	9	137	152	171
5	10	141	157	176
5	11	146	162	182
6	0	151	168	189
6	1	157	174	195
6	2	161	179	201

* To find desirable weight at age 18, subtract 8 pounds from chart weight. For age 20, subtract 4 pounds; age 30, add 4 pounds. Age 30 weight is desirable for remainder of life.

HOW TO SCORE THE DIET QUIZ ON PAGE 65

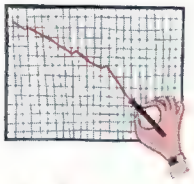
Give yourself 10 points for every "Yes" answer on questions 1 through 8 and 20 points for a "Yes" answer to question 9.

Unlike most quizzes, you're allowed to keep taking this one until you make a 100 score. If, after reading the full answers on these two pages, you can honestly say "Yes" to all the questions, you're ready to start shedding pounds.

1 YES; let's face it; the "overweight look" is not an attractive one. If you must prove it to yourself, go try on your bathing suit now. Then remember that all those extra proportions cost you just as much in any fashion. When you're buying a dress or suit, they cost you a free choice of styles plus alteration money. Now, while you're in that bathing suit, is the time to decide whether you have a large, medium or small body frame. Wrists and ankles are the easiest check-points. Judge whether your bones are light, medium or heavy for your height.

2 YES; it's easier if you give yourself an incentive. The best boost for a woman is a new lipstick, make-up or hair-do. And these you'll find all described for you on our beauty pages (60 through 64) this month. Whatever you do, don't buy a new dress now. Save that until you change your size! Men, we're told, are far more businesslike about dieting than women. Perhaps all the gentlemen need do is try on the natural-look suits that are leading men's fashions today. Unpadded shoulders and unpleated trousers aren't kind to bulges.

3 YES; if you can't see results, you lose faith in what you're doing. And the best way to see how you're doing is to keep a chart. A plain piece of writing paper will do fine. Start at the top left-hand side with your exact weight now. Write in, down the left-hand side, weights by half-pound until you reach desired weight. Write today's date beside today's weight and continue across the top of the page with every third day's date. By putting a dot under each weighing-in day opposite the weight you've reached, you'll get a graphic picture of what's happening. Do weigh in at the same time on the same scale every day (preferably in the morning), and don't worry if you show no loss the first week. Water, which you may retain, is heavier than the fat that's burned up.



4 YES; you probably have, especially if you're feeling uncomfortable with tired feet, a slight backache or just plain fatigue. That's why, *if* your doctor permits, you should be doing some *mild* exercises along with your dieting. There are many special exercises you can do for reducing particular parts of your figure, but for overall grace and good proportions, do a lot of reaching and some bending along with your diet. Every time you go through a doorway (at home), reach up and touch the top of the sill. At night, walk around your room three times on tiptoe, reaching your arms as high as you can. Every morning do at least five touch-your-toes waist bends. It's guaranteed you'll *feel* the difference.

5 YES; as an overweight person, you've probably tried to diet before and either felt miserable or gave up. This time you're not going to feel hungry. You're not "going on" a diet; you're going to live on one. And you'll be surprised how soon this diet-pattern will become habit. After a while it will be common sense, not cruelty, for you to have celery or carrots instead of cookies, lemon juice instead of hollandaise sauce, and a non-calorie beverage instead of the milk shake. And be prepared for something new happening to your taste. Perhaps for the first time you'll begin to taste the real flavor of carrots, celery and lemon. You'll savor them as you never did the sweet cookie.

6 YES; while no one can give you the extra will power, we can give you several substitutes that will do as well. Call them, if you like, the tricks of dieting. Several of these have been discussed before—trying on your bathing suit, keeping some of your daily food for snack-eating, and really indulging yourself with the "all-you-want" foods. There are some more. If you are at home all day or evening, keep busy. If you're sewing, painting some furniture or cleaning bureau drawers, you're less likely to think about wanting food than if you're not occupied with a job. Do go easy on salt, but have all you want of herbs and spices. And, best trick of all, use a camera. You've been impressed with the magazine "before" and "after" pictures. Make yourself the subject. Have a snapshot taken now, and another in three weeks. You can see yourself far more honestly in a photograph than you can in your mirror.

7 YES should be your answer. The major cause of overweight is "calorie overeating." But why do you overeat? This is something you may be able to define for yourself. If you can't, don't hesitate to talk it over with your doctor. The most common reasons for overeating are habit, family tradition, sociability and the choice of rich foods as a symbol of success. Or food is sometimes an indulgence for people who are bored, lonely, feel unloved or are discontent about money, job, family relationships or social standing. Losing weight will not cure these problems, but the attention you'll get and and the pride you'll develop by looking more attractive may very well help.

8 YES, and after you've reached ideal weight you will be able to eat all the things you like again. All you have to realize is that using calories is exactly like using money. If you decide to make the big expenditure for the new car, you will probably have to skimp on something else to pay for it. But you've decided it would be worth it. The same is true for a chocolate sundae. It may cost you 450 calories. Here again you'll have to skimp on some other food to pay for it. Here again you must decide whether it's worth it. It probably will be, because when you begin to evaluate food you begin to taste it . . . and that sundae you eat thoughtfully will be the best one you ever ate.

9 YES for twenty points. The value of the right answer on this question is double that of the others because you should not diet without first seeing your doctor. Not only can he help you with your answer to question 7, he can tell you accurately how much your overweight is endangering your health. He can tell you how overweight affects heart disease, hardening of the arteries, kidney trouble, high blood pressure and, in women, complications during pregnancy. Incidentally, this diet is *not* to be used during pregnancy. Your doctor's examination will determine the amount of exercise you should have during dieting and whether or not you need additional treatment for glandular trouble that may be contributing to your overweight.

Drawings by Mary Suzuki

Now you're ready to start dieting. The circle charts on the preceding page are your guide or pattern to the foods you should eat every day. Though you have the freedom of eating whichever foods you wish at a given meal, know that it's another good dieting trick to eat a good-sized breakfast. It cuts down that 11 o'clock urge-to-eat and makes lunch-time dieting easier. And save, if you wish, some toast or milk or raw vegetables for television nibbling or a bedtime snack.

If you're a calorie-counter—and calorie-counting *is* the best way to learn food costs—you may find that your choice of foods will take you over an exact calorie count for a given day. You may decrease calories only by eliminating a vegetable marked optional on the chart or a fruit other than citrus. All other foods are required minimums. And you know you should add no sugar to coffee, tea or fruit and no sauces or additional butter to vegetables. All meats should be broiled, baked or boiled. And you should have liver and salmon once a week.

To help you diet, REDBOOK has prepared a purse-size Diet Book. In it you will find a choice of foods to make your own diet, 14 days of sample menus, 6 pages of foods and their calorie count, a weight-record page and information on how to keep your new figure after dieting. To get this new pocket diet-guide, send 25¢ coin or stamps and this coupon to REDBOOK Magazine, Department D, 2225 McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, write to 133 Simcoe Street, Toronto 1, Ontario, Canada.

NAME_____

STREET ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

CHECK ONE: AGE 18-21 ☐ 21-35 ☐ OVER 35 ☐

(Continued from page 52)

a horrified nurse snatched her inside. On a Sunday picnic at Griffith Park, her parents visited the zoo, where Helen scooted inside the lion cage as the guard entered to feed the snarling cats. When she did it a second time, the family was firmly escorted from the park.

Summer vacations with relatives in Idaho were neither restful nor relaxing, as Terry's mother remembers. The relatives lived too near a ranch where race horses were trained. Luella Koford still wakes up shaking with the nightmare of her nine-year-old girl flying by at full gallop, bareback on an unbroken stallion she had sneaked out of its stall.

"I never dared hope Helen would grow up to be a lady," sighs Mrs. Koford today. "All I hoped was that she'd be spared to grow up."

Helen, of course, *did* grow up to become a very attractive young lady, relatively unscarred through a watchful Providence. But in the process, there is no record of fear, doubt or inhibitions creeping into her consciousness. All along, Helen Koford knew what she wanted and how to get it.

The fact that her father's modest salary as a credit investigator afforded few luxuries didn't stop Helen. At seven, when she wanted a bike, she went after one that was being offered by a Glendale drugstore in a contest to attract customers. Although she started two weeks late and was the youngest contestant, Helen rounded up so many new customers that she won the bike and a wrist watch, too.

Helen's gift for entertaining first became apparent at church. Only four, she gave a Mother's Day recitation before the congregation, which, against custom, applauded. Soon the applause echoed around Helen's neighborhood, at her school—in fact, all over Glendale.

"Friends used to phone me," recalls Mrs. Koford. " 'Can we borrow Helen today?' they'd ask. 'We're having company in.' " One such neighborhood admirer borrowed her photograph and had it printed in a Hollywood casting directory. The day the book was published, Mrs. Koford got a call. Did she have a spunky looking little blonde girl with big front teeth who could ride a horse? That, Luella Koford sighed, was her Helen.

The lure of a horseback ride at $25 a day started Helen Koford on another, rather harrowing ride—the life of a Hollywood child actress.

In her first picture, Helen ended up on the cutting-room floor. Soon afterward, she was given an important child's part in another production and told to report for work the next morning. When she did, she was handed rude news. "The star got a look at you, honey, and —well—you're a little too cute. We're using a fat, freckled girl instead." Helen wound up with a bit part in which she asked the fat, freckled girl for her autograph.

After that, Mrs. Koford was prepared to give up the struggle—but her daughter wasn't. "This one wasn't meant for me, that's all," she said, philosophically. "I'll get the next." She did get the next, playing Ingrid Bergman as a child in "Gaslight." Other roles soon established Helen Koford as a capable child actress. In a short time, Helen had added two more careers—radio and modeling.

In 1947, right after graduation from high school, Helen was engaged by Columbia studios to play *Terry*, a tomboy in "The Return of October." Her girlish bounce and healthy outdoor look were so perfect for the role that the studio decided to change her name to fit it. So Helen Koford became Terry Moore. Today she's a little sorry about the rechristening. "It sounds so boyish," she says. "But after all, it does rhyme with 'Barrymore.' "

Terry's tomboy was such a hit that she was featured next as an even younger miss in "Mighty Joe Young," in which she made a rampaging prop gorilla eat out of her hand. That success clinched Terry Moore's popularity with the Saturday-morning movie set. For the next four years, as she says, "I was strictly something for the kids." In one film, an actor handed her a nickel and teased, "Here—when you grow up, give me a ring."

By then, however, Terry Moore was having no trouble that way. Always friendly, gregarious and lively, Terry had become a popular member of Hollywood's younger set.

One night, Terry and her date joined Elizabeth Taylor and hers—football star Glenn Davis. As Terry recalls it, the next morning, Glenn called for a date and —properly—Terry refused. But a year later, when Elizabeth's loves had progressed through two other engagements, Glenn asked Terry out again—on New Year's Eve. This time she accepted.

After that, West Point's famous "Mister Outside" courted Terry with the dazzling speed he had used to circle Notre Dame's ends. They were married February 9, 1952, at the Glendale Mormon Church. After a flying Central-American honeymoon, the newlyweds set up housekeeping in a one-room apartment over a store in Lubbock, Texas, where Davis was then employed by a petroleum firm.

Two months later, Terry flew back to Hollywood alone and announced her separation. On April 14th they were divorced.

One friend explains the quick breakup like this: "Glenn didn't know the girl he married. He expected her to sit around the apartment and be plain Mrs. Davis. Terry can't just sit around anywhere."

It may be significant that Terry Moore launched her marital venture at the start of a two-month studio layoff. When the layoff was up, to the day, she reported back to make a picture—which, as it happened, was called off after she had arrived. But, disappointed in both love and ambition, Terry didn't mope. That's when she made her successful bid for "Come Back, Little Sheba," and began a new, vigorous and spectacular career.

Terry shows no signs whatever of coasting on her success. Having experienced type-casting, Terry is wary of the sexy aura now surrounding her, and already is maneuvering to ease away from it. Often compared with her studio stablemate Marilyn Monroe, Terry offers a distinction which makes pretty good sense, at that: "Marilyn's the indoor type of sex appeal," she says. "I'm the outdoor kind." Except for lipstick, Terry uses no make-up, on the screen or off.

Recently, Terry noticed a queen-sized photograph of Miss Monroe hanging in a studio executive's office. A few days later, she returned bearing several of her own, even larger. "Which do you like?" she asked. Before he could answer, she had pulled down her rival's and hung one of her own—a tousled, sunny outdoor pose. "The pendulum is swinging away from sex," explained Terry.

But in case it swings back, Terry is ready, too. Already she is taking singing and dancing lessons with a musical film in mind. And recently Merian Cooper, an executive of Cinerama, promised to feature her in the first full-length drama in that medium. "Because," he is said to have reasoned, "Terry's the kind of girl who will bounce right off the screen into the audience."

Off the screen, Terry Moore is already bouncing around in many directions. Next to film roles, most important to her are night classes at UCLA. Terry began the extension course back in 1948, a year after she had left high school. So far she has piled up three years of credits on a psychology major for her B.A. degree.

That's an ambitious program, with the pressing demands of Terry Moore's career. Already it calls for late homework and close deadlines. But Terry hasn't missed one yet. The day she accepted an Achievement Award from Zeta Phi Eta, the international dramatic society, she read a self-prepared paper eruditely titled "The Rebirth of Reading and Writing." Then she hurried to her parked car, slipped into an evening gown, and showed up at Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills to grace a dinner for foreign film producers.

After another quick back-seat change to a sweater and skirt, she raced off to her night classes in Westwood. Leaving there, she boarded an eleven-o'clock plane for New York, on "vacation." It consisted of seeing ten plays in six days and writing a school report of each, giving interviews, posing for publicity pictures and touring the night clubs. Landing back in Hollywood the next Thursday at six, Terry was in her seat for her seven-o'clock class.

Terry regularly gives one-tenth of her income to the Mormon church and conducts missionary work in "cottage meetings" at her house, with six converts so far. According to Mormon tenets, she touches neither tobacco, alcohol, coffee, tea or other stimulants—as if she needed any. But she eats steaks for breakfast.

Terry is enthusiastically air-minded.

She began flying in 1950 with a very competent instructor—a man who manufactures planes, named Howard Hughes.

Terry met the millionaire in 1949 when she made a picture at RKO. Their names have been chronically linked since. Terry's "just friends" seems to describe their relationship adequately, but Hughes has frequently consulted her on business matters and the casting of pictures. Impressed with her shrewd business head, he calls Terry "my Philadelphia lawyer."

But even if bachelor Hughes has marriage on his mind at last, the competition is formidable. Front runner at the moment appears to be a young man serving in Korea, 24-year-old Belton Kleberg Johnson, of the King Ranch clan, who is slated some day to run that fabulous Texas cattle empire.

Terry admits no marriage plans. Her divorce, the first in her family's history, is Terry's only failure at anything so far. Understandably, she says, "I'm cautious. The next time has to be right."

Terry's own statement hints at the greatest problem she seems to face—finding a mate who can keep up with her and also give free rein to her irrepressible talents and drive.

Terry Moore still lives by a parable she learned long ago at her Mormon Sunday school—one that has brought her where she is and still keeps her going and growing.

It's the one about the talents. The moral is: *Use them.* ... THE END

More Vacation for Your Money

(Continued from page 49)

of buttery cookies and the most transparent of candy, crunchy with sesame seed. Delicious, and a real novelty. So is peach leather. The fruit is beaten to a paste, dried in the sun and rolled into squills. Wonderful, and hard to find elsewhere. Recipes are in the Junior League's excellent "Charleston Receipts," published and sold locally.

Savannah is one of the most beautiful cities of the South. Wander through its historic squares and down to the docks where you can see stevedores rhythmically loading the cotton, peanuts, tobacco, sugar and pecans that you may have seen harvested along your route.

Jacksonville bustles busily around its big port. Here and in Tampa visitors are welcomed (free) at big cigar plants. There are also fascinating tours of nearby historic spots—the site of the first settlement in America as well as old forts and pirate haunts.

From Jacksonville, strike for U.S. Route A-1-A. Follow it wherever you can down the east coast (some of it will lure you to dead ends on lovely peninsulas, if you are not alert). It is a little longer than U.S. 1, but many times more colorful. It runs along the ocean. At almost any moment the fancy strikes, you can park, cross white sand dunes anchored by scrub palms and bushes of sea grape, and have a swim without the formality of a bathhouse.

Don't fail to allow time for a tour of St. Augustine, oldest city in the United States. Ponce de Leon landed here in 1513 in search of gold and the fountain of youth. Spanish explorers and pirates were swaggering through these streets long before the Pilgrim Fathers heard of Plymouth Rock. Best way to see the town is by "trailer train." This is a series of little cars with seats along the sides. One passes every half hour. You pay one dollar for a 24-hour ticket, and step on and off as you please to inspect the oldest house in America, or the waxworks with its collection of 68 figures, or for lunch in a quaint café.

Just north of the city is the shrine of Nuestra Señora de la Leche. The chapel sits in a small, dark grove of plumy pines and palms beside the sea. Admission is free, but you are expected to leave something for the little Madonna who is said to bless with beautiful children any bride who prays for them there.

Eighteen miles to the south is something you must not miss—Marineland, an oceanarium. Here, on many different levels, you look through 200

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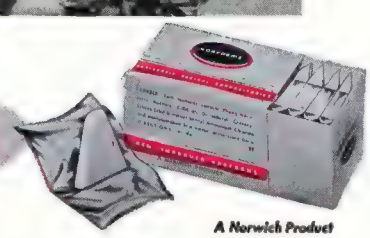

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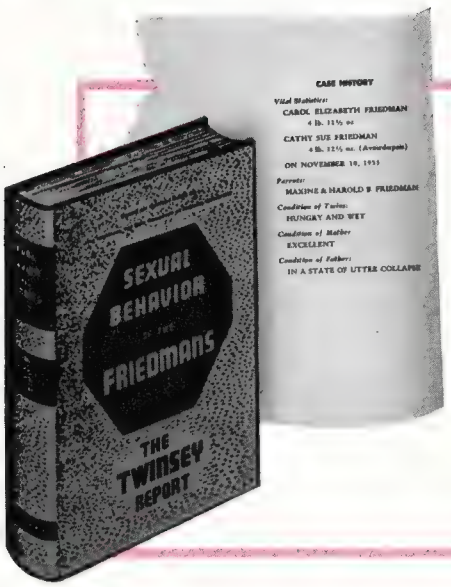

WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE

For months, while awaiting the arrival of our "baby," my husband and I toyed with the idea of getting an original birth announcement. When we were finally told to expect twins, we knew that an ordinary announcement definitely would not do. With apologies to Mr. Kinsey, here is the result.

MRS. HAROLD FRIEDMAN
Atlanta, Georgia

REDBOOK will pay $50 for each baby announcement used in "We Are Proud to Announce." Announcements must be original and must have been actually used to announce the birth of a child of the contributor. Announcements must be submitted within six months after the date of birth, and cannot be returned or acknowledged. Entries should be sent to Department A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, N Y. Published entries become the property of McCall Corporation, publishers of Redbook.

portholes at fish of countless varieties, including playful, plunging porpoises and giant skates wheeling around like restless underwater bats. Slate-gray sharks give you a chilly smile with their undershot teeth an inch away through the glass. Admission, $2.30.

At Daytona you must take a drive on the famous automobile speed course. No charge for this. The beach is 23 miles long, 500 feet wide at low tide. The outgoing sea packs the sand so hard that tires do not sink in at all. Stay away from the soft, dry sand, and from the water's edge, though. A roaring business is done by tow cars extricating those who do not stay to the middle course.

Very frequently along this coast you will see a sign new to some of us from other states. "Efficiencies" means that motel quarters are equipped with a complete little kitchen, including utensils and frequently an ironing board. The chance for frequent swimming is one of the great pleasures, because Florida is hot, like most other places, in summer. You won't mind, though. Virtually everything is air-conditioned, so nights are restful, and anywhere in the state you are within 60 miles of the cooling ocean or Gulf of Mexico.

As you push south you go through the beautiful Indian River country. This is not really a river, but an almost landlocked inlet of the ocean, bounded by miles of low sandy islands to seaward. Across the river are countless bridges, from which people fish at any hour. Carry your own poles, or rent some, and pull up your own dinner. Or join a cruise for deep-sea game fish from ports famous to fishermen the world over: Fort Pierce, Boca Raton, Fort Lauderdale and scores of others. Charges: from five dollars to $50 a day.

In West Palm Beach, the Norton Art Gallery's fine collection of modern paintings is open. No admission charge. Palm Beach is the winter playground of millionaires. Drive over for a look at the superb homes and gardens that line its 14 miles on both the seashore and Lake Worth.

In the Miami area, you can find every kind of entertainment, from dancing in summer evening clothes to a helicopter ride for five dollars. If you are there before June 10, you will catch the last of the dog-racing season, and in that month you will see the unforgettable flowering of miles of the royal poinciana trees, like umbrellas of brilliant paprika-colored bloom.

In Miami Beach, drive along Collins Avenue past 167 hotels, at last count—more than on any other street in the world—each one flossier than the one before. These are jammed in the winter, but if you want a change from motels you can stop for low off-season rates. And don't fail to take a boat trip through the "Gold Coast." This costs $2.15, and gives you a two-hour cruise through the man-made islands of Biscayne Bay past the big and beautiful homes of the very wealthy who winter there.

Twenty miles south is the entrance to Everglades National Park. On the way are many exhibits: alligator farms where you can buy fearsome handbags complete with heads and claws for as little as five dollars; the diverting Monkey Jungle, where the people are in cages while the monkeys run at large, and Parrot Jungle, with myriad birds of flaring plumage.

You go west from here on the famous Tamiami Trail. The name is Indian, not a combination of Tampa and Miami, as many suppose. This is a long, straight, fast road bordered by a canal choked with water hyacinths. It runs through primeval swamp and jungle. The land looks solid, but much of it is no more than a green tangle over the famous "River of Grass"—a vast flood of fresh water creeping through the roots and around the few mounds (called "hammocks") from Lake Okeechobee all the way to the Gulf and the sea. In the branches of the trees are wild orchids, and if you are lucky you will see numbers of exotic birds: egrets, white ibis, kingfishers and great white herons. Be sure to check gasoline before starting this trail. Settlements are few and far between.

A stop at one of the Seminole villages is interesting. This is the place to buy delightful palm-fiber dolls to please a little girl, or a real Indian bow and arrow for a little boy, or a savagely striking skirt, patiently pieced together from tiny bits of vivid cotton on a hand-turned sewing machine. The skirts are around $12.

Out of Naples, you can take a ride in an airboat—a flat-bottomed skiff pushed over swampy pools by an airplane propeller. Or you can explore drier parts of this subtropical tangle in a swamp buggy, which is a jeep equipped with airplane-size balloon tires. Hunters use these to go after wild turkey, deer, bear and panther in season. If you can spare a day, take a boat trip into the 10,000 Islands, through a watery path lined with dense jungle growth.

Somewhere along the line you must find some sea shells. Marco Island can be reached by car from a turn-off 17 miles east of Naples. It is a fine beach for shells. Sanibel and Captiva Islands, reached by ferry ($1.50) from Fort Myers, are considered the best shell beaches in this hemisphere. Here you will find vivid orange, pink, apricot, purple and yellow shells of all shapes and sizes lying in windrows three feet deep after a northwester. With duco cement you can fasten the shells to match boxes, or around mirrors, or use big ones for vases. All this may sound silly, but the fever (known locally as "shell shock") will strike you, too.

North of Fort Myers is a marine museum (free) with a collection of shells from all over the world. Don't fail to take a look.

Life is the only proposition in which the spadework is done at the end instead of the beginning.

—Frank Irving Fletcher

Sarasota is the winter home of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey circus and the spring training ground for the Boston Red Sox baseball team, though of course they will be on tour or whamming home runs in the North, leaving you to amuse yourself with fishing (the International Tarpon Tournament is held here from May through August) or with the Ringling Art Museum.

North of Sarasota, the road is good, but it is slow, because it carries the big-city traffic of Tampa, one of the most colorful ports in our country. In the Spanish and Cuban sector, known as Ybor City, you will find exceptional restaurants. Skip the familiar Spanish rice and venture an order of squid, most delicious of seafood, and very hard to find.

Just to the west is Clearwater, with its beautiful white-sand beaches.

The climate of St. Petersburg is so mild that all the service windows of the post office are outside, under an arcade. Only the clerks and the mail are inside. This city is a famous retirement center. Everything is geared to the comfort and pleasure of its many elderly citizens, though there is plenty for younger people to do. St. Petersburg is known for its hundreds of green benches along the streets, for its acres of shuffleboard courts, its cafeterias and churches on nearly every corner.

At this stage of your travels you may be in trouble, with time running out and too many fascinating sights ahead, both on the coast and inland. So strike across toward Winter Haven for the unique show at Cypress Gardens. If you saw the movie "Easy to Love," you had a sample of the flashy performances put on several times a day by the big company of water-skiing champions. Admission is $1.25. The show lasts 40 minutes, but you can spend the day wandering through the extraordinary gardens and seeing the show as many times as you like. Fifty miles to the northeast is beautiful Orlando, Florida's largest inland city and center of the citrus and lake country.

Along the coast and also inland to the north are the marvelous springs, so clear that through the glass bottoms of boats you can look down through 60 feet of water. In some pools, pretty girls put on underwater ballets. In others, you drift over caverns of lovely color and watery meadows in which fish and turtles by the thousands graze.

As you head north, you get into "Gone with the Wind" country. In Atlanta there is a unique exhibit, a cyclorama of the Battle of Atlanta. It's a giant painting, 50 feet tall, 400 feet in circumference, hung in a circular auditorium. You stand in the middle on a high plateau, and feel that you are on a hill looking over scores of miles through the smoky explosions of bursting shells. A half-hour lecture identifies regiments—some, perhaps, from your state. Admission, 62 cents.

Another spectacular sight waits in Chattanooga. You can drive to the top of Lookout Mountain, where the famous "Battle of the Clouds" was fought, or you can take the Inclined Railway to the top. Round trip is 50 cents, on one of the steepest railroads ever built. From the mountain top you seem to look out over all the world.

Tennessee State Route 71 is the choice highway through the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The blue haze that streams around some of the highest peaks in the eastern United States is a striking backdrop for the rhododendron and mountain laurel that bloom in cascades down the slopes. As you leave the park, you can find baskets and other Indian handicrafts at the Cherokee Indian Reservation, where a fair is held in October with tribal dances and games.

Next you get on the Blue Ridge Parkway, which glides through 6,000-foot mountains. In early summer you can see deer standing in acres of wild flowers. Later, amiable-looking bears are around foraging for berries. In autumn the leaves flare with the colors of a forest fire. The road is winding but superbly banked and graded, and you follow it effortlessly at the speed limit of 45 miles per hour.

The Parkway Craft Center deserves a stop. Here you can buy for dimes or dollars the best of mountain pottery, weaving, glass, hooked rugs, bedspreads and dozens of other things.

If you can, take the three-mile run out of Charlottesville for a look at Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson, furnished as it was in his day, and typical of so many of the homes he designed throughout Virginia. Admission, 90 cents.

One more short detour will take you to Luray Caverns, said to be among the most beautiful in the world. The cavern rooms are from 30 to 140 feet high, walled and hung with weird, color-drenched stalactites. Admission, $1.50.

At this stage, if you have resisted the lure of hundreds of other adventures, you will be near the end of three weeks of holiday. If by an unlikely chance you have any of your vacation money left, I make a prediction: Your impulse will be to put it in your pocket as a nest egg for next year's vacation, because you will want to retrace, with more time for every mile, this enchanting loop of towns and history, sand and sea, palms, pines and misty mountains. ... THE END

FREE TRAVEL INFORMATION

For maps and information about vacation facilities in the areas described in the accompanying article, write to:

Commonwealth of Virginia, Department of Conservation and Development, Richmond 19, Va.; State of North Carolina, Department of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, N. C.; South Carolina Research, Planning and Development Board, Wade Hampton Office Building, Columbia, S. C.; Georgia Department of Commerce, 100 State Capitol, Atlanta 3, Ga.; State of Tennessee, Department of Conservation, Nashville, Tenn.; Florida State Advertising Commission-1319 C, Tallahassee, Fla.

For information about 22 leading attractions in Florida, such as museums, gardens and alligator farms, write to Cecil Zinkan, Lightner Museum, St. Augustine, Fla.

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YOU AND YOUR HEALTH

BY ALTON L. BLAKESLEE

You can help cure pimples by keeping your face scrupulously clean. See below what *not* to do.

PIMPLE TREATMENT

Washing with ordinary toilet soap two to three times a day usually overcomes mild acne or pimples, and washing six times daily helps against severe cases. For extreme cases, doctors can prescribe the special soaps or treatments.

The main causes of pimples are infection and changes in glands, but diet, emotional upsets, fatigue and infection of tonsils, teeth and sinuses may aggravate them.

If you have pimples, follow these "don'ts" prescribed by Dr. Clayton E. Wheeler of the University of Virginia Medical School: 1) don't let furs and woolens touch the affected skin directly; 2) don't apply greasy, oily preparations to the pimples; 3) avoid exposure to dirts, oils, greases and tars; 4) never pick or squeeze the pimples.—in *GP*, magazine of the American Academy of General Practice.

ALLERGY CONTROL

The potent hormone ACTH is often good for breaking up allergic reactions. Injections of ACTH in gelatin can be used to treat allergic patients without hospitalizing them. The gelatin releases the hormone slowly to do its good work. This treatment has been used successfully in some cases of asthma, hay fever, contact dermatitis, eczema, and allergic reactions to drugs. As soon as relief comes, standard methods of countering the allergy are started.—Dr. Samuel J. Levin of Wayne University, Detroit, in the *Annals of Allergy*.

SPRAY ON

To bandage your burn or cut, a doctor now can spray on a bandage from a can much like the insecticide bomb you use against flies or mosquitoes. The spray puts a transparent, flexible plastic film over the wound. It can cover a burned hand like a glove. You can wash your hand without losing the bandage, which is peeled off when its work is done. The doctor can look through the bandage to see how the wound is healing. It keeps germs out, and vital fluids in. Based on Bakelite vinyl resins, the spray-on bandage is produced by the Aeroplast Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

DRY SOCKET

When you have a tooth pulled, you probably won't have to worry about a painful "dry socket" any more. Oral doses of the antibiotic terramycin apparently can almost always prevent this unpleasant aftermath.

"Dry socket" is the disintegration of the blood clot which forms after the tooth is pulled. When the clot disappears, it can expose the bone. Trouble comes from some pre-existing infection which gets to the clot, or from secondary infection after the extraction.

One hundred and ten persons were given terramycin immediately after an extraction, and only two needed dressings in the socket later to control the infection. Of 112 people who did not get the drug, 74 needed later treatment.—Dr. Peter J. Diconza, Brooklyn, N. Y., dentist, in the New York *State Dental Journal*.

X-RAY PROTECTION

Patients being treated with large doses of X-rays can apparently be protected from radiation sickness by cysteamine. Radiation sickness often follows big doses of X-rays given, for example, to treat cancer. Cysteamine showed protective effects when given either before or after exposure to the rays.—Researchers at the University of Liege, Belgium, in *Science*.

DISHPAN HANDS

What causes dishpan hands? Cleansing agents in some detergents or soaps break down a natural protein, keratin, in the skin, starting chemical changes which cause the skin inflammation, according to University of Pennsylvania scientists. Protective coatings for the hands such as petroleum jelly, greases or creams, or rubber gloves can prevent the trouble.

FOR AN EASIER PREGNANCY

"The biggest single factor in determining ease of childbirth is whether or not the mother is able to accept the child," says Dr. H. K. Hall of Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Women who have a minimum of fear have their babies with little difficulty, he finds. So do emotionally stable women, and women who regard themselves as healthy. The prospective father's attitude toward the child also is important in making the birth easier emotionally for the mother, he told the American Psychiatric Association.

•

For controlling nausea and vomiting of pregnancy, prantal methylsulfate, a drug which acts on the sympathetic nerves, is effective. It brought the highest percentage of cures or control among a number of drugs tested, and it worked when other drugs failed to control nausea —Dr. Eduard Eichner of Cleveland, Ohio, in *Obstetrics and Gynecology*.

•

Painful leg cramps during pregnancy often are relieved by daily doses of vitamin B-1. Massage or standing on a cold floor, such as a tiled bathroom floor, can speed relief from a specific attack—a consultant in the AMA Journal.

•

Oral doses of quinine sulfate frequently relieve the cramps which occur at night, especially in the muscles of the thighs and calves—Dr. C. W. P. Winckel of Amsterdam, the Netherlands, in *Modern Medicine*.

Mrs. Crabtree Builds Her House

(Continued from page 43)

in August, 1948, when Shirley was 25, Linda Lee four and Nancy two. At first, nobody—friends, neighbors, homeowners near the Crabtree lot on Holyoke Street—really thought that Shirley would see it through. Even Saville had his doubts. And for good reason.

Most builders begin by digging a trench and nailing a wooden form inside it. Then a truck pulls up and dumps ready-mixed concrete into the form. In about an hour, the footing which supports the entire house is completed.

Mrs. Crabtree did it differently. When her housework was done at night, she and Saville drove to their home site. Their children, wearing pajamas, slept in the car while Saville dug the trench and Shirley mixed sand, gravel, cement and water to make concrete. *Their* footing went together inches at a time.

Then came the laying of 32-pound, eight-inch-wide cinder blocks. Mortared together, these form the foundation and the house wall. Masons lay 200 in a day. The first day she tried, Shirley put five together. By December, after a month's effort, the Crabtree foundation was a mere foot above the ground.

Shirley took a lot of kidding for that miserable beginning. But that winter she studied masons at work and visited builders' supply houses, asking questions and getting prices. When spring came, she worked like a professional.

But her disappointments were not over. One morning, after a heavy rain, she discovered why that acre lot, with its magnificent view of Mount Tom, had cost only $200. Water began rising from underground 15 feet from the foundation. And the city had paved a street near by, sloping it so that rain ran directly into her front yard.

For half an hour Shirley stood with her hands on her hips, watching the mud-filled lake surrounding her house. Finally she threw down her trowel, called her children from their sand pile, and drove home. Saville found her near tears.

Next morning, she appeared at the Board of Public Works. The first member refused to help her, so she spoke to another. She ended by speaking to *every* member. A few days later, city workmen built a culvert to divert water from the house.

Professional masons laying cinder blocks have helpers to mix mortar. Saville couldn't help; he kept busy moving dirt to prevent underground water from rising again. So he did the next best thing. One Sunday in May, he drove Shirley to the home site, where her Mother's Day present glittered in the sun. It was a cement mixer.

Now the foundation mushroomed. Whenever the Crabtrees saved $10, Shirley hooked a trailer to her car, drove 12 miles to Springfield, and came back with another 50 blocks. She owned a diamond ring worth $1,000. Several times she had offered to sell it, but Saville refused flatly. As she worked, she sometimes eyed the ring with a sense of security, knowing that it would bring cash in an emergency.

One seemed to be coming. It was November, time to finish the outside of the house so that they could work inside through the winter. They bought lumber for the roof on credit, knowing that if they had to hire carpenters to finish the job in time, they would be financially strangled for months.

Shirley worked feverishly, laying the top rows of blocks. The day she finished, she met an old school chum. "Shirley," the friend said anxiously, "whatever happened to your ring?" The diamond was missing. Shirley thinks it is still somewhere inside the foundation.

Now things *were* desperate. An electrician rigged up temporary lights. Until 2 A.M. every night, the Crabtrees nailed heavy roof rafters into place and then nailed long roof boards to the rafters.

They finished the roof late in December. But they had no cash and were in debt.

And Christmas was coming.

Saville was unusually quiet for several days. Then one morning he took his insurance policy from his strongbox, phoned the insurance agent for a loan, and invited friends to a party.

He **set up** a Christmas tree in one corner of the new house and trimmed it with lights and tinsel. Shirley made a table of cinder blocks and boards, hooked up a two-burner hot plate, and set coffee to brewing.

While their guests sat on stacks of lumber, watched the lights flickering against the bare block walls, and had coffee and doughnuts, the Crabtrees opened their presents. There was a beautiful quilted robe for Shirley and two life-sized dolls that said "Mamma" for the children. Then the Crabtrees, on their first Christmas in their new home, stood before the tree and softly sang Christmas carols.

To save the $13-a-week rent on their apartment, they moved into the house as soon as plumbing was installed. It was one vast room, with bare concrete floor, cinder-block walls and a curtain to separate the bathroom. Nights, after her housework was done and the children were asleep, Shirley built a wooden floor over the concrete, set up room partitions, and finished the walls with panels of knotty pine.

Saville often worked at the gas station from 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. One evening he and Shirley paneled a living-room wall. When the job was finished, he put on his hat and went off to work. The next morning, he returned promptly and walked into the living room to admire the wall again. It was gone—replaced by a finished floor-to-ceiling bookcase complete with books. His wife sat in an easy chair, smiling triumphantly.

After a few months, the main house was fairly livable. Shirley decided to build a dinette off the kitchen. Again

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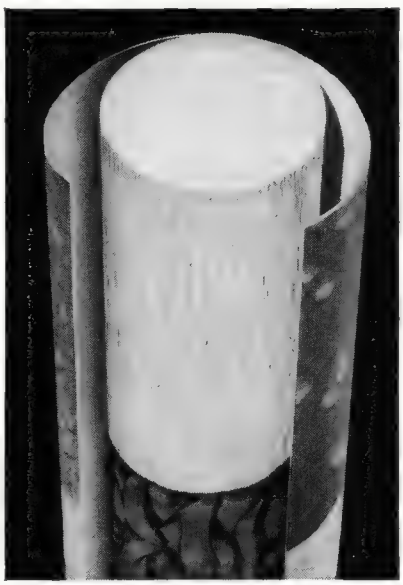

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she mixed cement, poured foundations, and laid blocks.

This time there was a new problem: She was pregnant.

Mrs. Crabtree apparently is one of those rare modern women who can do hard work every day right through pregnancy. Until the seventh month, she climbed a scaffold, erecting masonry walls. When that job was finished, she made drawers for built-in cabinets in the baby's room. She stopped this in the ninth month when the big, active body she carried literally came between her and her work.

The baby was born in February, 1951. He weighed 8 pounds, 13 ounces, and they called him Ryck. Her doctor, two nurses and her husband finally persuaded Shirley to spend one night in the hospital, and she rested at home for a week. Then she resumed building.

She averaged five hours sleep a night the baby's first year. The doctor told her to feed Ryck on demand, and this seemed to be every hour. Between feedings and housekeeping, she paneled more walls and made kitchen cabinets. That entire year, she wore blue jeans and blouse—never a dress.

Finally the Crabtrees decided to spend an evening out. Shirley emerged from her room with a modest amount of rouge and lipstick, her hair neatly set, fingernails tinted; she was wearing a flowing blue gown. The baby sat in his chair, watching with fascination. Then Shirley moved to prepare him for bed. Ryck jumped up and ran off from the strange woman, screaming for his mother. Linda finally undressed him.

From the day she began building, Mrs. Crabtree thought long and hard before hiring outside helpers. Local laws require licensed workmen to install all electricity and plumbing. An electrician friend did the wiring. She then obtained a list of the 24 plumbers in Easthampton and nearby Holyoke and Westfield, and asked every one for estimates. These ranged up to $1600. She paid $485.

An Easthampton mason had obtained a new franchise to install stone-like facing material to the outside of houses. Shirley asked his price. When he told her $1200, she smiled grimly and left his shop.

The mason often drove past the house after that. Each time, half a dozen cars were parked in front, while their drivers stood watching the woman on the roof. Finally he stopped and asked her to come down. "Tell you what," he said. "I'll do the job at rock-bottom cost. Just let me put up a sign, so I can advertise to your spectators." She got *that* job for $500.

News of the lady builder's prowess with trowel, hammer and paint brush got around, and Easthampton home owners began calling her to do odd jobs. A woman asked her to paint the outside of her three-story house—a job many men painters had refused. With Ryck playing safely by the side of the house, Shirley scampered up a 40-foot ladder to the peak of the roof and went to work. John T. Oleksak, owner of the City Paint Factory in Holyoke, examined the job. "It's as good as any man could do," he said. Shirley bought her warm-air heating system with the proceeds.

The Crabtrees estimate that their house has cost $2,900 in cash. It has a living room, kitchen, dinette, utility room, den and bathroom on the first floor, and two bedrooms on the second, all finished in knotty pine. Although the ceilings must still be painted, doors for a few cabinets must be made and finished flooring laid in a few places, an Easthampton man recently offered $8,500 for the house.

"We wouldn't sell at any price," Mrs. Crabtree says. "Too much of our time, too much of our lives has gone into it."

Down Holyoke Street, in a stately, modernized Colonial house easily worth $35,000, lives Mrs. Forbes C. Snyder, a well-to-do clubwoman. She was there when Shirley first began the foundation, and she saw the house in every stage of its construction.

Someone recently told Mrs. Snyder that Mrs. Crabtree plans to build an annex with a sunken living room 20 by 24 feet, with two bedrooms and a bath above it. Then Shirley plans to add a 30-foot outdoor swimming pool for the youngsters and a year-round air-conditioning system. These improvements would make a house with nine rooms, two baths and every modern improvement—a home in the $25,000 class.

Mrs. Snyder heard this and took a very deep breath. Then she thought quietly for a moment.

"I believe Mrs. Crabtree will do it," she said. . . . THE END

The Ordeal of an Innocent Man

(Continued from page 29)

fessed, so I assumed that he was guilty. I just asked him if he wanted any cigarettes."

Later that day Howe checked Buster's record. Buster was 21, married, father of an eight-month-old child. He was an unemployed roofer who lived in a slum section of condemned tar-paper shacks that were still standing. The shacks had no sewage system, and the nearest water was a half-mile away. Youngwolfe paid a rent of 50 cents a month. He previously had been arrested for breaking into a grocery store, and had been released on a two-year probation.

Now he was a confessed murderer. His confession told how he and Phyllis had walked across the field that night, how he had hit her on the jaw, grabbed her and put his hands over her mouth until she went limp. Then he had pulled the belt around her neck, dug a hole with his hands, and buried her under the brush.

Not only that, but Buster had lied about his alibi: He first told the police that he was in the movies that night. Later he told them that he was drinking beer at several bars with his father and brother and a neighbor. All three signed statements for the sheriff that Buster was not with them that night.

Finally, Buster had even re-enacted the crime for the police and press.

But the morning after the confession, Howe got a message from Buster. He wanted to see him; it was very important. Howe went as soon as he could.

"You had something to tell me?" asked Howe.

"Yeah," said Buster. "I didn't do it."

"But you confessed."

"Sure, I confessed. They worked on me for five days. I only had two meals. I only slept four hours. Every time I stretched out to sleep, they brought me back for more questioning. I tell you, they wouldn't let me alone. And they said if I kept on being smart, then they'd really work me over.

"They said they had my knee prints and elbow prints near the buried body. I knew they didn't, because I didn't do it, but it's my word against theirs. Who's gonna believe an ex-convict? Besides, they promised to get me off with a life sentence if I confessed; otherwise they'd send me to the chair. I knew they could do it, so I confessed."

Bill Howe talked to Buster for three hours, then brought in a reporter, Troy Gordon, who had seen Buster's re-enactment of the crime. Gordon asked searching, specific questions. And Bill Howe warned, "If you're lying now, Buster, you'll be caught up and crossed up—and you *will* get the chair."

"I didn't do it."

Local lawyers had a big laugh when they saw the next day's headlines. They said Howe was just a young fool playing it for publicity and that it was going to backfire because folks were all stirred up and nobody believed Buster.

"Even *I* didn't believe in Buster's innocence," said Bill Howe's wife, Imelda Jane, a lovely blonde. "But Bill was all alone, and I couldn't let him know how I really felt."

Only Bill believed.

"I'll tell you why," said Bill. "I know Indians, because I'm part-Indian myself. My grandfather was a full-blooded Creek Indian. And I went to Indian school when I was a kid. Indians have a natural reticence, and if you don't know that, then you think they're hiding something.

"But from the long talk I had with Buster—the way he answered all my questions, the way he looked at me—even though I hadn't been able to check the facts yet, and though I didn't even know what all the facts were, I still had a deep feeling that the boy was innocent."

It took time for Bill's feeling to turn into fact.

To find the truth, Howe subpoenaed the state's 20 witnesses at a preliminary hearing. "The county attorney said I was on a fishing expedition, and I was," said Bill. "The judge said I was taking too long, and I said I didn't care how

The Vital Need for Public Defenders

"The prisoner in the accompanying article was lucky to be tried in a community having a public defender. There are only 31 public-defender organizations and seven legal-aid societies handling criminal matters in the entire United States. Last year there were almost two million arrests on criminal charges in the United States. It has been estimated that most of the men and women arrested cannot afford counsel, and about half of these have been or will be convicted without adequate legal help. Until people in towns and cities across the country realize that *anyone* can be unjustly convicted, simply because he can't afford to defend himself, we are going to have cases like Buster Youngwolfe's—but most of them won't have a happy ending."

J. Howard Rossbach,
Attorney-in-Chief
The Legal Aid Society
(New York City)

"The Department of Justice believes that, in all of the larger cities, there should be an organized public-defender service for criminal cases, conducted as a publicly supported agency to provide competent counsel at every stage of the proceedings, in all felony cases and other serious offenses. In communities outside the larger cities, where the court considers that representation of the indigent can be more economical by appointment of counsel in individual cases, the court should assign counsel and compensate them."

Herbert Brownell, Jr.
Attorney General
of the United States

long it took because there was a man's life at stake."

Howe asked the court for funds to hire a private investigator. The court refused. So Howe started from scratch, all alone, spending money he couldn't spare, completely forgetting his small private practice, working all hours to follow up hundreds of leads.

"We have a little girl, Sally Jane," said Imelda. "She was only eight months old then. Bill hardly ever saw her. I'd never know when he was coming home. He'd race in, grab a sandwich, then race out again. And we never got any sleep. The phone would ring all day and all night. Some of them were good leads, but most were from crackpots. I got so tired of hearing about Buster Youngwolfe that I wanted to scream."

"It's a wonder it didn't break up our marriage," said Howe. "I used to tell her, 'You're no attorney. You let me figure this out my way.' Actually she was a big help, but sometimes I didn't realize it."

As soon as Bill really convinced his wife of Buster's innocence, she worked almost as hard as he did. She kept track of all the leads, evaluated them, then helped organize and plan and interview.

The facts kept getting clearer.

The reason Buster had first lied about his alibi was that it's a probation violation to drink in bars. If he had told them about his drinking, they could have revoked his probation and sent him back to jail for two years.

Still, that was Buster's alibi for the night of the crime—and the sheriff had never bothered to check those bars. Bill Howe did. He found several waitresses who remembered seeing Buster at different times that night. The bars are many miles from the murder scene.

To confirm Buster's alibi, Bill Howe tied it up with two facts: It was Buster's 21st birthday, and that gave him the legal right to buy beer in bars. That's why he was celebrating. Buster's father also remembered that he had paid a traffic fine earlier that afternoon.

Furthermore, Buster's father, brother and neighbor all insisted that the only statement they had made was that they couldn't be sure of the date of the drinking.

Howe checked the scene of the crime. Buster had "confessed" digging a hole for the body with his bare hands. But Howe found the dirt there was packed so hard that it would take something sharp and strong to dig it.

Howe also talked to residents of the nearby shacks. He found six known perverts living there, several of whom had been previously arrested for sex crimes. Not one of them had been questioned about this murder.

The two-room shacks held up to three families each—sometimes as many as six adults and five children. The area was also a sale center for bootleg liquor (Oklahoma is a dry state). There were always cars arriving from town at all hours of the night, and there were often wild drinking orgies.

Howe also discovered a few unpublicized facts about Phyllis. She was not a "little girl." She had fast budded into adolescence and had a way of walking that made men look at her. She had been seen talking and lingering with men who drove by for liquor. Even her mother admitted that Phyllis had been away from home often as long as 72 hours at a stretch. As one witness put it, "She knew what it was all about, and she had known all about it for a long time."

Bill Howe kept these facts close to himself, and public feeling grew sharper and louder against him. Lawyers mocked him, the press jeered, and friends looked the other way when he walked by. An ugly rumor spread around town that Bill had *convinced* Youngwolfe to recant his confession.

Then Howe decided on a dramatic

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move. He suggested that Buster ask for a lie-detector test. "But if you're guilty, don't take it." Buster thought it was a fine idea.

Bill's lawyer friends tried to talk him out of it. "It can close things up tight. Why take a chance?"

"Because I don't want any doubts left."

The county attorney agreed to it (both sides have to agree before such a test can be admitted as evidence). The outstanding lie-detector expert in the area was Captain Phil Hoyt of the Kansas City police. He had been giving the test for some 16 years and had never been proved wrong in 6,052 tests. So Bill Howe and Buster and the county attorney and some deputy sheriffs drove 243 miles for the test. Nobody was told the result. By agreement, Captain Hoyt would be the final witness at the trial.

The night before the trial, Bill Howe was afraid.

"Maybe I had taken too much of Buster's life in my hands. I had convinced his family I would get him free, and they were sleeping nights. I wasn't."

But Howe's parade of witnesses kept crumbling the county case. The bar waitresses backed up Buster's alibi. To establish Buster's whereabouts for the rest of that night, Howe had several witnesses who reported seeing him fast asleep soon after his bar companions dropped him off near his home—long after Phyllis had disappeared.

Then came a couple of bombshells:

A local reporter admitted that he had interviewed Buster about 20 minutes after his confession, and Buster had said then, "I signed it, but I didn't kill her." That never got into the published confession story.

Howe cross-examined the sheriff who admitted putting pressure on Youngwolfe during the five-day interrogation.

The case seemed to be going in favor of Buster when the prosecuting county attorney suddenly seemed to explode the whole defense. Howe had put strong weight on Buster's father's payment of a traffic fine as a foundation for Buster's alibi date. But there was the county attorney, triumphantly waving a police record book in front of the jury, telling them that the record showed the fine had been paid *a day later*.

For Howe, it was a disaster. But when the record book was passed around the jury for inspection, one juror jumped up to say, "This date has been changed; it originally read March 12, but it has been changed to March 13."

The police explained that dates are sometimes changed "if it's after midnight." But the bombshell had backfired.

The high point of the drama was still to come—Captain Hoyt's report on Buster's lie-detector test.

To a hushed, crowded courtroom Hoyt announced firmly, "Buster Youngwolfe has been telling the truth when he said he did not kill Phyllis Warren."

After that the county attorney told the jury, "I cannot conscientiously ask you to convict this defendant."

When the "not guilty" verdict came in, Tulsa became a cheering squad for Bill Howe. Everybody stopped to shake his hand, slap him on the back, give him a big smile, tell him they had known he would do it all the time. And local politicians started discussing Howe's political potential.

Bill took it all quietly.

"I'm no hero, and don't you forget it. I had an innocent man, and that's the most any attorney can ask."

Later, though, he had something to add:

"Sure it's wonderful that the town got all excited about this case. But do you know how many Buster Youngwolfes we have in Tulsa every year? Do you know how many thousands of Buster Youngwolfes go to jail all over the country for crimes they didn't commit?

"What the folks here don't realize is that Buster was just one of my cases that month—I had 50. Sure a lot of them are guilty, but they still deserve a properly prepared case and a fair trial. And if they don't get it, then we're making a mockery of the Constitution."

In all of the United States, there are only 84 public defenders—and only 64 of them are full-time. Besides, the distribution is lopsided: Los Angeles has 16; many cities have none. Most top Tulsa lawyers agree that their city should at least have one full-time public defender with an office and staff and investigators on the same level as the county attorney's office. And this should be the minimum setup for every decent-sized county.

"I couldn't do a job like this for too long," Howe explains. "It isn't just the dough—sure I've got a wife and kid to support, and this job only pays peanuts—but it's something else. I just can't walk out of a courtroom every day and say, oh, well, it's too bad I didn't have the time, help or money to prepare this case properly, but there are a lot of other guys, and tomorrow is another day. I can't think that way. It eats me up. And this shouldn't bother just my conscience; it should bother everybody."

It isn't just a case of feeling sorry for ex-convicts and paupers, says Howe, because a public defender is everybody's defender. Any American might sometime find himself in a similar situation—suddenly accused of a crime he didn't commit and without enough money to pay for his defense.

"Part of a public defender's job is to understand the circumstances of any crime, to appreciate how easy it is for any kid to take the wrong turn. And I appreciate, because I know," says Howe.

Bill's parents died and left eight children in the small farming town of Eufala, Oklahoma. Eleven-year-old Bill was sent to Chilocco Indian School in Kansas. The school was open only to those who were at least one-quarter Indian, and needy.

"The first night there, I had three fights," said Bill. "A new boy had a choice: Fight back or get whipped.

"Of course it's changed now, but we used to get up every morning at four, no matter what the weather, and drill for two hours with old World War I rifles.

"And if you were just one minute late for a meal, you didn't eat. I missed one Christmas dinner that way. I remember digging up some frozen turnips, cooking them over an open fire, all alone in the cold dark, chewing on those half-cooked turnips and crying my heart out. After that, when I missed a meal, I broke into the commissary or the bakery and stole food.

"Remember, that's why they sent Buster Youngwolfe to jail—for breaking into a grocery.

"They had different ways of punishing you. They made you stand at attention until you almost fell asleep standing up. Then they gave out demerits. Each demerit was worth an hour on the rock pile, or you had the choice of running a gantlet of boys whipping you with belt buckles. I got a lot of belt buckles; I cracked a lot of rocks. I was bitter, rebellious; I lost all respect for authority.

"The man in charge of that Indian school once told me, 'Howe, you'll be in the penitentiary before you're 21.' But do you know what straightened me out? A wonderful Baptist missionary woman with the heart of a saint. She was so full of love that some of it touched me and steered me straight."

Howe looked up, and his words came slowly, as if he had been thinking about it for a long time: "Maybe that's why I feel so deeply about this public-defender job—because *I* might have been a Buster Youngwolfe."

He hesitated, then added, "But then, I guess anybody could." . . . THE END

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MAY 15, 1954

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(Continued from page 30)

happen if she threw open the window wide and shouted out, "Hey—look up at me, everybody! It's my birthday!" Probably nothing. They'd just look up and think, some screwball hollering and then dart off again like scurrying ants, still frowning.

She decided she would have her breakfast at the corner drugstore, because it would be a change. At her closet door, she thought, Should I open my present now or tonight? After only a moment, the answer was NOW, and so she took the package off the shelf. It was beautifully wrapped; she had given the salesclerk careful instructions a week ago, and now, as she undid the ribbons slowly and then took out the silk blouse from its nest of tissue, it was almost as if she hadn't known what was going to be inside.

I should have put in a card, she thought—Happy Birthday from Me to Me. Her face was solemn, but she wanted to laugh because it was all so foolish, giving herself a present like that. But she decided suddenly that she would wear the blouse. After all, it was a special day and she was going to dinner at that little French place, right from the office. (From far back in the recesses of her mind, a dark voice screamed up at her, Alone! You're going ALONE! But she slammed a door on it at once.)

She dressed quickly, admiring how her pearls set off the blouse. As a last touch, she applied perfume in light, quick dabs behind her ears and under her snub nose, and immediately the little bubble rose inside her again; oh, everything was different today! The air was different; the colors and sounds were different! And what did it matter if she didn't have any friends yet? Birthdays were what you made them.

Outside her door, she found her landlady, Mrs. Appleby, on the landing. Mrs. Appleby asked how she was.

"Fine," Cathy said. She blurted out, "It's my birthday!" But she blushed as soon as the words were out, feeling foolish.

"Is that so?" Mrs. Appleby said. She had a narrow, horselike face which mutely proclaimed that her feet hurt. "When you get to be my age, you won't want to be reminded of the passing years. You'll just try to forget 'em, like I do."

Cathy looked shocked. "Forget them! Oh, no—birthdays are wonderful! They're even better than Christmas!"

"You dressed warm?" Mrs. Appleby said in her mournful voice. "It's piercing cold this morning."

What she needs, Cathy thought, is a laugh once in a while. She patted her purse. "I have an extra mink jacket in here," she said. "It's dehydrated; you just dip it in water when needed and it fluffs right up."

Sure enough, Mrs. Appleby let out a high cackle of mirth. "I must get me one of *them!*" she said.

Downstairs, Cathy looked hopefully inside the mailbox for birthday cards, but of course there weren't any; nobody from home knew her new address yet. There were only some soap coupons addressed to OCCUPANT 3E, and she took them out slowly. But a sound in back made her turn her head. The young man who lived on the top floor was taking out his mail, too, and now he turned his head. "Hi," he said. "I don't think we've met, have we?"

"No," Cathy said. She looked at him with a straight face. "I'm Occupant 3E."

He looked puzzled and then saw her soap coupons, which matched the ones in his hand. He grinned. "Allow me to introduce myself," he said. "Occupant 5A."

"How do you do," Cathy said. He was quite good-looking, she thought. A real New Yorker; you could tell by his clothes, the way he spoke.

He looked down at his coupons. "I wouldn't exactly call this thrilling mail."

Cathy cocked her head. "What *would* you consider thrilling mail?"

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Oh—a lawyer's notice telling me that an uncle I never heard of had just died and left me a million. Two tickets for a hit play. A letter informing me that I had just won the Pulitzer Prize in journalism. Little odds and ends like that." He shook his head. "And what do I get? Soap coupons."

"Well," Cathy said. "It's better than not getting *anything*." She looked at him earnestly. "What I mean is, I think it's such a sad feeling when you take out your mail key and then see through the holes in your mailbox that there's no sense in even putting it in the lock."

For a moment, he looked at her, a little smile on his mouth. And then he drew in his breath. "My name is Bill Morgan."

"Mine is Cathy. Catherine Collins." She felt an almost startling awareness of his height, his dark eyes, his steady gaze.

"May I walk out with you?"

"Of course."

On the street, she tightened her scarf. It was very cold and raw; huge, thick clouds scudded across the dark bowl of the sky. "I gather," she said, "that you're in journalism?"

"I'm with a large trade magazine." He looked down at her. "And you?"

"I'm a secretary." She sighed pensively. "I wish I could tell you it was with a glamorous firm, but the truth is, I'm with Kane and Schwartz, Plumbing Supplies."

He cleared his throat. "Plumbing supplies," he said, "form one of the strongest links in our civilization."

Meeting his eyes, she burst out laughing. Then she looked ahead again, walking with quick steps, her light hair bouncing a little. How nice he was, and so attractive. He must be terribly

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popular and sought-after; he probably changed girls with his shirts.

"Tell me," he said suddenly. "Do you always look like that?"

She looked around, startled. "Like what?"

"As if a string of Japanese lanterns had been lit up inside you."

She blushed and cleared her throat. "Well—it *is* rather a special day. It's my birthday." She stopped, because they had reached the drugstore where she was going to have breakfast.

"Congratulations," he said. "I suppose you've made all sorts of dazzling plans."

"Oh, I have." She took a deep breath, looking up at him. "I always have special rules for birthdays, anyway. For instance,"—she grinned—"I eat everything I like. Today I'm going to have veal Parmesan and shrimps and eggs Benedict and wine and maple-walnut ice cream."

"I do hope," he said, "that everything will be served with a garnish of bicarbonate of soda."

"Oh, I'm not going to eat it all at *once!*" Cathy said. "I'm spreading it out through the day." She nodded at the drugstore. "Starting with eggs Benedict at the drugstore right now."

"Well," he said. "Have fun. I see my bus coming, so I'll run along."

"Good-by," Cathy said. She felt quite gay as she entered the drugstore and sat down at the empty counter. But almost immediately, her spirits dropped as she looked around her. It was a cold and dismal place this morning, and Eddie, wearing a heavy tan sweater under his spotted white jacket, looked cold and dismal, too, behind the counter. "Morning, Miss Collins," he said. He knew her name and where she lived. "What'll it be?"

"Do you have eggs Benedict?" Cathy said.

"Huh?"

Cathy opened her mouth and closed it again. "Scrambled," she said. "One scrambled egg, toast and coffee." There was a terrible draft from the plate-glass window, and she kept her coat collar up, although she hated to eat this way, all bundled up and with a hat on and everything; it would have been better, after all, if she had eaten at home.

Resolutely, she took firm hold of her lagging spirits and tried to lift them up again. "You'd better make the egg very special today!" she said. "It's my birthday!"

"Is zat so?" Eddie said. "Whaddya know. Congratulations." But he still looked miserable as he stirred the egg around in the burnt pan.

Cathy couldn't bear to see him so unhappy. "I'm forty-six," she said, "but you'd never know it; most people take me for a young girl. I owe everything to my Triple-Sifted Face Powder."

A slow grin broke through the hard crust of Eddie's face as he dished out the egg on a cracked plate. "I wouldn'a taken you for more'n forty, myself," he said. He looked better, Cathy thought with satisfaction—much better; New Yorkers didn't smile *nearly* enough.

It wasn't much of a birthday breakfast, she admitted after she had left the store and boarded a crowded bus going downtown. Everyone pressing against her looked bored or tired or depressed—most of them looked all three. Of course, it was just an ordinary day for them; it wasn't anybody's birthday, and that made a big difference; why, she could still feel something changed, almost magical in the air, putting a faint shine on the dullest, most familiar things.

At the office, she met Gloria in the ladies' room. Gloria was a tall, brittle-thin blonde of twenty-seven, unmarried. "Hey," she said at once. "You have on a new blouse. It's gorgeous."

"Thanks," Cathy said. She blushed. "It's a present. Today's my birthday."

"No kidding," Gloria said, examining one of her long, blood-red nails; she took great pride in her nails and examined them every few minutes with a kind of brooding, protective devotion. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

Gloria sighed. "You're getting there. Before long, you'll begin to hear the patter of little crow's-feet."

Cathy kept a straight face. "Be sure to tell me," she said, "if the sound of my crackling arteries disturbs you while you're working."

Gloria looked up. Suddenly she giggled. "I'll do that."

The door opened, and seventeen-year-old Reenie Edwards came in with Miss Linthrop. Reenie had a thin, freckled face and was an avid reader of movie magazines. Because she considered a tight sweater the recognized badge of a glamour girl, she invariably wore one—with a certain bravado, since she could not begin to fill it out. In the office, she seemed to do a little of everything, including messenger-running.

Gloria now jerked her head toward Cathy. "It's her birthday," she announced to the others. "The management is putting a flag in the window and we're all getting the day off."

Miss Linthrop, who was gray-haired and placid and head of the File Department, turned to Cathy with a smile. "Many happy returns, Cathy," she said. But Reenie almost bounced forward, her face shining. "Oh, Miss *Collins!*" she cried. "Your birthday? *Really?*"

Cathy looked into Reenie's thin little face and felt a sudden warmth inside her. For the first time that morning, here was someone who knew that birthdays were special and magical occasions. "It really is," she said.

But after another two minutes, when they left the room together and dispersed in the hall, Cathy saw that Reenie and Gloria and Miss Linthrop were preoccupied again with other things. She felt her spirits sliding down to a low, sorrowful place. What was she to them? Nothing. Nothing at all.

Mr. Imbrie, her boss, seemed very harassed this morning; a large order had come in, and there was trouble with the factory upstate because of a bottleneck in brass couplings. A great deal of paper work was involved, and he barked orders at Cathy continuously, his florid, round face almost purplish with frustration. Cathy began to perspire in the overheated room, and this, in turn, filled her with nervousness lest she ruin her new blouse. Toward lunchtime, Mr. Imbrie said, "I wonder if you'd mind having your lunch sent in today, Miss Collins; we're quite rushed, as you can see."

Cathy swallowed. "Well—" she said. "The only thing is—it's my birthday."

"Congratulations," Mr. Imbrie said, his brows drawn together and his whole face tight with concentration. "Many happy returns. Did you get out that letter to the Petrie Lead Company?"

"Yes, I did," Cathy said. She turned away, a bleak look on her face. There goes my shrimp salad, she thought, and the maple-walnut ice cream.

When the lunch was sent in, the ham sandwich was dry and the coffee tasted of cardboard from the container. But as she was finishing, Joey, one of the messenger boys, passed by and dropped a piece of paper on her lap, grinning. She looked down at it. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, it said in block letters, and there was a border of crudely-drawn birds, singing. Most of the birds had three legs.

Cathy looked up and caught Joey's eyes across the room. She waved and mouthed "Thank you," and he grinned and went off. She felt better as she put the little greeting away, and thought almost fiercely, I'm going to make this a real birthday yet.

But she was rushed from one crisis to another all afternoon. At five o'clock, Mr. Imbrie looked up from his desk. "Do you have an engagement for dinner, Miss Collins?" he said.

A wild hope soared inside Cathy. Maybe he's going to invite me home for a special family dinner, in honor of my birthday, she thought. "No," she said. "I was going to eat alone."

"Good," he said, looking relieved. "There's a lot more work to get out, and I thught if you could eat in the neighborhood and get back quickly, we could get through here by eight. I have a late dinner engagement uptown."

At that moment all the ebbing magic of her birthday drained completely from Cathy; it was as if, in her mind, something had finally, quietly died and now Mr. Imbrie was covering it with a white sheet.

"Very well," she said. She turned away.

At six o'clock, she went around the corner. It was a business neighborhood, and there were only soda fountains and quick-lunch places. At the counter of one of the cheap restaurants, Cathy looked down dully at the menu. Even if they had veal Parmesan here, she thought, I'd be scared to order it; it would probably taste like fried rubber. The only thing on the list that sounded exotic and different was pepper steak, and so she ordered that. But when it came, it was covered with an evil-looking black gravy.

She sat motionless, staring down at it. A memory flared with sudden radiance in her mind; she saw herself on her last birthday with everyone sitting around the table at home—Pop, Tom, the Henderson twins, Aunt Helen, her best friend, Judy. She saw the huge browned turkey with Hulda grinning behind it; she saw the flushed laughing faces, the wrapped boxes, each with a card saying: "Love." "With dearest love." "With all our love—"

She closed her eyes. A feeling of emptiness washed over her, deep and powerful; she went spinning beneath it like a seashell in the surf.

"What's the matter, Miss? Something wrong with the steak?"

She opened her eyes and managed a smile. The counterman looked so anxious. "It's fine," she said. "I'm just not very hungry, that's all."

She ate a few bites, so that his feelings wouldn't be hurt, and then a slab of pie that had a branding mark on it, as if it had just come off an assembly line. Then she left.

Her office building was deserted when she took the elevator up to the tenth floor. As she entered the offices of Kane and Schwartz, her footsteps clacked hollowly on the marbleized floor. Halfway down the dimly-lit corridor, she saw a faint light coming from her own office, and, in her mind, she could see Mr. Imbrie at his desk, poring over papers.

She reached her doorway. A bright light suddenly clicked on, and she stood still, staring. She could not breathe. The room was crowded with people; they were looking at her and grinning, and now there was a sudden swell of sound as all the voices joined together: "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you; happy birthday, dear Cath-y; happy birthday to you!"

Dear God, Cathy thought. Her legs trembled; she could hardly stand, and the faces before her were like pale blobs that shifted crazily in the bright radiance of the room. She saw Gloria and Reenie and Miss Linthrop and Joey, and the girls from the File Department, and Mr. Imbrie—and was that Mr. Schwartz himself in the corner? Yes, it was—plump and bald—he was lifting a paper cup toward her filled with something, and singing with the others.

And now the song came to an end, and they were all crowding around her and shouting different things; she heard Gloria saying, "Boy, did we have a time keeping this from you all day!" and Reenie crying out, "Were you surprised? Were you really surprised?" and all the others, their voices mixed and their faces smoothed-out and happy.

And still she couldn't say a word. Because now she saw the big desk, covered with a flowered paper cloth; there were cardboard plates filled with sandwiches; there were bottles of wine; there was a tipsy-looking cake blazing with candles. There were packages—quite a lot of packages, all shapes and sizes. And now Reenie was saying, "Give her some wine, somebody!" and there was suddenly a paper cup in her hand and Mr. Imbrie was calling for silence, and everybody stilled.

"I would like to propose a toast," Mr. Imbrie said, "to a young lady who has only been with us for three weeks, but for whom we have all, I think, developed a real affection."

"Hear, hear," Mr. Schwartz said.

"She is quite a remarkable young lady," Mr. Imbrie went on, "because when her fellow workers are sad or harassed, she always has a smile for them and a little joke. Hers"— his voice rose, as if he were suddenly intoxicated with the way his words were going —"is an unquenchable spirit, bringing light and joy into these sometimes gloomy halls, and I know you all join me in wishing her long life and happiness!"

"Three cheers!" Reenie cried hoarsely, her thin face almost transfigured. And after the cheers had been dispensed with, she turned with great earnestness to Cathy. "That was baloney, what he said," she said. "You always do make everybody feel good."

Cathy looked at her. Around her, people moved, laughed, chattered. But she didn't hear anything or see anything except Reenie's small, freckled face, which wavered before her eyes.

She couldn't say a single word.

Mr. Schwartz himself drove her home. Her arms were filled with packages, and in the vestibule she fished helplessly for her key, and then she heard a sound behind her. She turned and saw that it was the good-looking young man from upstairs. What was his name? Bill Morgan. He was grinning and holding up his own key. "Allow me," he said.

"Thank you," Cathy said as they went inside and started up the stairs. "I'm really loaded down."

"So I see. Let me help you." He relieved her of most of her packages and shook his head. "I would say that you did very well with the birthday returns."

"So would I." They had reached

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her doorway, and now she turned. "Would you like a cup of coffee? I was just going to make some." But of course he wouldn't come in; he was probably caught now between a dinner date and an evening date and had just come back to change his clothes.

"Thank you very much," he said.

She found her key, and they went inside. She clicked on the lamps and saw instantly that there were some wrapped packages on the desk. She walked over to them slowly. There was a note on top, saying: *I took the liberty of bringing these inside. They're from your neighbors. Happy birthday and many more to come. Mrs. Appleby.*

Cathy stared down. Her neighbors? But she didn't know any of the people in the house very well; there was just old Mr. Adams on the top floor, and six-year-old Jeremy and his mother on the floor below, and—

She opened the packages. Some handkerchiefs from old Mr. Adams, and a card: *To a sweet neighbor.* A bottle of cologne from Mrs. Appleby; a little wooden box painted with a child's strokes and an accompanying card with crooked letters that read: *Happy birthday from your friend, Jeremy.* The last box held bath salts and a card that read simply: *From Eddie.* She looked up. Eddie? Who was Eddie? And then it came to her; she saw the drugstore at the corner, with the young man in back of the counter—

Something stung at her eyes. She stood very still for a few moments. Then she turned around.

Bill Morgan said, "You must have a lot of friends." He was looking at her, smiling a little. "I'm afraid I don't have any in New York—yet. I've only been here for a month. I'm from a small place in New England."

Cathy stared at him, astonished. "I—I took you for a real New Yorker," she stammered.

"Who, me?" He shook his head, and his mouth twisted a little. "Good grief, no. New Yorkers—I don't know. They're not like the people back home. They're—cold, I guess—drawn up inside themselves."

Cathy's face changed; she walked up to him and put her hand on his arm. "Don't you believe it," she said. She breathed deeply for a second. "Don't you believe a word of it. They just—*look* cold and indrawn, that's all. But they're not."

"I hope you're right." His gaze was steady, and then he drew in his breath. "Look—it's only eight-thirty. If you haven't got a date, would you like to go to the movies with me?"

Meeting his eyes, she felt an inward flutter. "I'd love to."

He looked suddenly relieved and happy. "Right. I'll go upstairs and wash up. Pick you up in ten minutes."

"Fine. I'll wash up, too." But after the door closed, she did not move. She stood very still, her face lifted and a smile on her mouth. How beautiful everything was—oh, how beautiful! She felt an almost painful swell of happiness inside her.

It looked as if this was going to be, after all, the best birthday she had ever had. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 40)

from modified boredom to bliss, but which had never been, as far as he could remember, unhappy or angry or bitter. Karen didn't have a single trait that irritated him, and he'd never supposed that there was anything about him that she didn't like.

Item Two: Just before he'd left on his annual trip, she'd gotten a job in a publicity office and said she'd save the money she was earning in case she should happen to produce a baby sometime in the near future. It was a touching thought. There was in all an aura of bliss around when he'd left, and Karen had knitted him a pair of socks to show that she would not forget how to be domestic while she was having a career.

Item Three: All along the line his business had been tangled, and the trip had extended itself to three months. Her letters had been few and sparse, under the pressure of work, she said; his had been long and understanding.

But it wasn't until Thursday morning in the Lutetia that the inconceivable had happened. Three months, Karen had said coolly in her letter, had made a difference. She had discovered for the first time that she was an individual and that perhaps their tastes weren't the same any more. In that case, it would be bad for them to feel that they were bound to one another. She had emphasized, however, there was no other man.

And so, he thought, folding the letter and putting it back into his pocket for the last time, I am to call my wife and ask for a date. He saw through the porthole that the ship was coming alongside the pier. He paid the bartender and went down to his cabin to get his bags. He wouldn't be met, because she couldn't get away from her job. She'd been kind enough to say that he could go straight to the apartment to see about his things, but he had cabled for a hotel room. He would play her game, he thought grimly, even if he didn't know what the rules were, or quite what stakes they were playing for.

Karen glanced at the little clock on her desk and felt a tinge of remorse that she had not gone to the dock. It wouldn't have done any harm to meet him, as long as he understood the situation. He would probably call as soon as he could get to a phone.

The hands of the little clock moved slowly that day. When no call had come by five, she flew home to see if he were waiting for her at the apartment.

It was empty and just as she'd left it that morning. She began to grow nervous. She had been prepared for his phone call at the office, even for his bursting in there to demand explanations. He must have gone to a hotel instead, but she didn't know which one. She stared at the silent phone and grew angry. Nothing had gone the way she'd expected.

A month ago, when she had decided that her marriage needed a careful reappraisal, it had seemed a very simple thing to do. With Marc on the other side of the world, she had been able to see her idea in the round, as it were, without being distracted by details—details which, she now realized, would include the sound of his voice, and her deeply-ingrained habit of responding to all the expressions that could cross his face. But habits like that were what she wanted to break!

For more than four and a half years Karen had been a wife, and very little else. Her life revolved in narrow circles around her small apartment and the whims of the man who shared it with her. Then the job she'd taken as a means of making a little extra money had given her a sense of herself as an independently-functioning individual that she had never had before. She'd been a daughter, and a student, and a wife; all of which were rather dependent and subsidiary, existing only in terms of their relationship to someone else.

So the accidental circumstances of Marc's trip and her job had done more than give her the freedom to decide for herself where and when to have dinner, and what movie to see; they had given her her first awareness of her uniqueness, her own independent humanness. The more she became aware of herself, the more she became aware of Marc and wondered who he was—other than a set of habits and conditioned responses.

She wasn't bridelike enough to think that marriage ought to be continually exciting, but she had suddenly realized that much of the time she had been thoroughly bored with Marc, who seemed always to have the same opinions, the same conversation. She'd begun having dates after he'd left. They were innocent enough—Marc himself had insisted she go out as often as she could, so she wouldn't feel lonely—and she found that she was having more fun than she had had in years. She'd begun a game, then, whenever she was sitting in a restaurant or a theater with another man. She'd ask herself very seriously, Would I rather this was Marc sitting next to me? Or would I rather be home with Marc? Too often the answer was no. So she'd decided that thinking she loved Marc had been just another habit! Instead of feeling sad, the discovery that most of the conditions of her life were just habits that could be easily broken gave her an exhilarating sense of freedom.

She couldn't have put all that in a letter. In any case, all she wanted to say was: I don't know how I feel about you, or about living the rest of my life as your wife. Couldn't we, in a calm, friendly way, just find out before we go any further? The letter she had finally sent, after a dozen attempts, didn't say very much at all, and so she'd carefully planned the first meeting with him and prepared herself for his reactions—his disbelief, his questions, the love he would shower on her to "bring her to her senses." In her imagination she'd lived through all the scenes that would grow

out of his reactions, and had her defenses ready for each one. The only thing she hadn't imagined was this silence the first day!

It was almost six. She couldn't sit still. She fussed with her hair and repaired her make-up, wandered into the kitchenette and drank a glass of milk, turned on the radio and then turned it off again in case it should drown the sound of the phone.

It was ten past six when it rang.

"Karen?"

"Why, hello!" The line she had rehearsed came back quickly. "Welcome back! Was it a good crossing?"

"The best I've ever had," he said warmly. "Look—I'm awfully sorry I didn't call you sooner, darling, but there was a message from the office as soon as I got in. I've been in conference all afternoon, and this is my first chance."

There was always a phone at hand, she knew, before or even during a conference! Pretty blithe of him!

"I just came in the door," she lied carelessly. "Had appointments all over town today, myself."

"Well, how about having a drink with me?" he asked. "I've got to take a shower, so if you could meet me here it would save time."

"Where are you staying?"

"The Commodore. Room 1402. Come straight up."

"Okay." She struggled to sound gay and reluctant at the same time, and ended on an unnatural, high note: "See you in a little while."

She hung up, a little too fast maybe, and thought wonderingly, What's *happened* to him! She flew out to the hall, pulled her coat off the hanger, and left the apartment in a rush. On the street she slowed down, realizing that it would be fatal to get there too fast! The Commodore was only a few blocks away, and since Marc had kept her waiting until six for a phone call, she'd jolly well keep him waiting awhile for this drink tonight! She went into a drugstore and ordered a milk shake and gulped it down. Only two minutes had elapsed! She ordered a fried egg, knowing that she would have to wait for it to be cooked, even if she didn't want to eat it. She picked up a newspaper someone had left and carefully read the foreign news and the stock-market reports and the advice-to-the-lovelorn column—carefully read the words, without registering the meaning of a single one.

The high note on which she'd left the apartment began to subside, and she made herself think of practical things—she'd have to arrange for Marc to get what he needed from the apartment, to advise him about his laundry and a hundred other details that a man with a wife never had to think about. He would be helpless in a hotel room. She felt a stirring of pity, but quickly quenched it, because pity wouldn't solve their problems.

At last it was half an hour from the time he'd called. Karen paid her check and walked to the Commodore at a normal pace, took the elevator to the fourteenth floor, and walked down the long hall to his room. She knocked.

After a long minute the door swung open, and a smiling Marc stepped aside to let her pass.

"Come in, darling! That was wonderful timing. Just got my tie tied."

"What a nice tan you've got," she said lightly.

"Nothing to do on the boat but sit in the sun. Cognac highball all right for you? I brought a bottle back." He went over to a half-empty bottle on the table and poured two drinks. "I opened it earlier today when some people came by from the office," he explained.

She felt the sort of twinge she realized she shouldn't feel, but on every other return he had saved the bottle to open with her.

She looked around the room curiously and saw, through the open door of the bathroom, a nylon shirt and a row of socks, hanging to dry from the shower rod.

"Doing your laundry already?"

"It's so easy," he laughed. "Better than sending it out and waiting a week for it to come back. It's kind of fun, doing things for myself like this. Makes me feel as if I were back in college."

And women think that men are helpless, Karen thought, remembering that a few minutes before she'd been feeling sorry for him.

"I have something for you." Marc went over to a bag, opened it, and took out four or five packages. "Here." He tossed one package over. The other packages he put back in the bag. "For Mother and my sister and my secretary," he explained. She wondered what he had gotten them, but didn't dare to ask. There were a lot of things that she couldn't ask now, she realized. In her package was a scarf of wonderful, rich Italian silk, and a tiny bottle of perfume. She stretched out her hand and thanked him with her nicest smile and thought, It's rather fun to flirt with one's husband again!

"Now tell me about your job!" He drew up a chair, and she began to tell him, enthusiastically. This part of his homecoming she had planned. She knew what she wanted to tell him about the job, and what it meant to her. But at a certain point her often-rehearsed speech wavered. It was the point where she had wanted to tell him how she felt about being free—free to find out who she was, what she was, other than his wife. It was a speech that was to have been made against his pleading, his disbelief . . . his grief, even . . . and there wasn't a trace of any of that in his face. Instead, he was interested and enthusiastic about her job. He asked questions and poured her another drink, and eventually glanced at his watch.

"I expected to have dinner with you tonight, darling," he said with real regret in his voice. "We have a lot to talk about. But the boss is leaving for Detroit in the morning, and I've got to spend the evening with him. I have to give him my whole report, and it will take half the night, I'm afraid. I'm sorry."

Karen started to say that she had a date anyway, but abruptly refused to be that obvious. Marc would never believe

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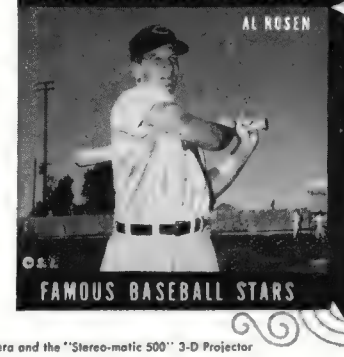

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that she hadn't planned to spend the evening with him.

"I'm sorry, too," she said, getting up. "Will you give me a ring in the morning?"

"I'll call you before lunch," he promised. "I'm sorry, honey. You know what it's always like when I get back from one of these trips." He took her arm as she walked to the door, and pressed it lightly against him. Confused, she didn't return the pressure. She said good-by, smiling, and went swiftly down the hall.

She didn't give herself a chance to think until she was halfway home, and then her first thought was defensive: she wouldn't go home tonight; she'd be busy, too! She turned into a phone booth and began phoning friends, but after the ringing had gone unanswered in three empty apartments she gave up and continued up Third Avenue.

It was only her ego that was bruised, she reasoned with herself. She was glad, really, that Marc had understood her letter and fallen in with her plan at once. Naturally, part of the time, they would both be busy with other things.

She walked home slowly, feeling cheated, but not knowing of what.

Marc called the next morning and asked her to have dinner with him. She had a hard time keeping her mind on business until five o'clock, and when he came to the apartment to pick her up she was as excited as a schoolgirl on her first date. They went to a new restaurant on Fifty-third Street, and for the first hour he talked about his trip. She was glad to listen, because this was a strange Marc whom she hadn't met in almost five years. Even his features seemed different, or perhaps they were unfamiliar because she hadn't really looked at them in such a long time. She even felt a little shy with him—he seemed so self-assured.

Finally, over the brandy, he said, "Do you think we ought to have a long talk about this, or shall we just omit discussion? Talking doesn't usually lead anywhere in a case like this."

"There's nothing to talk about unless you want to ask questions," she said, nonplused. "Though you talk about a 'case like this' as if it happened every day!"

"No, it doesn't happen every day," he smiled. "But perhaps it should."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, all wives must feel the way you do, after a time . . . and husbands, too, I guess. If they don't make the break that you did, in order to find out how important the relationship really is, then they feel imprisoned; they get bitter, bored, restless. I think you were very wise, my sweet." He smiled and ran a finger teasingly over her cheek.

She flushed, and felt very young and inept. How had he managed to get command of the situation! Perhaps because he had been wanting this to happen, too! Well, then, it was just as well that she'd acted as she had. She felt a little angry, but cooler. The rest of the evening was fun; they were very impersonal; and when he left her at her door he promised to call soon, just as any date would do. Only, unlike most other dates, he didn't try to kiss her good night. He just grinned, shook hands, and strode off down the street.

Developing better citizens

is the job which has been accepted and is being accomplished by the directors of summer camps for boys and girls. Summers spent in a well directed camp are truly summers spent in learning the skills of living. To sleep rolled up in a blanket under the stars, to cook breakfast over an open fire and sniff woods smoke, to pursue one's own interests with others with like interests are experiences which develop a healthy outlook and sharpen one's appreciation of fellow man.

The number of people who are unable to cope with the ordinary problems of adult life is positive proof of the necessity of supplementing the home and the school experience with a group experience which will equip our children with the vision and skills necessary for living in this complicated world.

There is no better place to give a child this opportunity than in the good summer camp. Sun? Yes! Adventure? Yes! The dividends are in learning the useful application of leisure time, appreciation and thoughtfulness of others and of this country's natural resources and the acceptance of responsibility.

Members of REDBOOK's camp advisory staff have spent the summer months of July and August, for more than a quarter of a century, visiting camps for boys and girls in the North, South, East and West (including Ontario), and are happy to give you the benefit of this vast experience in camping. If you wish suggestions about suitable camps, write fully about the boy or girl for whom you are choosing a camp, giving age, desired location, amount you will spend for a two months' camp season, the interests and skills you wish developed, etc. If you live in a near-by area, call for an appointment. Telephone number: MUrray Hill 6-4600.

Ethel F. Bebb, Camp Director
Redbook Magazine
230 Park Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

For the past two or three months, Karen's schedule had been very busy. She loved her job and often worked late. She saw people almost every evening—sometimes nice young men who took her dancing or to the theater, sometimes girl friends for whom there hadn't been much time in the old housewife days. Occasionally she entertained at home. Now, life went on just as it had before. The ninth of May hadn't been an important turning point, after all. The only difference was that now there was one more young man who called her at the office to see when she would be free for dinner. She saw Marc three times the first week, twice the second, once the third—that was a nerve-racking week when the office became arduous and friends irksome—and twice the fourth week. . . .

She found herself checking the dresses she had worn when she'd gone out with him, so she wouldn't repeat; she listened eagerly for a compliment, a hint that he liked this hairdo rather than that. She drew on all her knowledge of his taste in food, people, books, music, and told herself that she was doing no more than she would for any young man in whom she was mildly interested. But she knew she was deluding herself. Marc was the only one in whom she was really interested; yet his interest in her seemed pretty casual. It didn't wane, but it didn't deepen, either.

Abruptly, in the second month of Marc's return, Karen began refusing dates with people who had begun to irritate her, and stayed home fussing with the apartment. She made new draperies for the bedroom, and then, liking them, made a bedspread to match. It was a pretty room, but empty and meaningless now, like the rest of the apartment—the kitchen where she breakfasted alone, the living room where she sat alone reading or listening to the radio. Funny things happened at work, but they weren't so amusing when she couldn't rush home and share them with someone else right away.

Marc's smooth good humor, however, never wavered. He seemed to enjoy the time he spent with her, but he seemed equally contented about the life he led apart from her. He was sharing an apartment with a friend now, and twice she had run into him in restaurants with other people. They were very pretty girls indeed, she grudgingly admitted! A man could always get along. Even in the little ways a wife likes to think herself indispensable—taking care of his clothes and his diet, and reminding him of appointments—here, too, he seemed quite able to take care of himself. Karen came tragically to the conclusion that there was nothing at all for which a man needed a wife!

Her vacation time approached. She had only a week this year, and she'd been making vague allusions to it, hoping that Marc might go away with her—although, under the circumstances, it seemed rather immoral.

"I've been thinking about Sea Island," she might say, and he would launch into an enthusiastic account of a week-end he had spent there while he was in college. Or she might mention Bermuda, and his only comment would be that it was pretty hot there in midsummer. Grimly, she decided that she would go away alone—it didn't matter where—and face the full consequences of her folly.

The day before her vacation started, she went down to the station and bought a ticket for the first place whose name struck her eye—which turned out to be Provincetown. She pocketed the ticket and walked home feeling less like a holiday than she ever had in her life.

She was having dinner with Marc, and she forced herself to seem happy about her vacation by the time he arrived and found her surrounded by suitcases and other evidences of joyful preparation. They dined quietly near by, and she kept up the act, inventing amusing people in Provincetown, although all the while she had a heavy feeling that it was a sort of final farewell dinner. She knew that when she came back, they couldn't continue this silly "dating," the silly chatter and pretending. At least she couldn't.

Marc brought her home early and stayed ten minutes for a nightcap. She waited, with a last forlorn hope, for him to say that this separation had been a ridiculous mistake. He didn't say anything except *bon voyage* and good night, and she lay awake for long hours, too sick and empty inside even to cry.

She didn't sleep the following night, either, on the train, and when she transferred to the bus for the long ride down the Cape her head was aching unbearably. She would just sleep for a week, she thought, and then go back and try to find that exciting individual she had thought she was four months ago.

The bus stopped in the main square in Provincetown, and she waited in the hot sun while her bags were handed down to her. The other passengers all seemed to have someone there to meet them; she looked helplessly for a taxi that would take her to her hotel. The sleeplessness, the headache, the sun, and the absence of any sort of public vehicle suddenly overwhelmed her, and she was about to sit down on her suitcase and cry when suddenly an arm went around her and Marc's voice said, "The car's over here, darling. Let me take your bags. We'll be home in twenty minutes."

She was so stunned that she couldn't speak. She let him guide her to a car and help her in, and they were on their way back down the road the bus had taken before she could summon voice to ask:

"Where are we going?"

"I've taken a house at Truro. A friend of mine has it for the summer, and luckily he isn't using it this week. I drove up last night after I left you."

"Oh. Is . . . are you staying all week, too?"

"If you'll let me." He grinned and pulled her closer to him. "If you wouldn't mind having me around, again."

"Mind! Oh, Marc!" Suddenly it was too much for her. She put her hands over her face and started to cry, in big, childish sobs. Marc pulled over to the side of the road and held her until she quieted. Then he took her hands away from her face, carefully mopped her off with his handkerchief, and said, solemnly:

"You're a little fool, aren't you?"

"Yes, Marc." Ruefully.

"And you do love me, don't you?"

"Yes, Marc." Emotionally.

"And you can be as much of an individual with me as without me, can't you?"

"Yes, Marc." Earnestly.

"And from now on you'll love, honor and obey me and get me out of all the messes I get into when I'm alone, won't you?"

"Oh, darling, do you really get into messes?" she asked happily.

"Terrible ones."

"You do need me?"

"Desperately."

"And I need you," she said contentedly, settling herself inside the curve of his arm. "I'm absolutely no damn good without you . . ."

". . . and you're not ashamed to admit it," he finished for her, kissing the top of her ear.

"No, Marc!"

Blissfully. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 39)

program is to introduce the divinity student, frequently a sheltered boy from a quiet home, to the rough-and-tumble outside world where he can mingle with people as they work for a living. This helps the student to understand the problems of workingmen and their wives and children.

One of the very first things the Institute does is to rid the student of the idea he will minister to a flock of well-to-do people whose only desire is to hear an innocuous sermon on Sunday.

More than a fourth of the American people live in 14 small areas, each with a population of 1,000,000 or more. A much larger part of the American people live in 227 cities of 50,000 or more population. There is where the people are—especially the young people just getting started in the world. And there is where the Presbyterian divinity students got to know them.

Because the students working in factories during the summers did not identify themselves, their fellow workers talked to them with revealing candor. At night the students got together and described their experiences of the day.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the students were shocked to find, a man with some domestic problem never even thought of his minister. He'd go instead to his union counselor. And when a workman did think of ministers, it wasn't with much warmth. For instance, when the identity of one of the students was discovered, the man who worked next to him said, "Well, I was going to ask you to go to the movies with me, but I guess that's out."

One group of students attended church 11 Sundays in a row before the pastor even asked their names.

Only three of one group of 42 students were invited to take part in any church activities. No attention was paid to the wives or children of the married students.

The final disillusionment came at a church where services were disrupted by a continuous thumping. It turned out that neighborhood kids were bouncing a ball off the church wall. One of the elders said there was nothing to do about it; even calling the police did no good.

"How about inviting them in?" asked one of the students. "After all, didn't our Saviour say, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'?"

Time for Christianity

"Humph," grunted one of the elders. "There's a time and a place for everything—even Christianity."

"And you mean that there is no place for Christianity *here*, in the

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church?" the student asked. He got no answer.

No wonder churches were losing ground, and among the very people who needed them the most. Here, the students saw, was the greatest challenge of modern Christianity.

One of the men of whom Doctor Scott is most proud is the Reverend Donald Mathews, a young chap who was president of the student body at the world-famous Union Theological Seminary in New York City, and who could have had his choice of several assistant pastorates in wealthy churches. Instead, Don chose a run-down little church across the tracks in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Not only that, but in order to stay close to his people, Don also got a full-time job in one of the neighborhood plants.

Don has maintained this dual life for three years. His church has grown, but of more importance to Don have been the numbers of people who have come to him for help. At lunch hour in the plant, at the beer parlor where the men go to cash their checks, Don is always available to people who need him.

Even so, it took one man three months to get up courage to talk to the minister. This man, married and a father, would occasionally go off for days at a time, drinking and associating with other women. When he'd finally pull himself together again, he was deeply remorseful. But his wife, naturally, wanted to leave him, and take the child.

Don didn't curl up his nose in disgust at this man. Instead, during the long hours of the night shift, at the café, in Don's home or the man's home, Don tried to help.

He heard the tragic story of an insecure childhood, of a youth who never belonged, of a young man who drank to make himself feel bigger, who went with the worst people he could find because they did not look down on him. Don didn't preach, and he put on no long face of piety. He merely pointed out to the man that the doors of the church were always open to him.

At last report, the young man had remained sober for a long time. His wife and child were happy. Most important of all, his wife had agreed to give him another chance.

Don Mathews and Hank Date toiled on the assembly line during the summer months while they were students. Andrew M. Sebben, who had received his Doctor of Divinity degree and had been assigned a church before Doctor Scott had organized his Institute, attended the three-week seminar instead. Doctor Sebben considers that seminar one of the great experiences of his life.

His congregation of the First Presbyterian Church of Perth Amboy agrees with him, for what Seb—that's what they call him—learned at the seminar, he has passed on to them. Without question, this is one of the busiest, happiest churches in the country.

Miracles in building

The men of the church have performed construction miracles. One week they moved all the pews out, laid 2,000 square feet of carpeting, and then moved the pews back in time for services Sunday. In one hour one evening, they planted 45 evergreens around the church. They built additional rooms. They even dug out a basement beneath the church, installed steel girders, poured concrete, and laid tile. The three Scout groups sponsored by the church now have an ideal meeting place.

While the men are working, the women are there, too, visiting and organizing social functions.

The teen-agers are wildly enthusiastic about their pastor. They know they can talk to him frankly about their problems, and that he will neither blush nor lecture them. He will listen and try to help. With understanding like that, Seb's kids don't have to put on any phony tough act in front of the rest of the high-school crowd. Every youngster in town knows that you can take part in the activities of that church and still be a regular guy, or gal.

But perhaps the greatest tribute to Seb's program comes from the young married people of the community.

Bill and Beverley Cummings moved to Perth Amboy a few years ago, before Seb became pastor. "We went to church," Bill says, "but it was cold there. I've been to cold churches before. They don't care about newcomers—young people, children—in those churches. You can tell a cold church at the singing of the very first hymn. They mutter the words. I like people to throw their heads back and sing out—the way I do."

The Cummingses, of course, wanted friends. They finally began going all the way back to their home town in south Jersey on week-ends. One Sunday, however, they stayed in Perth Amboy, and in desperation, whether they were welcome or not, they decided to go to church. It was the same structure, but during the singing of the first hymn they knew it was a different church. It was Seb's church.

"I was so happy I just let the music roar out of me," Bill said. "I don't know, exactly, how Seb has done it. All I know is that this is a happy church. I know that Beverley and I are never lonely any more. Why, we've got more in common with our friends here, in the congregation, than we have with friends back in our home town."

Bill was sitting in Seb's study one week-day night as he explained all this.

Suddenly the sound of a piano came down the hall from the room where the choir was practicing, and Bill rushed to the door. "You'll have to excuse me now," he said. "I couldn't miss choir practice. Oh boy—it's great to have friends, and be happy, and know your wife's happy! I'm really going to sing out tonight." . . . THE END

(Continued from page 35)

the shore, and green and gold in the water below, their points outlined against the fading pink of the reflected sky. The air carried the pungent, smoky odor of sun-warmed spruce, and from afar off came the faint tinkle of a bell as some fisherman was called ashore for his evening meal.

Oh, this is right, Anne thought. Right for both of us. Here Nick would not be reminded constantly of Steve's absence. Here, during the long, lazy weeks, the lake colony was like a huge nest. The thin piping on the lake and shore was interrupted only now and then by a concerned clucking from the porches of the cabins. Though the men came on week-ends, there were always some fathers who could not come. The social affairs took on the massed, characterless quality of feeding time in a chicken yard. Nick would get used to being without Steve. In the fall, when they went back to the city, the school routine would bridge the gap.

She finished her sandwich and stretched and yawned, and then lay down beside Nick, her head on her crossed arms.

He sat up and tossed the crust of his sandwich toward a chipmunk on the shore. "Want to get up about five and go fishing, Mom?"

"Sure."

She twisted her head and looked up at him, wondering if she should mention the fish derby, then deciding against it. He had folded a piece of wax paper and was holding it against his lips, making a thin, reedy whistle as he looked out over the lake.

The whistle was an echo of Steve's more resonant one, and called up other memories. . . . Nick keeping track of the fish derby for Steve, carefully entering weights and measurements on the big railroad calendar. Nick's excited shout, "Hey, Mom, Dad's here!" Nick dragging Steve to the calendar the moment he was inside the cabin. The two of them . . . Steve changing into his fishing clothes while Nick followed him around, ducking under his arm, handing him things, talking . . . "What do you think of that, Dad?" "I'll bet you can't beat this." . . . Steve, smiling and winking at her above Nick's head. Nick and Steve.

She had weakened only once. At the airport, with the motors throbbing their message of farewell, with Steve's arms around her and Nick trying to embrace both of them, she had clung to Steve fiercely. If at that moment she had not looked down at Nick's thin face, she would have changed her mind. Now, looking up at him, she thought again, This is right for him—right!

Nick stood up. "Let's go for a ride, Mom. Not with the motor. Just the little boat. I'll row."

"Okay. Not too far, though. We should get to bed early. And let's not stop in anywhere. There'll be time enough for that tomorrow."

They got into the boat, and he struggled with the rope which tied it to the

pier, but she made no offer to help him. It was one of the things she must remember—to take nothing from him that Steve had taught him.

Nick rowed easily, his arms moving in a steady, unhurried rhythm. She watched him, noting the faint shadows under his eyes that would soon be gone, sponged away by the long, torpid, sun-soaked days.

As they drew closer to the island in the middle of the lake, Anne saw the little family of loons floating on the water near the reeds, undisturbed by the quiet motion of the boat. She looked at Nick, but he was looking behind him to judge his course and didn't see them. Ordinarily she would have called his attention to them, but today she didn't.

Nick didn't call them loons. It was Steve who had told him the old Indian legend, Steve who had given them the old Indian name of Kwimu. Nick never called them anything else. "Mr. and Mrs. Kwimu are back," he would say each summer when he saw them, his face splendid with delight, and their shining, iridescent heads would swivel toward him above the prim white and black of their collars.

Nick, still occupied with his rowing, did not look back, and they passed the birds and moved around the island. As they came out into open water again, they heard the sound of a motor.

Nick smiled. "Hey, Mom—it's Uncle Judd!"

Anne looked around as Judd Bartlett cut his motor and began to drift toward them. The old man's face was wide with a welcoming smile. Judd was as much a part of summer as the islands, the birds, the pines. His little store at the head of the lake was more than a place where the cottagers bought groceries and picked up their mail. It was the link that bound all of them together. Judd could be depended on to pass on a message, to know where the bass were biting, to bandage a cut or extract a fishhook, to look after a child if the mother spent a day in town. If the residents sometimes grumbled because they would find his store closed and a laconic GONE FISHING posted on the door, they grumbled affectionately. And to pass the test of being told by Judd where the key was kept so that they might go in and help themselves was an honor to be coveted—the seal of Judd's approval of them as sportsmen and human beings.

His boat nudged theirs, and he said, "Hi, Anne. Hi, Nick. It's good to see you."

Nick grinned. "Hi. Did you save me some fish?"

"That I have, boy. I've got a spot all picked out. Haven't told anyone else about it."

Judd turned to Anne. "You're late this year. I've been watching for your flag to go up every day. Began to think you weren't coming."

Anne said lightly, "Guess I was slow getting organized."

Judd was filling his pipe. When he got it going, he said, "Steve come with you?"

Anne was aware of Nick's restless movement. She didn't look at him. Here it is, she thought. I'm going to have to say it several times in the next few days. Then it will be over, and Nick and I can settle down for the summer. She said, "No. Steve won't be coming. He's in Arabia."

Judd's eyes widened. "So? They made up their minds, did they? Steve told me last year the company was thinking of sending him out there. But how about you two? I thought you'd be going along."

Anne said nothing. She looked at Nick, but he was staring down at the oars.

Judd chuckled. "I forgot about housing. Guess they'd have shortages even in Arabia. I suppose Steve has to find a place for you first."

"No," Anne said, "we're not going. We're going to divide our time between the cabin and the city, as usual."

Judd looked at her searchingly and then at Nick. Nick's hands were clenched whitely around the oars. Anne thought, "Oh, why did we have to meet anyone? Why did it have to happen now—now, at this lonely, dying hour of the day, and just when Nick was so content, so happy?"

Judd said slowly, "Oh, I just thought . . ."

Anne's resentment rose. I won't explain. I won't. I went over it so many times with Steve. Men! Men! Why can't they understand what it can mean to a woman to tear up roots? What it can mean to a child like Nick—to deprive him of security, his own home, his playmates, his school. To take him into some remote corner of the world! Housing! She knew about the housing. Other wives who had been there had told her. The shabby quarters, the heat, the flies, the dust. No! Nick wasn't going to have to live that way. Nick, who had never known health during the long, dreary years that they had followed Steve from Army camp to Army camp. Hadn't she listened in terror—on how many nights?—to the sound of Nick's labored breathing in some drafty, poorly furnished place? They'd built a good, safe life for him these past few years. She was going to keep it that way. Give him the security to which a child was entitled.

Judd rapped his pipe out against the side of the boat. "Well, Nick, I guess you and I will have to pair off for the fishing this year. We'll catch some whoppers for you to brag to your Dad about. Come over any time you want to, and we'll go."

"Okay. I will . . . and . . . thanks!"

Judd turned to Anne. "Anything I can do for you any time, Mrs. Fenton, just let me know." Anne sensed the reserve in his voice, though his face remained the same.

He turned back to his motor. Then from the lake came the ka-ka-kakara of the Kwimus. All three in the boats looked up as the little birds came floating around the island. Suddenly there was the sound of another motor, and a boat swept around the far side of the island and passed them. Their own boats rocked violently with the force of the other's wake.

"Gosh-darned fools!" Judd said angrily. Then he half-rose from his seat. The pilot of the boat had seen the

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Mother's Day is May 9th; Father's Day is June 20th —and Tops in the Shops is the perfect place to get gifts for these and other gift occasions! See Page 10.

Kwimus and was bearing down on them swiftly. Anne gasped. Oh, no! They must be strangers, she thought. No resident would be guilty of tormenting the loons. Knowing how they acted when frightened, the cottagers respected them and left them in peace.

Helplessly she watched as the boat roared across the water at the three birds. At the sound of it, the male shot across the water in a frenzied, splashing paddling, as the mother herded her little one closer and closer to the reeds. Flittering across the surface, diving and rising and dancing, the male kept up his frantic decoying action. He went under and came up a dozen yards away, his sleek head swiveling. There was a shout of laughter from the boat, and the man gunned the motor again. Again the male went down to come up still farther away. Again he began his desperate antics. Then his shining head moved searchingly over the lake, and he gave his wild, resonant cry. Far off from the safety of the reeds came the reassuring answer.

Judd was shouting, "Cut it out! Leave them alone, you."

There was an unintelligible shout from the boat, and then it was gone around the island.

Judd sat back, breathing heavily. "Crazy fools! They know how the daddy watches out for his little family. Tormenting birds just for fun! Why can't they leave them alone!"

From the distant side of the lake came the lonely, mournful cry of the male.

Nick's voice was high and thin. "Families should be allowed to stay together, shouldn't they, Judd?"

Anne swung around and stared at him. She stiffened, startled by his face. It had a pale, drained look, as if he had been in swimming too long. Chill pimples rose around the flat brown nipples on his bare chest.

She said quickly, "Nick, we'd better go back. The air is getting cool. So long, Judd; we'll see you."

She made a motion with her hand, and Nick plunged the oars into the water and began to row. It was some time before she heard the throb of Judd's motor. Once she looked back, and he was sitting quietly on the seat, staring at their boat. Nick rowed furiously, but twice the rhythm of his rowing broke as the Kwimu's cry floated out over the darkening water.

He'll get over it, Anne thought. He'll forget it. It was just seeing them treated that way. He loves the Kwimus.

It was full dusk by the time the boat scraped against the sand of their own beach. They got out silently. Nick stayed behind to put away the oars. Anne walked wearily into the cabin and lighted the lamp. The wild flowers she had gathered earlier had withered; their heads hung limply over the side of the glass. The room, which had seemed so snug and cozy when she left it, stretched large and gloomy outside the circle of lamplight.

When Nick came in, she looked at him searchingly. His face was unchildishly bleak and stern. It is the way he will look when he is grown, she thought suddenly—when the last string is severed, when he is accountable only to himself. Then the long, tiring day made him a child again as he blinked in the lamplight and rubbed his eyes.

"Better get to bed, Nick, if we're going to get up early." She kept her tone even, clinging to the safety of routine.

Nick turned away. He said, without looking at her, "Guess I won't go in the morning. Guess I'll wait and go with Judd in the afternoon."

For a moment, exasperation rose in Anne. She wanted to cry out, "Don't you suppose I miss him, too? Can't you understand that I'm doing this for your sake?" But she bit back the words. Instead she said aloud, "Okay, Skipper. Don't forget to brush your teeth."

She waited until she was sure he was asleep and then went into his room. He was sprawled across the bed, the faint light from the living room falling across his face. She drew a blanket up around him, and as she did so, from far out on the lake, the loon called. A shadow passed over Nick's face, faint as a cloud over water, and he muttered in his sleep, a rapid, feverish mutter just below the level of speech. She waited until he was quiet again, then went on to her own room.

Nothing to remind him, she thought as she undressed. Nothing to remind him. She hadn't been counting on the lonely mourning of the loons. As she got into bed, she noticed the flicker of heat lightning on the horizon. The loons would be restless tonight. They were always restless before a storm.

She awakened later to the sound of rain thrumming on the cabin roof. She got up and took the flashlight and went swiftly around, closing the windows. She moved quietly so as not to disturb Nick, but when she went into his room his bed was empty. For a moment panic gripped her; then she heard a sound on the porch. She crossed the living room quickly and flashed the light. Nick was standing by the screen door. He turned and put a hand to his face to shut out the glare of the torch. She angled it downward. Above the circle his face was dim in the shadows, but his eyes loomed wide and black.

"What's the matter, Nick? Did the rain wake you?"

"No."

There was silence except for the steady drumming of the rain.

She went over to him and put an arm around his shoulders. She could feel the slight trembling of his body through the thin cloth of his pajamas. "Nick, you're cold. Come on back to bed."

For a moment he stiffened, resistingly; then he moved forward. He said in a voice muffled, dragging, "It was the loons—the crazy loons; they kept on crying and crying."

Loons! Crazy loons! Anne's hand on his shoulder tightened. He had never spoken of them that way before. He must have been dreaming—he must still be half-asleep.

She held the flashlight as he got in. After he was settled, she knelt beside the bed and gathered him to her. For once Nick, who hated "smooching," did not resist. He laid his head against her with a tired sigh.

"Go to sleep, son."

"Mom?"

"Yes, Nick?"

"Mom . . . Dad told me you knew what was best. I wasn't to pester you about . . . about Arabia. But do you think you might change your mind?"

Anne sat very still. She could feel the tenseness in him, the withheld breath, as he waited. But she could also feel the sharp points of his shoulder blades against her arm, and against her cheek under his hair was the long white scar. How many times when he had been small and ill had she held him like this? She said slowly, "No, Nick—I'm not going to change my mind."

His breath came out in a long sigh, and he shifted and lay down on the pillow. Anne got up and started for the door, but he turned and called to her, "And we'll have to stay here all summer?"

"Have to stay here? Why, Nick, you love it here. You just wait. After you've caught a big fish, wild horses won't be able to drag you away. In the fall you'll be complaining because we have to go back to the city."

In the morning it was still raining. Nick wandered restlessly around the

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cabin. He oiled the fishing rods and cleaned out the tackle boxes. Every few minutes he went to the doorway and stared disconsolately out at the sodden trees.

"Nick! For goodness sakes! Find yourself a book or something. You're making me nervous the way you keep fidgeting." Anne regretted that she had spoken so sharply when he looked at her, but he dug out some dog-eared comic books and sat down with them.

Just before noon, the sun came out. Anne was busy in the kitchen and wasn't aware that Nick was leaving until she heard him call from outside, "I'm going fishing, Mom."

She wiped her hands and went to the door. He was already in the boat.

"How about lunch?"

"Got some. Got all my gear ready before you got up."

"All right, Nick. Be careful."

She watched him as he rowed away. The lake was like glass; the air was fresh and sweet. Clouds like cotton drifted across the sharp blue of the sky. Going back to her work, she thought. Thank heavens, I never need worry about Nick on the water. Steve had taught him how to manage the boat, how to take care of himself.

During the afternoon she took her magazine out to one of the chairs on the lawn. The island hid the larger part of the lake from view and there were countless coves and inlets; she knew that it was useless to expect to see Nick anywhere, but every few minutes the magazine went unread on her lap as she scanned the lake.

Of course he'll be with Judd, she thought. But it won't do any harm if I just run over to the store. I need some corn meal, anyway.

When she came in sight of Judd's landing, she saw that the door was closed. There were no loungers on the long bench above the dock. As she read the familiar sign—GONE FISHING—she smiled. The slight uneasiness she had been feeling faded. Nick and Judd would be having a fine day together. Judd was the best company Nick could have today.

The calm of the lake, the warm sun, were like opiates on the trip back. As she got out of the boat, her eyelids drooped with fatigue. She went up on the porch and lay down on the daybed. She could hear the slow, steady flap of the flag against the pole, the lapping of the water against the pier.

She slept.

She woke up with a start. It was as if somewhere deep inside of her a bell had shrilled. She sat up quickly, rubbing the side of her face where the cushion had dented it. Then she sprang to her feet. It was late! She must have been asleep for hours. The shadows of the pine trees fell long and dark across the grass.

"Nick!"

There was no answer.

She stepped to the front of the porch and looked down at the dock. Only the motor boat floated on the water. She ran out and down to the end of the pier and searched the lake. It's all right, it's all right. Don't get excited. They've probably found such a good spot they hate to leave.

Still, it wasn't like Judd to stay out so late. He was always on hand at the store so that people could get the afternoon mail.

She untied the boat with trembling fingers. It seemed an age before the motor responded, and she almost cried with vexation. She raced out across the lake and around the island. Once beyond it, she looked anxiously at Judd's landing. Then she relaxed and lightened her pressure on the throttle. Judd was back. It was all right. Nick had stayed on to talk to him for a while. Steve and he had used to do that. But she would have to be stern with Nick about this. He was going to have to set a time when he would come in, so that she wouldn't worry.

She cut the motor and glided in toward the dock. Judd came out of the store just then, and she called to him, "Judd, tell Nick I'm here. He'd better come home now."

She was close in now. She could see his face. "Nick? But Nick's not here."

"Not here?" Her voice rose, thin, threaded with panic. Some of the men lounging on the bench sat forward. "Didn't he go fishing with you?"

Judd's face was tight with concern. "Why, no—I haven't seen the boy all day."

Anne climbed out of the boat and ran along the dock. "Judd! Judd! He went out before noon. I thought . . . Oh, Judd . . . Nick."

The men were standing up now, moving forward, looking from her to Judd. He said, "Now, Anne, don't get yourself upset. The boy's all right. Nick knows this lake like the palm of his hand. He's probably found a hole where they're biting so well he doesn't want to leave. You know how he and Steve used to get so wrapped up in their fishing they'd forget to come home."

Someone else said, "That's right, Mrs. Fenton." But Anne wasn't listening. "When he and Steve—" yes, but Steve had been with him then. Steve.

Judd laid a hand on her shoulder. "Anne, you go on back home. That's the best thing. He may have shown up there by now."

The dock was suddenly alive with movement. The men were dropping down into their boats, untying them, talking to each other. Something screamed in her mind—Why are they

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going out then, if they think it's all right? Why? Why?

One of the men called to her, "It's a dull month when we don't have to hunt for some kid. We always find them. Don't you worry."

It steadied her. Pushed down the terror. Why, of course. She herself had helped in such hunts in the past. And they had always found the lost one, asleep in his boat, or tied up in some distant inlet, or playing in some remote cabin unaware of the passing hours.

Judd went back into the store and came out carrying a revolver. "We'll fire a shot in the air when we've located him. You'll know."

Anne looked down at the gun. She knew now why she had been uneasy. A memory stirred deep in her mind; it had lain there all afternoon sending up faint warning signals. She saw Nick getting into the little boat. There had been something furtive in his movements. Something had glinted in the sun.

"Judd, I think Nick took his gun with him."

"So? Well, that's not surprising. He knows how to handle one."

"But, Judd, Judd. It isn't like him. We've always had a rule. He never took the gun out unless Steve was with him." Fear was mounting in her again.

"Wait, Anne." He turned to the men. "Anyone hear any shooting this afternoon?"

They were shaking their heads; there was a dissenting murmur. Judd turned back to Anne. "See. You know how a shot carries over the lake. We'd have heard him. Maybe he didn't take it. And if he did, he hasn't used it."

Anne got back into her boat and swung it around. She raced back across the lake. As she rounded the island, she looked eagerly at her own pier. For a moment she almost cried with relief. Then as she drew nearer she saw that it was only the corner of the livebox beyond the pier which had made her think the little boat was home.

Suddenly the comfort she had known in the presence of the men was gone. The cabin was surrounded by a brooding silence. She ran up the slope calling, "NICK . . . NICK . . ." but only the echo came back. . . . The NICK thinned out over the darkening water.

She rushed through the cabin to his room. It was empty, silent. In the gloom she felt along the pegs of the wall where his gun had hung. They were empty. She leaned her head against the wall. Oh, Nick, Nick . . . why, why?

She darted out of the cabin and began to run, stumbling, gasping, along the shore. She could hear motors starting up at the docks. Judd has passed the word. Oh, with so many looking . . . surely . . . She ran on. Calling. Calling. Until her breath was only a ragged whisper in her throat. Other mothers were standing on the shore, their faces white with concern. Children who played contentedly in the water on other days were being called ashore.

Anne stopped to get her breath. She tried to think, but her mind only whirled madly; the sickness in her stomach seemed to press upward into her throat. No. No. This was wrong. She must go back. Get the boat. It was foolish to run along the shore.

She ran back then to her own dock, and was just untying the boat when she heard Judd's hail offshore. She looked up. His boat came in swiftly. "Anne. We found the boat."

It was like a blow. She crouched down on the dock. Somewhere dimly she could hear Judd's voice; she knew that he was shaking her, but the sobs that tore through her didn't lessen. "Anne. Anne. Stop it! Stop it! Listen to me. It was pulled up into the reeds on the other side. Shallow water. Inches deep. Do you hear me? He'd gone ashore. Anne. Nick's ashore someplace!"

Anne raised her head slowly and looked at Judd. "Not . . . not . . ." For the first time she formed the terrible word with her lips. . . . "Not drowned?"

"No, I tell you. You couldn't drown a kitten in water that deep. He's gone into the woods. The men are hunting. Come on. Get in."

Anne got in and crouched in the stern facing the dark woods on the opposite shore. Judd's boat roared over the water. She was wet with spray, but she didn't care. She gripped the boat so tightly the wood cut into her hands.

Judd ran his boat up into the reeds where a score of other boats were drawn up. They got out.

"See, Anne?"

"Yes." It was there. Carefully anchored. The fishing tackle was on the seat. But the gun . . .?

"Stay here, Anne; don't go in the woods. We don't want to have to hunt for you, too." Then Judd was gone.

Anne could hear the men moving in the woods, see a faint occasional glimmer of a flashlight; the sounds faded, grew more distant. She looked up at the dark mass of trees. How far had he gone. Deep? Deep into these woods where the children weren't allowed to go? Where the branches were so intertwined, the pines so thick, that even at high noon little light penetrated?

The commotion had disturbed the loons, and now over the water floated the lonely cry. Anne began to call again—"Nick! Nick!"—but the woods seemed to take her words and swallow them up into the blackness. From the lake again and again rose the mournful keening sound.

Anne turned. "Oh, stop, stop!" she cried. "Stop. I can't bear it." But still the wild, haunting cry rose over the lake.

She was crying now, brokenly, "Steve, forgive me, forgive me. I wanted to keep him safe. What have I done, Steve? Steve, I'll find him for you. I will. I will."

She began to run then along the edge of the woods, calling, stopping to listen. But only the loons answered. Around a bend in the shore she saw a break in the blackness. She ran toward it. An old, overgrown logging road. A little of the fading twilight entered here. She turned into it, ran on, calling. All about her, night things started up and whimpered as she plunged past through the high weeds. The darkness deepened. She would have to give up. Turn back. She stopped. And then she saw him.

She thought her mind was tricking

her. That it was a stump. Then it moved. "Mom . . . Mom . . ." And then they were together. She was holding him against her, warm, alive, and they were both crying.

"Oh, Nick . . . Nick . . ."

"Mom . . . Mom . . . He was patting her hair. She held him tightly, digging her fingers into his flesh for the reassurance of the solid bone underneath.

"Mom . . . I almost shot them. . . . I almost shot them. . . ."

Anne stiffened. She raised her head and stared, trying to see his face.

"The loons, Mom. I was going to. . . ." He began to cry again. "I was going to stop them crying like that at night. . . ."

"There, Nick, there. . . ." She drew his head down. "It's over, Nick. Don't. Don't think about it!"

"Mom, you don't know. . . . Mom. They saved me. I had a bead on one. I was going to . . ." He gulped down a sob and went on: "And then I couldn't, and I ran into the woods. I don't know how far . . . and then . . . I went to sleep, Mom, after a while. And when I woke up I didn't know how to get out. I was lost. I remembered what Dad said. About not wandering around. Stop and think, he always said. And then,"—his voice was getting tired—"it was so long, Mom. And then I heard them. The Daddy Kwimu. And so I knew. And I walked toward it. And when it didn't call, I waited. And when it did, I kept on. . . ."

Anne rocked him gently in her arms. She saw him in her mind, the gun aimed, the sickness as he realized what he had been about to do, the headlong rush into the woods, and sleep? He had cried himself to sleep. Oh, Nick, Nick, she thought, why did I think that places, that things, make security?

She was aware then that she had been kneeling on something hard. She reached down and picked up the gun from the grass where Nick had dropped it when she reached him.

She raised it and fired a shot into the air, and from the woods came Judd's shot in answer. THE END

"How Can We Have a Baby?"

(Continued from page 33)

If the tubes are blocked, can they be opened to make pregnancy possible?

Many specialists feel that the passage of the gas is not merely a diagnostic test, but that it has also cured many cases of infertility. The gentle pressure of the gas may remove impediments and clear the channels. More than one gas treatment may be necessary, or the physician may use oil instead of gas. Occasionally, a hopelessly blocked part of a tube may have to be removed surgically and the tube reconstructed by a plastic operation. Results of such operations have up to now been quite disappointing, but techniques are improving and more successes are being reported.

How can a doctor tell whether a woman is producing egg cells?

Egg-cell production, or ovulation, has to be determined in an indirect manner. Some women may recognize signs which suggest that ovulation is occurring. They may feel twinges of abdominal pain or cramping when a follicle of the ovary in which the egg is developing, ruptures to release the egg. They may also notice a slight spotting of blood at about the middle of the menstrual cycle. Secretions of the cervix usually become more profuse, thin and watery at the approximate time of ovulation, and the vagina may be noticeably more moist.

The doctor can also use certain tests for this purpose. Much information can be obtained by examining a small piece of tissue from the lining of the womb to see whether it has gone through the changes which normally take place if an egg has been formed. Cells swabbed from the vagina (smear tests) may also give important clues, and show whether the woman is producing egg cells.

The simplest test of all, however, is the so-called temperature curve. This is a practical and relatively new way of telling both whether and when a woman produces eggs. Significant changes in a woman's basal body temperature occur at about the time when ovulation is taking place. Ovulation is accompanied by *a slight but sustained rise in body temperature.* Thus, by studying the temperature taken every day and recording it on a chart, the doctor can tell whether an egg has been produced during the month.

Can a woman keep her own temperature charts?

Yes. Chart-keeping is not complicated. A sheet of ordinary graph paper, ruled in squares, is used for recording the temperature during the menstrual cycle. On this sheet, days are numbered *horizontally*, with the temperature range (from 97 to 99 degrees) on the *vertical* side. Each day, beginning with the first day following the cessation of menstruation, a dot is placed in the proper place to record the temperature for that day. At the end of the 28-day cycle, the dots are connected with lines to give a visual picture of events that have been occurring within the body.

Since daily temperature changes are slight—rarely more than a few tenths of a degree—a careful routine of taking the readings must be followed. The temperature should be taken every morning immediately upon awakening, before getting out of bed, talking, eating, drinking or smoking. The thermometer should be left in place for about five minutes. Mouth or rectal temperatures are equally reliable (mouth temperatures usually are lower), but one must adhere to whichever method is chosen. Known causes of temperature changes—colds, infections,

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upsets, even overindulgence in alcoholic beverages—should be noted on the chart.

How long are conditions favorable for conception each month?

Five days is probably a generous estimate of a woman's fertile period. The life-span of the egg is believed to be from 24 to 48 hours—some authorities put it as low as 12 hours—and the sperms retain vitality for about 48 hours. Five days allows for two potentially fertile days on either side of the day of ovulation. Hence the importance of proper *timing* of marital relations.

Can a woman recognize her fertile periods from her temperature charts?

After charts have been kept for two or three months, temperature changes which mark the time of ovulation, or fertile period, are usually easy to see if the menstrual cycles are normal. A typical chart for a 28-day cycle shows the changes to look for. The temperature is low during the first half of the cycle. At about the middle of the cycle the temperature drops still lower, but is immediately followed either by a relatively sharp rise or by a more gradual rise over a period of two or three days. Thereafter the temperature remains high during the latter half of the cycle, dropping sharply just before the next menstrual period begins (provided that conception has not occurred; if it has, the temperature remains high). In reading her charts, the wife should watch for a drop in temperature, followed by a rise, about 14 to 15 days before the expected period—a temperature change of from one-half to one degree. Pregnancy is most likely if intercourse takes place a day or so before or on the day of the temperature rise.

Is pregnancy less likely if intercourse is too frequent or infrequent?

Obviously, if marital relations are spaced far apart, the brief fertile period may be missed by sheer chance. But timing is more important than frequency when pregnancy is the object. Too-frequent sex relations—not uncommon in couples who are trying too hard—may lessen the chances of conception in couples of borderline fertility. Abstinence for a day or two seems desirable to restore the population of male sperm cells.

Do certain foods stimulate fertility?

Folklore holds that oysters, onions, eggs, garlic, lettuce, wheat germ and many other "magic foods" are wonderful stimulators of fertility. There is no scientific evidence that such is the case. Perhaps the most important relation of food to fertility is the consequence of too much food—*overweight.* Many obese men and women find it difficult to become parents. "Sterile" women who were too fat have become mothers after sufficient weight reduction.

What hormones are given to cure infertility?

Childless couples often come to the doctor expecting "injections." Hormones are only useful when they are needed to accomplish a certain effect. They would be of no value, for instance, in opening blocked tubes or relieving a chronic infection. Thyroid hormone may be given to improve metabolism and perhaps prime other glands into better function. Pituitary and ovarian hormones are sometimes given to regulate the menstrual cycle, stimulate egg formation, and prepare the womb for the reception of the fertilized egg. Testosterone, the male hormone, is sometimes given to men in the hope that sperm production will be stimulated.

Is an operation often necessary to correct infertility?

Surgery is seldom used in the average case—only when conditions cannot be corrected by lesser measures. Surgical measures that are sometimes necessary include excision of growths or cysts, freeing of adhesions, removal of obstructions, plastic reconstructions. Minor surgery, such as removal of polyps or cauterization of the cervix, is more frequent.

If a tube and ovary are removed, can a woman become pregnant?

As long as one tube and one ovary remain, a woman's chances of pregnancy are not greatly impaired. Pregnancies may even occur if the remaining ovary and tube are on opposite sides of the womb.

Do contraceptive practices impair fertility?

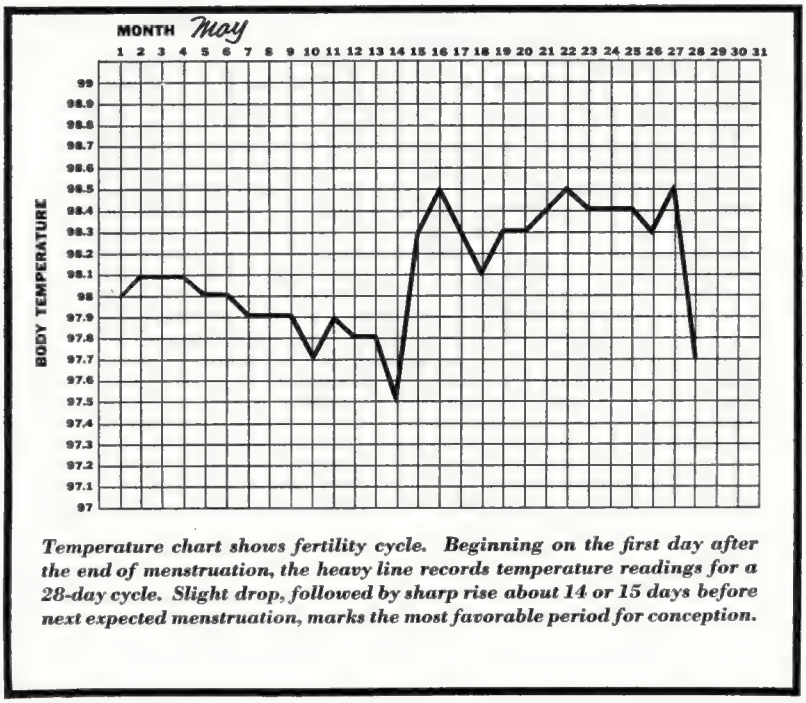
Amost every woman who seeks contraceptive advice is concerned about this question. She wants to be assured that she can have babies when she wants them. This assurance can conscientiously be given, insofar as the effects of medically approved contraceptives are concerned. Their use does not cause any damage to the reproductive system, and does not affect fertility. But if family limitation is practiced for many years, a woman naturally grows older, and the age factor may influence her chances of a pregnancy.

Is artificial insemination frequently used in the treatment of sterility?

Artificial insemination refers to the transfer of the male semen directly into the cervical canal by means of a syringe. We now prefer to use the term "therapeutic" instead of "artificial" insemination, because it is really a therapeutic measure employed in certain types of infertility.

Insemination is done either with the husband's semen or with the semen of a donor. The husband's semen is used when his sperms are few in number, or when they do not enter into the cervix in sufficient numbers. Under such conditions, the direct introduction of semen in concentrated form into the cervix can be of value, and successful results have been obtained by this method. If pregnancy follows, the baby is just as much a child of both parents as if conception had occurred from normal relations. In one such case that I recall, the wife was leaving for Europe, and the procedure was carried out on the eve of her departure. A few weeks later we received a cablegram from her containing a single word: "Bingo!"

When the husband, however, is incurably sterile and has no sperm cells at all, then the question of using a donor's fluid comes into consideration. The choice lies between adoption or insemination with a donor's fluid, really a form of "semiadoption." Some couples prefer the latter method because the child will inherit the qualities of at least one of them, and because it gives the wife a chance to fulfill her normal urge to bear and to mother her own child.



Temperature chart shows fertility cycle. Beginning on the first day after the end of menstruation, the heavy line records temperature readings for a 28-day cycle. Slight drop, followed by sharp rise about 14 or 15 days before next expected menstruation, marks the most favorable period for conception.

Donor inseminations carry many moral, social and legal implications, and these have to be carefully weighed in each instance. These treatments are not, to my knowledge, available in any of the fertility centers; they require a close and confidential relationship between the couple and their own physician.

Can emotional factors cause infertility?

It is quite probable that emotions can directly or indirectly impair fertility, or, at least, become contributory factors. Recently we reviewed the histories of 500 couples who were successfully treated for infertility. In about 30 per cent we could not, with any certainty, give credit for success to the physical and medical treatments they received. In these instances, at least, we believed that psychological factors played some part in restoring fertility.

Sometimes a woman wants a child only to hold her husband's love, or to placate a mother-in-law who makes life miserable by demanding grandchildren, or to prove that she is normal. These are not necessarily bad reasons, but in some instances, they may hide the fact that the woman does not truly desire a child. Oh else, without consciously realizing it, she may suffer from exaggerated fears of childbirth or of the responsibilities that come with childbearing and childrearing. Repressed hostilities and fears may cause muscle spasms or altered internal secretions which lessen the chance of pregnancy. Confidence and understanding may be built up during infertility treatments, fears lessened, tensions released, and these may be at least partially responsible for the pregnancy when it occurs.

The mere act of registering for fertility treatment may have a beneficial effect. Some couples who adopt children, after giving up hope of having any of their own, achieve unexpected pregnancies. Perhaps the release from strain, tensions and anxieties of trying too hard may subtly influence the wonderfully intricate machinery of reproduction.

How long does it take to treat an infertile couple?

There is no way of telling. Some couples, apparently in excellent health and with no discoverable reason for infertility, have been treated fruitlessly for many months or even years. To balance this, other couples who have been childless for years have conceived almost immediately after beginning treatment for infertility. Each case must be studied and treated individually.

Where can an infertile couple go for help?

The first source of help is the family physician. If he does not wish or does not feel qualified to manage the case himself, he can usually refer the couple to a specialist in this field or to near-by hospital or infertility clinic where specialized services are available. At the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau we accept only patients who are referred by their physicians. Infertility services in hospitals and clinics are available in many cities—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, Chicago, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Denver, Phoenix, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Galveston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, to name but a few. A complete list can be obtained from the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc., 501 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., or from a branch of the Federation which is listed in the local telephone book. Information about infertility services may also be obtained from the American Society for the Study of Sterility, 920 South 19th Street, Birmingham, Alabama. . . . THE END

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(Continued from page 58)

tears. "I'm sorry," she sobbed to her escort. "I can't go in—how could I dance and laugh with the sight of that misery so fresh in my mind?"

After that night, Gail, already a serious student, took an even greater interest in her studies and surroundings. She read books and talked to informed Cubans to find out what Cuba was doing for its poor, visited the American embassy to find out what, if anything, the United States was doing to help. A sophomore this year, Gail still has time to determine definitely just what she will do. What she knows now, after that night in Cuba, is that she's going to do *something.*

In the meantime, college life, with all the added enchantment of being college life abroad, went on. What fun, for example, to have *café con leche*—hot milk with a dash of coffee for flavor, a tradition as well as a most pleasing beverage—at the little hangout on the corner near the university. Or just to stroll through the campus.

"Why," said a little brown-haired girl from Baltimore named Beverley Henschober, "the very first day here a boy walked by, staring all the time, and when he got in front of me he stopped, raised all his books over his head, and threw them down on the sidewalk as hard as he could. Then he clapped his hand over his forehead and cried out as if in excruciating pain. That was the first time it happened, and it nearly embarrassed me to death. Since then, however,"—a modest little smile—"I have come to like it."

In addition to the slamming-down-the-books routine, the Cuban youth lets out the cry "*Cómo sufro!*" which means, literally, "How I suffer!" He thinks nothing of running up to a good-looking girl and singing an entire song to her.

And their line of chatter is flattering. "Within the space of five minutes," sighed one girl, "I was the most intelligent, witty and beautiful girl he had ever seen in his life."

But the Gaucheritas managed to handle the boys all right—except when politics came up. Then the girls received a shock for which they were totally unprepared. It came only after the second or third date, with boys they had come to know and like. *It was a bitter, scathing frenzied denunciation of the United States.*

This is the way it happened to Diane Holohan, a tall, willowy, blonde freshman from Rochester, New York.

"We were sitting on the sea wall, this boy and I," Diane said, "when suddenly he asked me why my country had not kept faith with his people, why we had broken our treaty, why we wanted to keep Cuba enslaved. He got furious, almost hysterical."

Back home that evening, Diane ran to Gail, and found that Gail had been lectured, too, as, at various times, had all the other girls. In the discussion that followed, some of the girls began to wonder if there was some justification for Cuban resentment of U. S. policy. They resolved to find out more.

After several weeks in Cuba, the girls were convinced that freedom of speech and other civil rights they had taken for granted did not exist on this island. Students told them, in hushed whispers, of friends and acquaintances who had disappeared after "talking too much." Almost without exception, the informed people of Cuba seemed to be in bitter opposition to General Fulgencio Batista, who seized control of the country in March, 1952.

Then the revolution broke out, at five A.M. Sunday, July 26, 1953. The actual shooting occurred on the eastern end of the island, where perhaps as many as a hundred people were killed. Censorship was imposed immediately, but throughout the morning students ran up on the veranda of the *colegio,* breathlessly told the latest rumors and dashed off to get more.

"**We've taken** Santiago de Cuba!" one boy exulted. "Soon Cuba will be free!"

Hardly had he gone when another boy rushed up. "Martial law has been declared!" he cried. "The streets of Havana are bristling with soldiers! The revolutionists will attack here any minute! Long live the cause of freedom!" and he was off.

Strangely, although they were very excited, and some other students were called home, none of the Gaucheritas were the least bit frightened. They talked with boys who had lost brothers and friends in the revolution, with boys who themselves were eager to take part. The city was full of soldiers, particularly around Batista's palace. A merchant ship was strafed off the coast. There were constant flurries of excitement. Finally, however, the fact had to be faced. The revolution had failed. Batista was still in power. The university was reopened after a week.

Normal life resumed, and there was still plenty of gaiety.

Carefree Havana offers many pitfalls, but none of the Gaucheritas came close to falling in. For some girls, the lush Tropicana, one of the most glamorous night clubs and gambling casinos in the world, was their first night club. Some had their first frozen Daiquiri in Havana. Yet no Gaucherita ever behaved improperly or came in one minute late.

Not that they didn't attract attention. They couldn't have been more obviously North American if "Made in USA" had been stamped on their noses. They asked directions of policemen in Spanish, and back came the answers in English, every time.

All the girls had light, gay experiences they will never forget—like the time pretty Joan MacBeth, of Cumberland, Maryland, went out with General Batista's son—and *he* took along two bodyguards. But there were serious overtones, too.

It's not easy to point to the time in a girl's life when she begins to look for a purpose in living, when she realizes that she is one with the destiny of mankind, but it is safe to say that many outlooks were changed in Havana.

One girl, from a sheltered home in a quiet town where cleanliness was something everybody could afford, hated everything she saw in Havana when she arrived. But within a few weeks she had become one of the happiest, friendliest, and most sought-after Gaucheritas of all. Nothing dramatic had happened; it was just that each little smile, each little courtesy extended her, was like the sunshine, and she opened her heart a little more each day.

Sometimes during those first few weeks, Carolyn Swanson, a senior in the Naval Reserve, began dreaming of putting in for the U. S. Naval Station at Guantánamo Bay, in Cuba, for her first tour of active duty as an ensign.

Sometime, also, Marlene Cline became impressed less by the size of the American embassy in Havana than by the work of the cultural section of the embassy, one of its smallest groups. This is the arm of the State Department which presents to the world the concrete values of freedom. In Cuba, the section takes a truck and a motion-picture projector right out to native villages and shows the people our way of life. Unfortunately, the section's budget and personnel were being curtailed just as Marlene discovered she wanted to do that kind of work.

Finding a life's goal does not necessarily mean choosing a government career. It can mean determining to do, a little bit better, what one was going to do all along. Becky Croxton, who is engaged to be married, has long loved children, long wanted a life of teaching and helping children, long wanted children of her own. Now that Becky has seen the squalid slums of Havana, and the black teeth of the kids who live in them, she hasn't changed her original dream. She just wants it that much more. No kids in Columbus, Ohio, will get more love than Becky's. You can bet the whole island of Cuba on that.

The girls discovered much about Cuba that they liked, especially the smiling, courteous, friendly people—and much they didn't like, including poverty and loss of civil liberties. But what they learned more than anything else in that country was how much better off they are right here at home. THE END

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 4, Between the Lines — Robert Stein; Pages 10-16, Tops in the Shops — Binder & Duffy; Page 26, Letters to the Editor — Peter Basch; Page 29, The Ordeal of an Innocent Man — Russell K. Meathers-Tulsa World; Pages 46-49, More Vacation for Your Money — Courtesy of Cypress Gardens, Free Lance Photographers Guild, A. Devaney, Philip Gendreau, Pix, Rapho-Guillumette; Page 59, Young Adults at Home (title page)—Ben Somoroff; Page 74, You and your Health — Peter Basch.

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like—the blond hair, the swing of his shoulders, the disconcerting ease of his smile.

They talked a little about the class, and then he said, "How about a Coke?"

In spite of the choking sensation in her throat, her voice was flat and casual. "I'm sorry," she said. "I've got a rehearsal."

"Don't tell me those drama maniacs have roped you into a play!"

"Only two lines."

He shook his head. "It'll get you; it always does. First thing you know, you'll be wearing ballet slippers and a smock, and suffering."

She managed a smile. When you were five feet tall, you wore French heels, period. As for suffering—

"Well, see you Monday," Tom said.

He turned into the coffee shop, and she was alone.

She walked quickly on around the corner, and then sank down on a bench. Her nervousness quickly vanished, leaving her with the feeling of stale self-contempt that she always had at such moments.

Why did I do it? she wondered. But she knew very well why. Because she was afraid of Tom Donald, or anyone like him. Because he was too sophisticated, too good-looking. Because a Coke might lead to a date, and she would not know what to do or say, and would end up by boring him, or making a fool of herself. It had always been that way, and after a few nightmarish evenings with men rounded up by her sorority sisters, she had simply quit trying. After all, she had told herself, too many people spent their college years playing around. College was a place to work, to study. Janet got straight As, she had a definite plan for her life, and there was no room in it for a Tom Donald. Most of the time she managed to convince herself that she was doing exactly what she wanted. Then something would happen, like her meeting tonight with Tom—

They were like a vast society, she thought—the shy ones of the world. The obvious members were fluttery and tongue-tied. They always ended up being backed into corners by people who wanted to "bring them out." But the clever members threw up disguises. They hid behind loud voices, and plaid shirts. They climbed mountains and made money and said shocking things to the press.

Janet had her own methods of defense. For one thing, she did not look shy. She had black hair and straight brows, and fierce blue eyes. She walked like a small tigress, and she could say "Absolutely not" with a finality that would stop a tank. Also, she had a genuine temper that could be counted on to rise up in emergencies. So nobody knew she was shy, nobody tried to help her, nobody tried to bring her out. A boy like Tom Donald might ask her once to have a Coke, but it was very unlikely that he would bother to ask her again.

She sighed, and walked slowly toward the theater.

The play was called "Step Right Down," and the author was Miles Watson, a former student who had made good on Broadway. "Step Right Down" was about life and love in a carnival. It was experimental, unlike Watson's other plays, and he had agreed to let the college try it out. This honor alone was enough to send the drama majors into a frenzy, but on top of that, Brent Carrigan, another former student, had agreed to take the lead. Brent Carrigan was not quite a class-A celebrity—his leads had been in plays that folded, and his long runs had been in small parts. But he had done a couple of movies, and a lot of television. Even Dr. Larson, the director, who had once given Brent a D in acting, now treated him with deference and respect.

The work lights were on in the theater, and the cast was beginning to arrive. Janet, who was acting as prompter and errand girl, too, sat down beside Dr. Larson.

"I don't get it," Dr. Larson said. He was a small man with curly gray hair and thick glasses which magnified the round wonder in his eyes.

"You know how this gang usually dresses for rehearsals," he went on. "Jeans, flats, no make-up. Look at 'em tonight. Myrtle Corry's curled her bangs for the first time since 'Hay Fever.' Even the boys look better. What goes on?"

Janet shrugged her shoulders. "Challenge and response," she said.

"What challenge?"

The casual prerehearsal chatter suddenly brightened and took on the quality of a midnight frolic in a pool.

"Here it is now," Janet said, without looking up.

Dr. Larson turned toward the door. "Brent!" he said, and his face broke into a smile.

Janet disliked Brent Carrigan. He was good-looking, in the new, rugged fashion, and his normally rough voice had been mellowed by a long apprenticeship of radio commercials. But he was too smooth, too sure of himself.

They had been in rehearsal for only three days—tonight was to be their first time on stage—but already Janet and Brent had settled into a feud.

Brent strolled down the aisle and eased into the seat beside Janet.

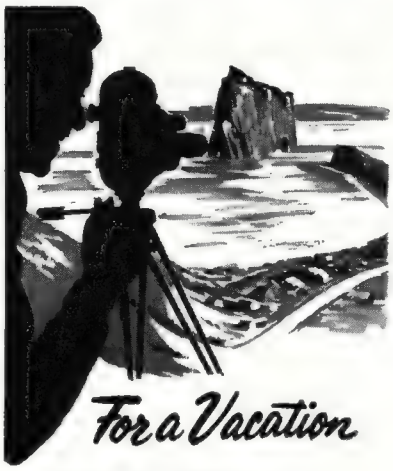
"How are you tonight, doll?" he said.

She glared at him. "I think I'm getting smallpox."

"Bless her heart; isn't she sweet?" Brent said. He put one leg over the seat in front of him and one arm around Janet's shoulders.

"I'm working like a pack horse, Prof," he said to Dr. Larson. "Got the whole first act cold." He gave Janet a squeeze. "And have you learned both your lines, dove?"

"I was up all night getting the feel



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of them," Janet said. "Now, if you'll excuse me—"

She went to the other side of the theater and pretended to study her script while the girls in the cast gravitated toward Brent. He was between marriages, and Janet could see bright hopes in more than one pair of shining young eyes. Brent was at the moment using expression A, which was expansive charm. He had several expressions, and Janet had put them into categories, using the alphabet, in case any new ones turned up. Besides A, there was B—serious and mission-ridden. He used B when he discussed the True Meaning of Theater. C was gay and suggestive. X was hard to define, but came over something like you're-the-most-fascinating-little-person-I've-ever-met-tell-me-more-about-yourself. X was what had made Myrtle Corry curl her bangs.

Dr. Larson clapped his hands for silence, and the rehearsal began. Janet's part was at the end of the first act. She was playing a girl of easy virtue who tried to comfort Brent in a moment of distress.

"How about buying me a drink?" she was supposed to say. And when he hesitated, she was to take his arm and say, "Come along, then—I'll buy you one."

The first time through, Brent gave her a peculiar look. She was doing her lines in a loud, clear voice, which was all that could be expected of an English major. After the second time through, he took her aside.

"Honey," he said, with honest concern, "you're terrible."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I don't pretend to be an actress."

"Maybe not, but you're in a play, so you'd better try."

"I am trying."

He frowned. "Stay after rehearsal, will you, and we'll work this over a couple of times."

"I can't," she said. "It's all I can do now to keep up with my studying."

"Look," he said. "This play may seem unimportant to you, but it happens to be very big-deal. It's a world première, and a lot of people are coming out to see how it goes. You have a responsibility to the cast and the playwright, and if you didn't intend to do this right, you shouldn't have taken it in the first place."

"But it's only two lines."

"Listen—I work up through the whole act for this moment. It should be tawdry, and cheap, and heartbreaking. And then you come out sounding like the president of a bird-watching society. Maybe you don't mind being laughed off the stage, but I do."

"All right," she snapped, "I'll stay. But only for fifteen minutes."

She was too angry with Brent to be frightened. But after the rehearsal, when the cast began to file out, panic struck. She sat in the front of the theater, scowling defensively.

"I'll get the lights," Brent said to Dr. Larson. "Janet and I are going to go over that last bit."

Janet caught Myrtle Corry's envious parting glance. Then they were alone, she and Brent Carrigan, and she wondered frantically what she should say.

It turned out to be no problem. Brent was very businesslike. They went through the part three or four times, and he shook his head.

"Let's talk about it a little," he said. They sat in the theater and lighted cigarettes.

"Now," he said, "this girl you're playing is a tramp. But she's in love with the hero. And in this scene he's down; he's had it. She wants to help him. She'd walk under a train if it'd do any good. So when she offers to buy him a drink, it isn't just a drink she's offering him. Get it?"

"I read a book about it once."

"Well, that's better than nothing. Now try the lines right here. Don't project. Don't act. Just say them."

She tried it, and he sighed. "Honey," he said, "if you couldn't do any better than that, you'd starve." He looked at her thoughtfully. "I tell you what. There's a carnival in town. Tomorrow's Saturday night—no rehearsal. What do you say we go in and see if we can soak up some atmosphere?"

"I can't."

"Why not? Have you got a date?"

The question came too fast for her to lie. "No, but it's the only night to catch up on my studying."

"Don't be silly. Nobody studies on Saturday night. I'll pick you up at seven. Where do you live?"

"At the dorm. But I can't—"

"For heaven's sake," he said. "I think you're scared of me!" He looked at her with new interest. "Nobody's been scared of me since I dressed up in a skull and jumped out at the girls on Halloween, and that was about twenty-five years ago." He kissed her lightly. "There. That wasn't so bad, was it?"

She drew back her hand and gave him a resounding slap. He blinked. "Incredible," he said. "I feel as if I've been shuffled around in a time machine. It's 1890; in a minute your father will appear, shaking his whiskers, and order me to marry you."

"I'd rather go into a convent," she snapped, and he laughed.

"Come along, doll," he said. "I'll buy you a Coke and walk you home."

She did not move.

"Good grief," he said, "you're not really mad, are you? Believe me, I'm not worth it. Now come along. I'm going to turn off the lights, and you can't sit here in the dark. The Yama-Yama Man'll get you, and that'd be worse than me."

Janet found herself returning his smile. After that there was nothing to do but follow him out of the theater. They had a Coke, and Brent talked as though nothing had happened. He discussed the play, its faults and its merits, what the author was trying to say, what he, Brent, wanted to do with his part. Janet began to catch his enthusiasm. For the first time the play seemed important, and exciting. She tried to remind herself that he was merely using expression B (mission-ridden), but it did not seem true. Suddenly the waitress appeared and told them that the place was closing, and Janet realized that they had been there for over an hour.

They walked quickly across the campus. At the steps of the dorm, Brent said, "I'll see you tomorrow, then."

The fear began to come over her. "I don't think—"

He held up his hand. "Now, now, none of that. I'll be here at seven. And honey, don't let my dialogue throw you. I mean well. And I promise I won't grab you again without special permission. Okay?"

She hesitated, and then she began to smile. "Okay," she said.

Most of the girls who were lucky enough to have dates that night spent half of Saturday afternoon doing their nails and fussing with their hair. Janet waited until six-thirty before she started to get ready. She told herself it was because she wanted to study, but the real reason was more complex—something along the lines of I'll be darned if I'll spend three hours getting ready for him. If he doesn't like me the way I am, the heck with him. Beyond that was pride—I refuse to let him think I'm interested. And beneath it all—he won't like me anyway, so why try?

She took a shower, put on a fresh cotton dress, combed her hair, and applied her lipstick. Lipstick was as far as she went with make-up, and she wore that only because convention demanded it.

Brent arrived promptly at seven, and Janet experienced, for the first time, the heady sensation of walking out the door with a man whom most of the girls would have given seventeen credits to date.

When they got in the car, he said, "You look nice, honey."

She was suddenly ashamed, and wished that she had borrowed Helen's mascara. Next time, if there is one, she thought. I'll do better.

It was a warm evening. The air was heavy, and there were flashes of heat lightning on the horizon. The carnival was just south of town. They parked the car and walked across the dusty grounds, into the noise and the lights.

"Watch everything," Brent said. "Listen to it. Smell it. You'll get what I mean."

They wandered around between the stands.

"As long as we're here," Brent said, "we may as well have some fun."

So they tried the rifle range, and the archery, and the penny games. Then they rode the Ferris wheel, and the whip, and shrieked and laughed, and ate popcorn and hot dogs, and went to the side show. At last they dragged off toward the car, carrying three or four atrocious plaster dolls and a cane with a feather top.

"I haven't gone to a carnival for twenty years," Brent said. "What I've been missing!"

"Me too," said Janet. "When we got on the whip I thought I'd have a heart attack. When I was little, I used to ride it half a dozen times without batting an eyelash."

"That must have been a long time ago," said Brent. He looked at her, and there was a moment of silence. "Well," he said, a little awkwardly, "we didn't get much material, I'm afraid."

"I forgot to notice."

"So did I."

There was another uncomfortable silence.

"'How about buying me a drink?'" Janet said.

Brent looked surprised.

"'Come along, then. I'll buy you one.'"

He nodded. "That was better. Not good, but better. Speaking of drinks—no, you're too young."

"I could lie."

"Can't have that. We'll settle for a lemonade."

They found a booth at the back of the drugstore. Janet never talked about herself, but now, somehow, she began.

"You know the stories about the kings who have three beautiful daughters?" she said. "Well, I'm the fourth one. My sisters are beautiful. My mother's beautiful. My father's handsome. I don't mind. I'm used to it."

"You don't have to be beautiful," Brent said.

"I know, I know. I've read all the articles. If you're not beautiful, you can be interesting. You can have personality. You can learn to play the guitar and keep your teeth clean."

He smiled. "What are your plans?"

"I'm going to get my master's here."

"And then?"

"Then I'll go East and get a Ph.D."

"And then?"

"Then I'll teach."

"Sounds grim."

"It isn't. It's exactly what I want."

"What do you do for laughs?"

"I haven't got time for laughs. I'm taking a full schedule, and I like what I'm doing. Too many kids spend their time fooling around and end up with nothing."

"Um," he said.

They drove home in silence. In front of the dorm, he put his arm around her. "May I?" he said.

"No."

He kissed her anyway, and after a moment she pulled back.

"You promised you wouldn't do that."

He grinned. "I was lying."

She got quickly out of the car, but he jumped out the other side and ran up the steps to open the door for her. He patted her shoulder. "Never mind the guitar, doll," he said. "You'll do all right without it."

She frowned, and went in without saying good night.

Janet lay awake for a long time that night. Why me? she wondered. Why should he pick on me? She was angry, and disturbed. She felt that she had taken a wrong turn somewhere, and strayed from her familiar path into a forest. It was more than Brent—it was the strangeness of being on stage, the odd holiday atmosphere of the campus, the carnival—everything was strange and frightening. She thought with sudden longing of the old life she had led, only a few days before. Now it was ruined. Now she would jump when the phone rang; she would go to rehearsal with her heart pounding. I won't let it happen, she thought. I'll ignore Brent. I'll drop out of the play. I'll tell Dr. Larson tomorrow.

But the next night she was at rehearsal, and when Brent greeted her, she found herself holding out her hand to meet his.

After that, she saw a great deal of Brent Carrigan. He walked home with her after rehearsals. He took her to the movies on Saturday nights. Sometimes he appeared at noon, and they had lunch together.

The other people in the cast began to notice Janet, and make a fuss over her. She even found herself on a new footing with Dr. Larson.

After three years of obscurity, people were suddenly finding her interesting and worth knowing. She had no illusions about her new popularity—it was all because of Brent. But why did he bother? Boredom? There were plenty of other girls.

Brent had suggested, just once, that they stop at his place for a cup of coffee. When she refused, he had grinned and said, "Don't look so alarmed, honey. I was only asking. Besides, I knew you wouldn't."

"If you knew I wouldn't, why did you ask?"

"Habit, I guess. I won't do it again—I promise."

"You're always promising."

"Ah, but this time I mean it."

And he had kept his word—and he had gone on taking her out. So there was a chance—just a chance—that he actually saw something in her that no one else had seen. This possibility gave her new courage. She found herself speaking up in class, carrying on conversations during the break, talking at the dinner table.

The night before the play opened, Janet and Brent walked back to the dorm the long way.

"You're still not an actress," he said, "but for an English major, you're not bad."

"I hope it goes all right," she said. "Not me, I mean. The play."

"So do I."

They stood for a moment at the door. "See you tomorrow," he said. "When it's all over, we'll go to the cast party and really whoop it up. Okay?"

"Okay," she said. "And Brent—good luck."

They shook hands solemnly.

The play would run for three nights; then Brent would go away, and she would never see him again. She had known this from the beginning, of course, but it had seemed unreal. In the confusion of the past weeks, she had felt that the play would never go on. And now it was nearly over.

It's ridiculous, she thought. All this work, and then wham, it's gone. What shall I do? she wondered. What did I use to do with my time? What shall I do without Brent? Maybe he'll stay around for a while.

But she knew he would not. And even if he did, she could not imagine how it would be. He was part of the play, part of the unreality of the summer. She deliberately pushed away the thought. There would be the play, and after the play, the party. With Friday night to look forward to, why worry

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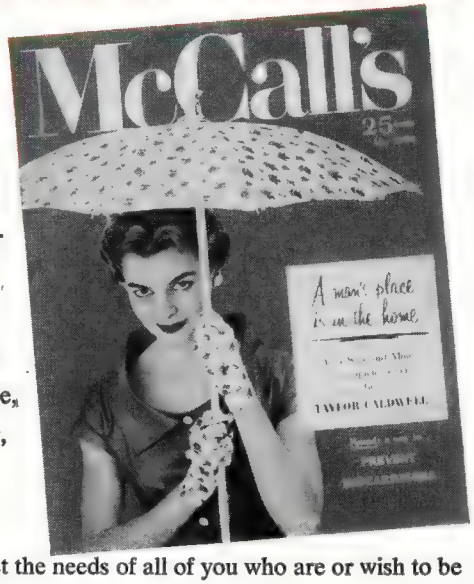

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about Monday? Three days—a lot could happen in three days. A miracle could happen.

An hour before curtain time, Brent knocked on the dressing-room door. "Janet," he called, "can I see you for a minute?"

She went out in her robe. Her hair was stripped back and her face scrubbed and shiny, ready for make-up.

"Good," he said. "I'm in time."

"Time for what?"

"Old superstition. On opening night, all girls should be kissed before they put on their lipstick."

"You mean you're going to kiss all of us?"

"No," he said, "just you."

He took her into his arms.

"Brent," she objected, "somebody'll see us."

"So? I told you, it's a superstition. All actors are superstitious."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly."

"All right," she said, and he kissed her soundly. She clung to him for a moment.

They looked at each other, smiling helplessly.

"Well," he said, "hope you break a leg."

"You, too."

She went back to the dressing room, and began to get ready.

At eight o'clock, everyone went on stage for final instructions. Dr. Larson gave them a short talk, then threw up his hands as though he were consigning their souls to heaven, and went out front. Miles Watson looked like a man on an invisible rack. Brent was frowning and distant. Janet sat on the prompter's stool, the script in her lap, her face coated with layers of make-up. The house lights dimmed, there was silence, the creak of the curtain, and Brent walked past her, and into the play.

The scenes that had taken hours of work went by with incredible speed. Suddenly it was time for Janet to go on. She stepped on stage in blind terror. She saw the footlights, and her ears throbbed with the silence. Then Brent was beside her and the lines came somehow out of her mouth. Her voice sounded flat and small, with the accustomed echo of the auditorium dulled by the presence of hundreds of people. Then they were off-stage again, and the applause began.

Brent picked her up and whirled her around. "Listen to that!" he shouted. "They like it!"

Backstage filled with people. Dr. Larson was beaming excitedly and saying, "Don't let it down, now. Keep it up!" Miles Watson appeared, and with him was a stranger—a tall, blonde woman in a black sunback dress, with what were unmistakably real pearls wound around her neck.

"Brent," Miles called, "look who's here!"

Brent turned around. "Dottie!" he cried.

The woman laughed and held out her arms.

Brent gave her a gigantic hug. "Honey," he said, "I thought you couldn't get away. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Surprise. Darling, you're great.

Just great. And so's the play," she added, smiling at Miles.

Brent shook his head, looking at her. "I can't believe it. I can't believe you're really here."

She kissed him. "I haven't missed one of your openings for five years. This took a little juggling with the schedule, but I made it."

"Dr. Larson," Brent said, "come over here. I want you to meet Dottie Lang—here's the girl I'm going to marry."

Janet went back across the stage, picked up her script, and stared at it. The rest of the play went by quickly. When it was time for curtain calls, she slipped into the dressing room and changed to her street clothes. Then she went back to the dorm, without removing her make-up.

"How did it go?" Helen, her roommate, asked.

Janet began to cream her face. "Fine. Big hit. Everybody liked it."

"How come you're in so early? I thought there was going to be a cast party."

"There is," Janet said, "but I couldn't face it. I'm beat."

She went straight to bed. She felt tired, and curiously numb. What did I expect? she wondered. Nothing, really. Just because it was summer, and you were in a play, didn't mean your life would suddenly change. You were still Janet Dorn. You looked the same, acted the same, sounded the same as before. It was no age for miracles. She knew then that her trip into the forest was over. She was back on the old familiar path, as though nothing had ever happened.

The last nights of the play were without event. Janet moved in a sort of dull haze. Dottie Lang was backstage most of the time, and Janet exchanged only polite hellos with Brent, and a polite good-by after the final show.

She spent Sunday studying, and on Monday she went to class. Life had settled into its old rut, and the play was already turning into a memory.

But when she came out of her class at noon, Brent was waiting for her. For a moment she could not believe it. She simply stared at him.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," she said blankly. "I thought you were gone."

"Not till this afternoon."

"Oh."

She started walking, and Brent walked with her.

"Are you mad?" he said.

"No. Should I be?"

"Well, yes," he said. "I'm sorry I faded out on you for the party. And after that I didn't have a chance to talk to you. Dottie wouldn't let me out of her sight. Somebody told her about you, and if I'd made a move in your direction, she'd probably have torn your hair out, or maybe mine. I figured that'd be bad for both the show, and our scalps."

"You mean—" Janet said, "you mean Dottie's jealous of *me?*"

"Why not?"

Why not! No one had ever been jealous of her before. And someone like Dottie Lang—

"Where is she now?" Janet asked.

"Flew back early this morning. I told her I had some business to attend to. I didn't tell her it was you."

"Me? You stayed over to see me?"

"Look—I may be a cad, but I don't go out with a girl every night for a month and then vanish without a word."

"Why did you?" Janet said urgently. "Go out with me, I mean."

He hesitated. "May I ask a rude question?"

She nodded.

"You're not in love with me, are you?"

She thought it over. "No," she said, and was faintly surprised to find that it was the truth.

Brent sighed. "I didn't think so," he said. "I'm relieved. Also insulted. Well then, I'll tell you. I took you out at first because I thought you needed a little shaking up. I must admit I ended by getting a bit shaken up myself."

"You did?" she said. "Really?"

"Yes, really."

"So did I," said Janet .

They regarded each other solemnly.

"And now," said Brent, "we've both recovered?"

She looked at him. He was handsome, a lot older than she, a little too glib, a little too flashy—but nice.

"It's funny," she said, "but I think we have."

They both smiled. "In that case," Brent said, "let's have a friendly lunch."

They had lunch, and talked so long that Janet missed English 13. It was the first time she had ever cut a class. She told Brent good-by, and walked back across the campus.

She ran into one of the boys from her English class, coming out of the library. She had noticed him before, and now and then they had exchanged a few words, but she could not remember his name.

"Well," he said, "where were you today, Janet?"

"Playing hooky. It's too hot to think."

"By the way," he said, "I saw you in the play. You were real cute."

"Thanks," she said, smiling at him. He had a crew cut, and he was tall and tan, and looked as though he would play a good game of tennis. He seemed young, and not at all frightening. In fact, he might be fun to go out with. But how—? Then she remembered her lines—the lines she would never say again. Maybe it would be worth while to try them once more.

"Say," she said, "how about buying me a Coke?"

"Swell," he said.

It was as simple as that.

I've got to remember his name, she thought. He sat in the row in back of her. That meant he was an F, or maybe a G. Well, it would come to her. He knew *her* name, and that was the most important thing.

They strolled off toward the coffee shop. And then she realized that she was on a new path, after all, but it was not an untracked forest. It was sunny, and pleasant, and looked very much like a campus. A campus was a place to study, and learn. But you could learn more than English literature. You could learn about people. You could even grow up. ... THE END

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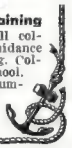

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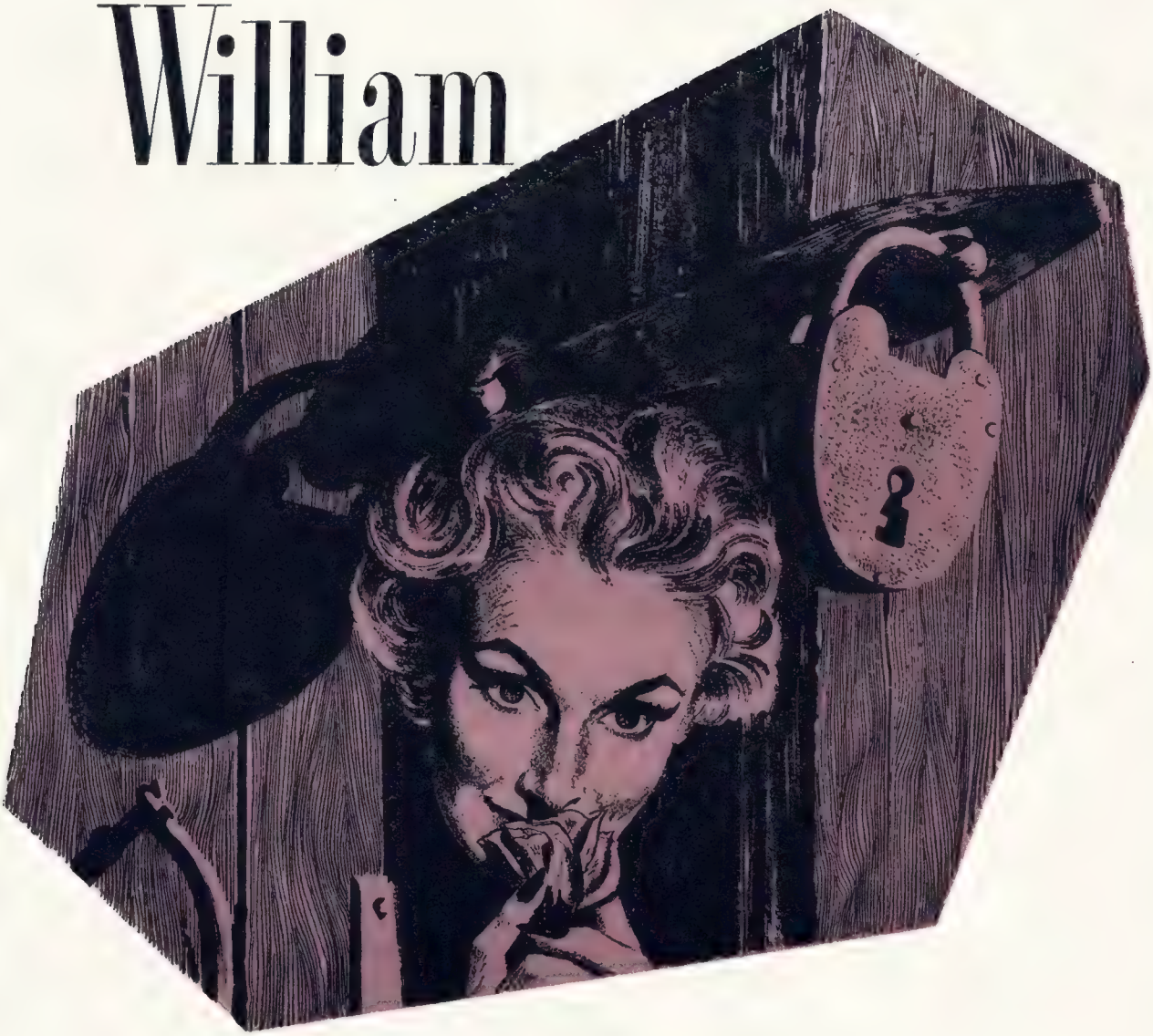

BY NONA COXHEAD

Must youth sacrifice itself to age? Yearning for love and laughter, Ruth tried to escape her uncle's dependence. But beneath his wistful frailty lay strength —a sinister strength that could trap her, and come terrifyingly close to murder!

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The slim figure of Ruth Barlow emerged haltingly from the dark old house and stood framed in the porch doorway a moment. In front of her, the small glow of her uncle's pipe paused on its upward journey; the creak-thump of his aged rocker slowed a little.

Ruth looked away over the silent New England hills, past the leaning barns, the jungle blackness of neglected farmland, far off into the barren, shadowed distance in which no smallest sign of other human life could be found. A high moon rising between murky clouds revealed the strain in her pale, young face, the desperation in her dark eyes.

Slowly she moved to a chair beside her uncle. In the humid stillness, where the chant of insects seemed to take over the night, she watched him, her hands locked tightly in her lap. Twice, she leaned forward to speak to him. Twice, her heartbeat loud enough for herself to hear, she drew back.

Oblivious, the old man dreamed on, smiling gently to himself, his white head seeming to nod and nod at some invisible joy out in the stagnant gloom. With little smacking sounds, he sucked on his beloved pipe. The rocker carried back the small, upright figure with a boyish lift of knees, set it down again with a light slap of blunt-toed boots.

Ruth's hands formed fists, against which for a while she laid her head. Then, with a sudden push at her dusky hair, she looked up.

"Uncle—Uncle William," she began, her anguish barely contained against startling him, "you're—you're well again now, aren't you?"

The moment she'd spoken, fear widened her eyes. She sat stiffly, waiting.

The soft halo of white hair tilted slowly toward her. Bushy white eyebrows rose over eyes childlike with dreaming. The gentle smile lingered. "Well—Ruthie?" he inquired. His speech had a sweetness, an impediment like a lisp.

Ruth drew in a slow, deep breath. That was the way it had begun before—the trance replaced by surprise, the withdrawal of his pipe to his chest. Her heart pounded wildly. Nothing had changed, she knew now, nothing! The interminable weeks of caution had been wasted, joined, merely, to the paralyzing delay of love and pity that had preceded them, just another portion of her life swallowed up in loneliness. Another word from her, just the slightest hint that she had not abandoned the intention of selling the house, and he would collapse in front of her, a shaken mass of humanity that hedged with death.

"I just wondered, Uncle," she breathed, "I just wondered."

He sank a little in his chair and seemed to sleep. Then his pipe moved free. "Quite well, Ruthie," he said, "but for eating. Nothing's good since Mother's cooking." His rocker resumed its steady tempo.

Ruth sat very still. The clock in the parlor chimed the hour, a flat, muted whirr, as if the noting of time was a wasted effort. Off in darkness, the cow lowed, a melancholy plaint. Ruth jumped up and moved about. A bird winged out from the eaves. A small animal scuttled over the roof. William noticed nothing.

Ruth's slow, restless pacing was final endurance walled by an agony of question. She paused, lifted her face to the darkening sky.

Presently, her hands moved into a fervid clasp in front of her. Her eyes brightened with determination, with hope.

THIS novel, like all other novels printed in REDBOOK, *is purely fiction and intended as such. It does not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any person, living or dead, is used, it is a coincidence.*

She found Doctor Rowlen's waiting room full. He had his office in his home, a dank, disinfectant-smelling house a block behind the main street. The rooms were small and crowded with heavy furniture and brass-potted plants. A framed sampler bore the inscription HOME IS BEST.

Ruth felt strange, ill-at-ease under the scrutiny of the villagers. Her cotton dress, once a deep pink, was shabby and plain even for a town as remote as this and, though adequate for marketing, or bringing Uncle William in for his inheritance check each month, under close inspection it made her aware of herself as she must seem—different, a bit of a curiosity, as had been most of the Barlows coming from their solitary farm in the hills. She wished it were not so. She yearned for the contemporary talk of her twenty-five years, for the spontaneous exchange of smiles, the joy of laughter as she remembered it, from the wooden schoolhouse now replaced by yellow brick, from the later days of family attendance at church, and church socials. She could remember fairs and hayrides, and the very precious moments of friendship with her cousin Vi, who lived in New York now, whose offer to share her apartment with her and Uncle William had seemed so wonderful—until Uncle William heard it.

She picked up a magazine with trembling fingers. Not only had the death of her grandmother, then of her mother cut her off from the past; it had cast a shroud of unreality over the present. She lowered her eyes unseeingly to the pages before her, her beautifully shaped but work-worn hands a shock of contrast to the white paper. What would these waiting people think if she told them what she was here for today? Would they laugh? Would they think her mind touched by solitude?

She wanted to search their faces for her own answer. More than that, she wanted to stay among them, reach out and clasp them, never, never to return to isolation.

From the doctor's room she heard the genial mumble of male voices. Something in her shivered, for when there was a woman patient in there, there was no sound of jollity. Always it had been thus; Doctor Rowlen had sympathy for men, antagonism for women. Her family had never understood it, but had accustomed themselves to it, like the weather and crops. For he was the only doctor within miles, and he was a good one. Every creature had its reasons, its strangeness, her mother would say, even the animals in the barnyard. She bade Ruth put away her resentment, overlook offense. It's not as though it's personal, she had said. Ruth reminded herself of this again, but her hands grew cold with anticipation.

At last she was beckoned into the doctor's office. The nurse would have smiled had she not been so engrossed instead in studying Ruth. The nurse herself was a dismayingly ugly woman, with thick-lensed spectacles, a sallow complexion and a body that seemed stuffed into the skirt and blouse she wore (Doctor Rowlen did not like uniforms). She laid, however, a firm and kindly hand on Ruth's slim brown arm in leaving, as if to mitigate what lay ahead. Ruth turned to the doctor.

He looked up without a smile. He was a tall, thin-faced man with amber-colored eyes that were at once penetrating and empty. His high dome of a head, with its thin, carefully-combed hair, was indefinably arrogant, and though there was no sneer on his thin mouth, one seemed to be there, ready.

Ruth clutched her purse nervously as she sat down. He made no effort to help her assemble courage. Nor did he wait patiently, but after a minimum nod of acknowledgment, sat tapping his filbert-shaped nails with a pencil. Ruth knew that in a moment he would look at the clock.

"Doctor Rowlen," she began quickly, "I need your advice, your help."

Doctor Rowlen dropped the pencil lightly into his palm, folded his hand about it. He did not speak.

Ruth's fingers dug into the leather of her purse, and the leather became clammy. "It's about Uncle William,"

she continued, "about his seizures." She used the family word for William's fits of shock.

Doctor Rowlen's eyes moved around slowly to make contact with hers, then moved away again to a spot on the far wall. His mouth seemed to compress, yet it was only momentary if it had.

Ruth sat forward on the edge of her chair. "Doctor Rowlen, the last time you came to him I didn't tell you what had happened, what had caused it. You see, Mother left me the house with the idea that I sell it to Tim Jensen, in order to raise money to move away. Tim Jensen had come over that afternoon—"

Doctor Rowlen was not listening. He was staring at her, his fine, thin eyebrows raised as high as they would go. "Sell the Barlow place?" he asked.

Ruth nodded. It was natural for him to be surprised, having heard nothing of it, perhaps, but she felt that she was continuing against some weight of opposition. "I know that Grandma Molly promised Uncle William he would never have to leave his home," she hurried on, "but she never expected he would outlive everyone but me. No one could, could they?"

Doctor Rowlen sat back slowly in his swivelchair, waiting.

Against what was she trying to convince him, Ruth wondered? She wanted to shake the negative spell of his coldness from her head, but the impression remained that she faced an enemy. "But of course, Uncle would always have a home with me," she added, involuntarily. "I'd always look after him, no matter what. And I know he'd be all right, if only—"

Doctor Rowlen grunted.

Falteringly she went on. "If only he could get used to the idea. If only he could understand that his mother isn't there any more, that I can't be her, live on there—" She paused, confused by a manner she could no longer overlook. "What I wanted to know was," she finished shakenly, "just how serious his seizures are. I mean, could they—?" She stopped and a blush tinted her face.

The amber eyes were staring at her in frank knowingness. This time, the sneer could not be mistaken. "Kill him?" he asked. The doctor gazed at her speculatively, as if considering the worth of his time in speaking to her at all. "I suppose," he began with a glance at his calendar of appointments, "that you want me to tell you that it is quite all right to pursue your own ends, that of course the old man's life is in no way your responsibility, and to go right ahead; sex and youth must have its way, God's intention and such. . ."

Ruth gasped, froze. Emotions tore through her—anger, guilt, the breathless sense of walls closing, closing, without reason, with no chance to cry out for help. "But—but that isn't fair. Doctor Rowlen," she cried. "That isn't what I meant! I—"

He lifted one of his thin hands wearily. "I'm a blunt, unlovable man, Miss Barlow; that's common knowledge. You should take it into account when you come to me. If you're sick, I'll try to make you well, because that's the end to which my life was shaped before I had any say in the matter—" He cast a quick, almost imperceptible glance at the photo of his mother on the wall, a handsome, imperious woman with a large, corseted bosom. "But if you ask for advice, be sure you can stand the truth. It's all I have time for."

Ruth swallowed. Her soft, dark eyes were enormous with distress, her face drained of beauty. She had, at last, some comprehension of the cause of her disadvantage with him, but she could not afford to be halted by it. "It's the truth I came for," she said steadily.

"All right," said the doctor. He laid his hands flat to the desk. His eyes flashed with sudden bitterness and fury. "They forced the little fellow into everything—off to school when it was obvious to a fool that his nature wasn't fit for it; into the army, a saintly soul without the heart to kill an insect. Each time it nearly took his life. Now you ask me if it will kill him to take away his home."

He leaned forward, his face coloring and contorting with an inward rage that drove his gaze into open hostility with hers. "Let me tell you something, Miss Barlow"—He had disdained to call her "Ruth" since her first signs of adulthood—"Something that you might do well to learn. People are born into this world to be what they are, no matter what it is. Some, like William, might be too gentle of spirit for what they find here. But these are not weak nor mad except as they are driven to it by those who refuse to let them survive in their own way. Drive a man like William past his own form of strength, and you have killed him. You've asked for the truth, and there it is." He took his hands off the desk and placed them on the arms of the chair, as if to assist his rising. "I'm sorry I can offer you no glib solution to your problem, Miss Barlow. I'm afraid that is for you to find for yourself."

Ruth rose to anticipate him, all her strength placed in the control of further emotion. "I understand," she said, "but would the shock be liable to kill him?"

Doctor Rowlen's gaze hooded itself with a momentary droop of large, pale lids. "Miss Barlow," he said, sighing, "I think you knew the answer to that before you came to me." He looked up at her, his amber eyes revealed in a hard, penetrating stare. "But," he added, "professionally, literally, yes. I would say, in fact, that it could hardly fail to do so. His heart is only as good as his peace of mind. In other words, the poor old fellow's life is entirely in your hands, Miss Barlow."

Ruth stared back. The contemptuous gaze before hers did not flinch. She saw his hand grope for a chart on his desk. Before he could turn to it, dismiss her from his attention, she turned and, without another word, left.

She sat straight behind the high wheel of the old car, her shoulders tense, her slim body rigid with resistance to the hard jolts of the rough dirt road, as if its lonely, tortuous miles were aligned with the doctor's harsh words, part of a mounting threat like fate itself. Anger kept her head high and held off the panic that rode with her like an evil presence waiting to pounce on her will, to strangle her with doubt and fear.

She drove as fast as she dared, because she wanted to drive in the other direction, because neither compassion nor guilt matched her fierce desire for escape.

When the house loomed into the distant horizon, her hands seemed to paralyze on the wheel, her heart to stop. A cold hand, like steel, pressed at her head. No, no, no! she seemed to scream. But there was no sound from her, only the deepening of a frown, the hardening of her gaze, and no slackening of the car's wracking course.

As she watched the old place draw nearer to her vision, it no longer looked like a structure composed of wood and inanimate materials of the earth, sad in its decay, but a vampire-like force that sucked her back into a dark, smothering embrace.

She sat straighter. The late-afternoon sun made glints in her dark eyes.

As the car lurched into the barn, scattering chickens from its path, William came from the vegetable patch and stood watching, one strap from his blue overalls unbuttoned, the lace of one boot trailing in the caked, rain-hungry ground, a few dirt-lumped carrots grasped in his hands. His eyes were fixed to her face like blue marbles, round and still with questioning.

Ruth hauled in the bags of marketing in full awareness of his need, but her old smile of reassurance would not come to her lips. She saw that there was white stubble on his face, and she felt a faint chill, like a ghostly touch on the back of her neck.

"Take one of these bags, Uncle William," she requested, against the knowledge that his hand must have trembled too much for him to shave.

"Yes, Ruthie," he said, with the peculiar sweetness that was like a loving child's. But he didn't move. His head was cocked, the better to catch the shade of her expression.

She moved to him and pressed the bag into his arms. He lost a little balance, but grasped it and moved slowly behind her into the house. She was conscious of the faltering steps. He had aged in the past weeks, she decided, his small amount of buoyancy drained away. She heard his hard breathing as he mounted the stone steps to the kitchen door.

She went on, more quickly. "Just leave it on the floor," she said. Her step halted abruptly. On the kitchen table, where she had set it out for him, was his midday meal—untouched.

She stood there an instant. She did not turn. She heard mice scurrying for shelter inside the pantry, the wheezing tick of the old clock in the dim, shadowed rooms beyond. She put down her bundle, said nothing.

William's bag thumped as he released it to the floor, and he gave a cough of exertion. He stood then, watching Ruth, alertness for her glance increasing with his returning breath. When he could not make contact with her eyes, he followed her a little, his boots squeaking laboriously over the worn boards of the floor as she went back and forth putting away the supplies.

She heard him take in a harsh breath. "Ruthie?" he said, his tone timid, brought from him with great effort. "Ruthie?"

She emptied oatmeal into a small barrel. "Yes, Uncle William?" she said, dusting off her hands, and going for the next item for placement.

"You were gone an awful long time, Ruthie. . ."

Ruth's heart tugged, but from a new distance. "Was I?" she answered lightly, with a shrug of mystification.

William's chin lowered. The baby blue of his eyes was pressed into a narrow encirclement for the black centers of dilation. His lower lip quivered.

Pausing to push her shining, dark hair from her damp brow, Ruth half saw, half sensed the crystallizing effect of her compulsive resistance to the old man. The eyes that she knew were there, staring at her, made a mental fusion with the amber ones of earlier. She could do nothing to alter the moment. It was like the negation of danger by walking toward it. She went on rapidly with her tasks.

"What were you doing, Ruthie?" The small voice was contracted to a husky whisper.

Ruth turned from the sink. A trembling had settled on the frail limbs before her, as if they were branches of a tree shaken by a light wind. The pipe, its charred bowl turned outward, was clutched in gnarled fingers against his chest.

It was, to Ruth, like setting in motion the events of a never-to-be-forgotten nightmare. An instant more and the pipe would clatter to the floor in a scattering of ash. His body would be convulsed in spasms that chattered his teeth in his head like muffled dice.

Her brain seemed to jump, to break apart a darkness, an obscuration like heavy draperies. A jolt of fear and remorse struck straight into it. "Only at the doctor's, Uncle," she said quickly. "I had to wait. I just wanted to talk with him about your health. I—"

She stopped. It was too late. The pipe had fallen.

It was not as bad an attack as his last. Ruth had learned many small measures of expedience since then. She did not make the mistake of trying to put him to bed in his own room. She got him straight into Grandma Molly's old brass bed, covered him with what seemed far too many blankets (she had discovered that they were the quantity used by her elders on past occasions) and brought warm whiskey at once. She called him "Willie" in a soft, murmuring voice and answered promptly in the same way to his moans of "Mother—Mother—"

She sat beside him, unmoving, attempting only the most necessary chores, attempting only to make him comfortable. Wasted effort and emotion were thereby cut to a minimum. There was only the unending quietness to withstand, the long, silent, empty hours that seemed only a rehearsal for the final silence itself.

In the darkness, with only the scratchings of nocturnal creatures to keep her company while she held tightly to his small, ice-cold fingers—to remind her that she was an entity herself, her thoughts centered on one resolve—that his recovery be swift.

Beyond that, there was a waiting, a steady vigilance of mind against the doctor's influence.

Gradually William's spasms retreated. His trembling ceased. A week later, he sat up.

Ruth could go about her duties freely now and attempt to bring some order, some semblance of comfort amidst the overwhelming decay. The sun shone fiercely, browning and crisping the forlorn fields. Birds sang and flew about busily, well content with their ownership of this safe and convenient domain in the middle of the wilderness.

Ruth no longer despaired of the cumbersome equipment, the immense effort involved in meeting the bare needs of existence. She looked back on her despair as having been a great luxury, the indulgence of one who was not entirely desperate. Once, in this very same kitchen, she had been a child underfoot, but she closed her ears against memory, too, for it could lash the spirit like a whip. What she needed now was true patience.

William glanced up at her eagerly every time she returned to him. His eyes were shy, as if his illness shamed him, filled him with regret. He made futile efforts to rise, to do for himself what must be done by her. One question was in his every wistful utterance, and one day, after she had given him a smile, though not an answer, he clutched at her hand in passing.

"The house—? The house, Ruthie?" he pleaded.

She looked at him a full moment before speaking. She knew how he felt, not only by painful lesson, but projection. It would have been impossible, even without the affection and sympathy that had been an accepted part of her whole life, yes, even without the cruel statement of Doctor Rowlen, not to have absorbed by association the depths of his suffering.

"It's—it's all right, Uncle," she said. She turned away before she could see his relief. She picked up his tray and hurried from the musty room in which, to her last breath, she would always see the pathetic old figure huddled in his mother's big bedstead, covered with the spread crocheted by her, supported by the same bolster, surrounded by portraits and possessions and mementos among which he kept alive the impression that she had never really left him.

That evening the rain began, a steady downpour that beat incessantly against the roof, dripped from the gutters, formed in growing pools around the house itself. In the middle of the night, thunder jerked Ruth from a fitful semblance of sleep.

The violence was welcome. She lay watching the angry sky, the sharp explosions of jagged light. It created the illusion of momentous change, of an end and a beginning. Nothing went on forever, nothing. Her time would come. There must be a way, there must—

There would be. Suddenly, suddenly, she would find her way to it!

She allowed herself to dream a little. . .

Once there had been a tall blond boy in the choir. He had looked in her direction every time there was a chance. She had been fourteen that winter and his attention was thrilling. He was tall and good to look at, but she had, then, all the time in the world and, her mother told her, there would be many others like him because she was pretty. So she hadn't been silly about Peter Judkins. Now he was

dead, killed in the war, and there had never been anyone else at all.

Would there ever be? In her imagination she formed a person, not a very clear one, but there were eyes that looked into hers, and the impression of strong arms holding her close. Love—the thought of it was like drowning. She closed her eyes. . .

Chapter 2

The rain fell unremittingly through the next few days. Dampness crept through the shrouded rooms, turned rancid the old overstuffed furniture. It kept on until there was the ominous possibility of flood. High winds whipped the trees, rattled the shutters, made eerie noises throughout the nights.

Ruth could think no further than the day, to get through it somehow, to survive.

William followed her about, wistful not of her thoughts, but simply of her presence. She could feel the reach of his dependence like a weight thrown over her shoulders.

Rather than ask her outright, he dragged in his rocker from the porch, stumbling and halting for breath. She took it from him and placed it in the kitchen where he could watch her movements. Rubbing his pipe against his nose to polish it, working over the bowl to get the flame right, he rocked.

When at last the wind dropped, the rain ceased, there remained a monotonous dripping sound, a mist like a caul.

Ruth stared from the window. The hills were etched in again, like a dim silhouette. Urgency tore at her again.

Suddenly she drew in a sharp breath.

Emerging from the mist like a splash of brilliant sunshine was the familiar yellow jeep of Tim Jensen. She put her fist against her lips. Her heart leaped in panic too sudden for control.

"What's that, Ruthie?" said William quickly, his rocking stopped abruptly.

The sound of the engine throbbed closer with alarming speed. She had no time to think, to dissemble. "It's—it's Mr. Jensen, Uncle."

There was a silence behind her, so heavy that she dared not investigate. There could be but one meaning to the big farmer's arrival—he had given her as much time as he could. He had come for her decision.

In spite of the chill, her forehead grew damp. The jeep was swerving to the foot of the hill, its approach echoing loudly through the otherwise unbroken stillness. She saw now that there were several men in it.

She heard the scrape of her uncle's boots, the beginning of hard breathing.

Without looking around she gathered up the old shawl of her mother's with which she had been protecting herself against draughts in these last days, swung it over her head and shoulders and rushed from the house. She did not look back as she sped down the wet hillside.

The tall, rangy man with the leathery face and shrewd, smiling eyes looked up with surprise as he strode up the hill. "Why, Miss Barlow—!" he exclaimed.

She reached him, breathless. "I—I didn't want Uncle to hear us," she explained.

The surprise resolved to comprehension, to sympathy. "Old fellow still shaky, eh? Sorry to hear that." He stood a moment, thoughtfully. "Hate to press you. Wanted to leave it till I heard from you, like I said, but time's moving along." He turned and gestured to the men waiting in the jeep, and they all grinned at her unexpected prettiness. "We got this meeting at the bank this ayem, and like I told you, the Novaks are agreeable to sell their place." He hooked his thumbs into his belt and waited respectfully for Ruth to state her wishes.

"Today, Mr. Jensen? You've got to know today?" Ruth's great eyes were eloquent of the effect of his speech.

He looked embarrassed, regretful. "It's been more than two months, all in all, Miss Barlow, since I come up here the last time."

Ruth's hands wrung slowly. She turned from the sight of the waiting men, only to be even more aware of the invisible, waiting presence within the house. Dizziness threatened to blank her thoughts.

The farmer gave her a keen, sidewise glance. "It wouldn't be the price bothering you, Miss Barlow?"

She looked up, meaning to word denial, but his hand reached out to grip her arm, the shrewdness replaced with concern. "It's the old fellow, isn't it?" he went on quickly, his eyes kind. "Is he real sick?"

"No— But—" Ruth bit her lip.

Tim Jensen nodded knowingly. "He's mighty attached to the place, I know that. Be hard on him, all right." He pondered an instant, then straightened and smiled persuasively. "Still, Miss Barlow, I guess he'd think of your needs, too. No business of mine, but I'll tell you honest, I wouldn't want any womanfolk of mine out here. Old shambles of a house, no good but to be pulled down—"

Ruth cast a glance at the house, so swift, so horrified, that the farmer followed it with sharp expectation. When he saw no tangible cause for it, he turned back to Ruth herself in renewed appraisal. "You got any trouble, girlie?" he asked, his eyes alert, his palms flat to his hips in a movement like readiness.

She turned to him gratefully. "Not trouble like that," she said, "it's that—" Suddenly there was nothing for it but the words, "I'm afraid it would kill him." The moment she'd said it, she was shocked.

There was a silence in which they were all figures in a drawing, arrested in mid-action, the men peering from the jeep, their grins less arch, more intent; the big man in front of her, his expression caught in off-guard astonishment. It did not seem real to Ruth, or possible, that she had uttered the bald, dramatic statement.

"Ah, come, now, Miss Barlow, I wouldn't let thoughts like that into your head," Tim Jensen was saying at last, his tone fatherly, well-meaning. "You've let yourself be scared, and I don't wonder. . ." he let his voice trail away. "If there's anything we could do to help—"

He mustn't go, she thought, she must stop him. She must tell him yes, yes, the house was his. Quickly, oh, quickly, before he turned away, before he was gone and everything was finished. How had she dared to hesitate!

The farmer cleared his throat, heaved his belt into place.

"Mr. Jensen—" she began, "Mr. Jensen—" Her heartbeat seemed to choke her.

He shook his head. "Don't let it worry you, Miss Barlow; should know better than to put in my piece like that." He lifted a silver watch from his pocket, and inclined his head toward the men in signal that he would join them. "Naturally, it's entirely in your hands—" he murmured.

Ruth stiffened. Her words caught in her throat. She searched the eyes of the farmer as if he had pronounced upon her a sinister, premeditated doom. His eyes seemed to fuse before her gaze into the cold eyes of Doctor Rowlen.

"Entirely," repeated Tim Jensen.

She stared at him, all the submerged fright of the interview with the doctor surfacing into complete, forceful command.

Perhaps interpreting some weakening in his favor, Tim Jensen cocked a sagacious eye at her. "Though it's a shame. For us both, you know."

"No!" said Ruth, suddenly. "No! I can't sell the place."

Without waiting to apologize, to explain further, she turned and fled into the house.

William was standing just inside the door. His eyes were like a petrified animal's. She did not stop. She rushed up the stairs, to her room, slammed the door and

stood with her back to it, breathing hard. She heard the jeep's motor fade into the distance.

Presently she began a quick, jerky pacing of the room, her hands pressed to her face, avoiding the sight of the bed as if it drew her to final surrender. But soon, with a moan, she flung herself across it.

She did not know how long she sobbed. She must have fallen into a stupefied sleep. She opened her eyes to find William standing by her, awed, his face drawn and shriveled.

She thought, he's sorry for me now. It's not his fault. It was no good to harden her heart to him, no use whatever. "Oh Uncle, Uncle—" she sighed, shaking her head slowly against the pillow.

Immediately William spoke. His voice, though, was barely audible. "What happened, Ruthie? What happened with those men?"

She looked up at him. "I told them no, Uncle. I told them that I wouldn't sell them the house." She finished on a sob that could not be withheld.

He straightened away from her. The awe, the fear dissolved from his face. His color returned. A smile suggested itself slowly upon his lips. Preoccupiedly he brought forth his pipe, lit it with loving care. Then he turned away from Ruth and shuffled off, head bent, the squeak of his boots an exact account of his route into the lower regions of the house.

She lay quite still until she could no longer hear him, and some time after that, her young face stony with realization of what she had done, of all it meant to her uncle, of what it meant for her.

By the time the weather cleared, their supplies were low. Ruth helped William get ready for the ride into the village. Although he would not complain, it had become a major effort for him to thread the laces of the high boots he'd always worn. Getting his best clothes assembled, he would lose track of what he was doing and sit gazing into space. He chuckled a little at himself when Ruth brought him back to the task at hand, as if it were a joke they were both bound to share. His blue eyes twinkled. He did not notice that Ruth did not return his smile as usual.

Nor did he notice the two high spots of color at the curve of her cheekbones, the new fervor in her eyes, her impatience, barely disguised, to be on the way. He could not have guessed at the uneasy speed her heart maintained.

When everything was set for them to leave, she went for the old car. It wouldn't start. She went over its eccentricities with an anxious eye. Long had they threatened expiration. The chickens clucked about her as she jerked at the crank, returned to peer under the bonnet, returned again to the crank. William joined them, and stood silently watching.

"Never had any trouble with the horses," he remarked finally.

Ruth made no comment. All that concerned her was this last means of contact with the outer world. She would not even contemplate the consequences of its collapse.

The car shuddered forlornly a couple of times. Ruth kept at it, her arm losing its strength as she wrenched. The cow lowed in pessimistic accompaniment.

"What are we going to do now, Ruthie?" asked William.

Ruth shook her head. She pushed the damp hair from her brow, took another breath, began again. Her pink dress was smudged with rust, spotted with grease. Presently she went to a tree stump and sat. This time, it seemed, only a trained mechanic could help. But after a brief rest, she tried it once more.

Without warning, the engine coughed and caught. Tears of relief sprang to Ruth's eyes. They climbed into the vibrating body. There was no further difficulty; they went slowly but surely along the bumpy miles.

As usual, William became increasingly tense as they came into the more inhabited areas. He shrank within himself. As they drove into the main street of Hannen, a spasm passed through him, so violently that Ruth could feel it. Her heart twinged a little, but not enough to lessen the force of her new persuasion.

She parked the car near the grain market and helped her uncle from the car. His nimbleness had gone completely. He needed her arm not to bump confusedly into others on the street.

They were very kind and gentle with William in the small bank. They were accustomed to his timidity. Although all he had to do was to sign his name, he had to be encouraged to make the pen move. This small sum he received each month had always been vital for the bare necessities of living. Today, for Ruth, it had an even greater significance. He counted the notes in his furtive way, looking up sweetly under his white brows, grasping her arm if startled by the blare of a horn, or other people too close to him. For just an instant, as he handed it to her, she felt furtive, too.

"There—" said William, glad that his moment of responsibility was over.

She closed her bag quickly. "You'll wait in the car today while I market," she said to him firmly.

He said nothing, allowed himself to be left alone without protest, seemed almost relieved. "Don't forget the tobacco, Ruthie," he reminded her.

She promised she wouldn't. "Don't move," she told him, and then, because now that she was so close to her purpose she could not ward off guilt altogether, she gave him one of her old, reassuring smiles. He looked happy as she hurried off.

First, to the railroad station, a ten-minute walk at best. William, no matter how she hurried, would be worried by the time she got back. It was a risk she had to take.

The man behind the ticket window was a stranger, to her relief. The old one had been a friend of the family and would have thought her request more than interesting.

"Well, now, a one-way ticket to New York, you say. Cheaper round trip, you know." The man had a veined, hooked nose and eyes that squinted as if in painful concentration.

"Is it? Well—" Ruth swallowed. "Just one way is what I'd like to know first, please," she said.

"There's a change at Banksville, and another at North Fleming," the man put in, as he looked at a schedule.

She nodded, her eyes on his face.

"Then you can get an express or local straight through."

She nodded again.

"Eight dollars and sixteen cents, Miss, as I figure it."

"Thank you," said Ruth.

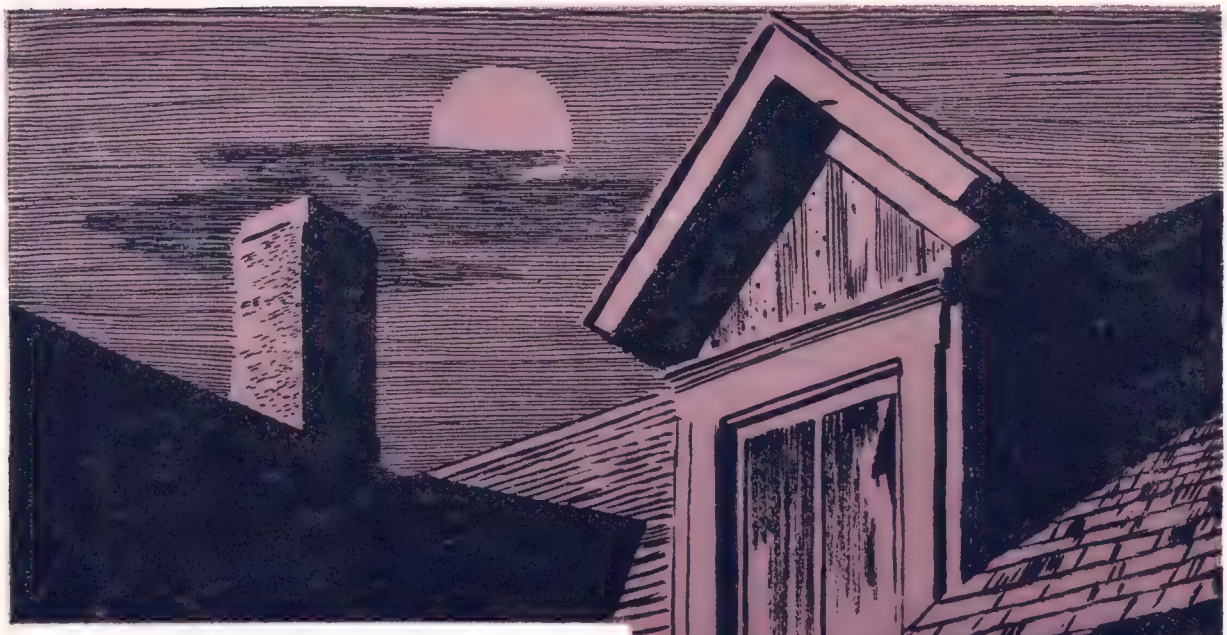
"You'd have to leave here by six-fifty-five ayem, Miss," the man added, "'cept weekends. Then it'd be earlier cause there's a stopover in Banksville."

"Well, thank you—"

"Ayah," said the man, and returned to a comic he'd been reading.

Eight dollars and sixteen cents— Ruth figured as she walked. She would have to make a large cut in the supplies. It could not be managed easily.

She almost ran, next, to the home of Mrs. Farraday, the mailman's mother. Mrs. Farraday knew everyone in Hannen. Her porch was almost directly on the street and it was impossible, if she was sitting there—and she nearly always was—to pass her house without being called in for the latest news of oneself. She'd have been the most surprised and outraged woman in Hannen to have been called the chief gossip. It wasn't true. She was genuinely interested, a mother to all, and quite certain everyone was just as kindly disposed regarding her subjects as she was herself. It remained, nevertheless, a dangerous indulgence to leave one's words to her unguarded, unedited.



Ruth approached her cautiously, found it difficult not to cry at so much maternal affection and, at the gray-haired woman's insistence, sat down close beside her on the porch, while keeping her face averted as much as possible from passersby.

"You're not looking well at all, Ruth." Mrs. Farraday shook her head sadly. "Not well at all."

"That's just it," said Ruth quickly, given the opening she needed, "I need a holiday."

Mrs. Farraday clicked her tongue at once. "Of course you do, of course. Don't I know! Not been out of that house I bet, since your ma passed on?"

"Well that's about it. I'm—I'm very tired, Mrs. Farraday. Uncle William needs care and the place is so big—" She stopped. Perhaps already she had said the wrong thing.

"It's no place I'd want to be, I know that," Mrs. Farraday added, sure that she was agreeing. She nodded. "I've thought about you, dear, I have, up there all by yourself. Lonely old place, falling to pieces. At least that's what Chet says. Haven't traveled out that far in some years myself."

Ruth sat up straighter, and folded her hands on her bag. "I wish I could stay and chat with you, Mrs. Farraday," she said quickly, "but Uncle William's sitting in the car waiting for me."

Mrs. Farraday opened her eyes with surprised interest. "He is? All by himself? Hmm, now." She was preparing some thought to convey to Ruth, but Ruth spoke again before it was possible.

"The thing is, Mrs. Farraday, knowing that you know all the women hereabout, I was wondering if you could help me to find someone to stay with Uncle William while I'm gone. I'd pay them a fair sum, though I'm afraid it can't be generous."

Mrs. Farraday's expression was one of complete hopelessness. She shook her head back and forth, back and forth, as if bemoaning somebody's death. "Dear, dear, dear—" she intoned, her eyes miserable. "*That* place? No, honey, I wouldn't know of no one who'd go near it, excuse me saying so, not for all the money you'd dream up."

"Absolutely no one?" insisted Ruth, her eyes losing their bright determination.

Mrs. Farraday cocked her head. "I'd love to help you, Ruth, but offhand I'd stake my soul there's no woman I know that'd tuck herself off with an old man miles away from everything."

"Not even for a short time?" said Ruth, then looked quickly away from the kind eyes of the woman. She shouldn't lie. *She was trying to get someone to exchange lives with her.* It was wrong to state otherwise.

"For a night or two, maybe," said Mrs. Farraday, with a speculative nod, "might even do it myself. But not much more."

For a moment Ruth looked completely crumpled. But before the woman's pity could find expression, she rose, thanked her warmly and left.

She still had to make up the time she'd lost, to market with care for the coming weeks. . . .

As they drove up the rough, unfinished roadway that started about two miles from the old farmhouse, the car gave a sharp jerk that was independent of those from rocks and ditches.

Ruth's eyes closed a moment. When she opened them, just as quickly as that, it seemed, the car had stopped. Her foot pressed futilely on the pedals. She got out and cranked, but no miracle was forthcoming. The long reprieve was over.

"We're going to have to walk, Uncle," she said, "and somehow carry these."

She helped him, and he got down bravely, with good will. "This never could happen with horses," he muttered.

She packed his meagre arms with all they could hold, and took all that her own could support. They started along the road, slowly, awkwardly.

"You all right, Uncle?" she asked every now and then.

"All right—" His answer came weaker and weaker.

Suddenly he tottered. She was forced to lay his load at the side of the road under cover, where she could return for it. Then she crooked her arm in a way that he could lean on. Together they went on.

Chapter 3

The days merged into weeks, and the countryside, even the neglect, took on a haunting beauty. The orange, liquid-like sun, lingering on the horizon, bathed the shabbiness and ruin in its own splendor. Cobwebs sparkled. William, caught up in the glow, looked like a stained-glass saint in a sunlit niche, his eyes so blue, his hair like a cloud, his complexion ruddy. It seemed to Ruth that he had fattened on her despair. The heavier her spirit, the lighter his.

Now it was possible to see farther across the deserted hills. Ruth stared out over them, willing some human sign, but a truck careening along a distant road was scant comfort.

Sometimes she reread old books in the house, repaired her clothes, brushed at her hair till it glinted like the negation of all things forlorn. Sometimes she waged determined battle against the weeds that pressed about the house, or turned out the dingy contents of the rooms in a grim effort to restore cleanliness and cheer. At other times she sat in long, numb silences beside William, without moving.

William liked these.

"Yes, Mother—" he said sometimes, when she broke his reverie by necessity of a meal or question. He conferred on her the highest award of his being, that of protector, companion in spirit as well as body.

One day Ruth came from William's room with a mop and pail in her hand and stood in the gloom of the passageway uncertainly. The urgency of habit, of battling dust and dinginess had brought her there, but suddenly the urgency was gone and only a blank stretched behind and ahead of her.

"Move, Ruth," she said aloud. But her limbs seemed paralyzed.

She told herself sensibly that she was losing her will, not her reason, that the momentary absent-mindedness was natural enough to someone alone.

But the uncomfortable conviction grew that she was losing control of her actions.

"Nonsense!" she said. But even the word sounded strange, high-pitched, irrational. Desperately she longed for distraction beyond the confines of her own thoughts.

Suddenly William stood by the door. His eyes were red. His lower lip quivered. "Molly's dead, Ruthie," he pronounced tragically.

She sighed. "It was a sickly chicken, Uncle," she said. "a lot of extra trouble."

He looked at her as if she had hurled an invective at him. "Trouble?" he echoed.

She sighed again. "It's better for her, I mean. Better than suffering."

He paused and pondered this, and slowly his resentment dissolved. "Will you help me bury her, Ruthie?" he asked plaintively.

She nodded abstractedly.

"Thank you, Ruthie." He went off quietly, on tip-toe.

William held the funeral later that day. He had fashioned a small cross from two sticks and a nail, carefully lettered a board with HERE DIED MOLLY and the date. He bent his stiff knees and placed it at the head of the "grave." Loss was etched on his cherubic old face, real and sharp. Ruth stirred uneasily as she watched from nearby, and looked around, as if to find perspective to cling to. This was but the charade of a childish old man, she told herself, nothing more. She, herself, was not involved. Yet the solemn inanity frightened her.

She started as William's voice was raised in dirge-like exhortation for the bird's soul. It was brief, but shattering to her senses.

When a car, coming very slowly along the road, slid into her view, she wondered if it might be a mirage added by the portion of her mind which beheld this unbelievable ritual. It passed the house slowly, almost stopping, then actually stopping.

"Bow your head, please, Ruthie," called William.

Before the impulse to resist asserted itself, Ruth's head had turned to him. When, realizing, she looked toward the road again, the car was moving on, creeping past, taking the bend, winding slowly away into the distance . . .

She stifled a desire to scream after it, to make it stop, return.

When she met the sad, resentful gaze of William's eyes, she turned quickly and walked away.

"But I haven't finished, Ruthie—" came his gentle whine.

She couldn't answer. She went to the crest of the hill and gazed down at the road. The car had been red, very dusty, but new, modern—surely she hadn't dreamed it. But why should a passing car slow down like that? What interest could have caused the driver to stop? And what had caused him to drive on?

She shook her head slowly. That is—if there had been a car at all. She reached a hand to her cheek. Unsureness settled like a mist around her thoughts. When she saw her uncle following her, his manner timorous, fearful, she moved away again quickly, as if she hadn't seen him.

That night, failing even to approach a state of rest, she left her bed and wandered about the dark house. In his sleep, William bleated, a grim little sound that came to her without the solace of its human source.

She went up to his room, peered in on his sleeping form, hardly a mound in his old iron-rail bed, and, fascinated, crept closer. He seemed at this moment mysterious to her, and subtly, insidiously strong, as though his fragility held a power that mocked its own instrument. An arm, bone-thin across his narrow flanks, had, it seemed to her, the placid authority of a jailer's, its very weakness its key.

Her mind, as she stared down upon him, created even deeper fancies. She saw herself his prisoner in a deserted ruin where foliage crept higher and higher, nearer and

nearer, hemming her in, restricting her movements, and finally choking the very breath from her body . . .

She grimaced in horror, and turned quickly to go to her room. The clock seemed to dog her flight. She closed her door, but the sound followed her through the heavy wood. She sat on the edge of her bed. For the rest of the night she would not risk sleep.

But the light awakened her, one of Fall's full-blown mornings, golden and dazzling green, with a sapphire sky. She frowned to think that she had slept. Straightening her cotton wrapper, hugging it about her, she went barefooted to the window, to seek the horizon—

Then she stared. How did one know when one's mind had gone? Wouldn't an hallucination seem this real?

She turned from the window to the familiar bearings of her room—the little yellow curtains she'd made herself—the old desk with her schoolbooks gathering dust on its top—the family pictures—herself, in the wrapper that had first been her mother's—

She held her lips pursed against disillusion. Her eyes were like a doe's that has seen a movement in the bushes. She looked out again.

It *was* real. She believed it now. It was the same car. It was parked at the foot of the hill leading to the house. There was no one in it.

Her glance moved and discovered the figure of a man seated before an easel. She watched him, her breath held. This, too, seemed true. He was painting the house. He stared at it. He looked from it to his easel and back again.

She watched a little longer, half expecting he would suddenly get up and get in his car and drive away again. It was like tempting fate to believe he might stay.

As confidence in his actuality grew, so did her excitement. She got dressed quickly, but with a care and neatness that was automatic with her, and peeped out again. The artist did not seem to be working now, but just sitting gazing at the house. It was strangely disturbing, like being watched. Then she went to see whether William was awake.

The sun did not strike William's room in the morning. It was dim in there and the blinds made it dimmer. He was still sound asleep. Her fears of last night already seemed incredible to her. He looked simply like a very small old man in need of a shave, helpless and pathetic in his old nightshirt.

She paused in the downstairs hall and went to the window. The artist was still there. She could see that he had dark hair. His shoulders seemed big, and seemed stooped in dejection, but perhaps it was just concentration. His features were a blur, yet the focus of his gaze was so plain that it was as if she could see his eyes.

As the morning wore on, her desire to go down to him, to see what he was doing, became overpowering. Would it embarrass him? Would he be friendly or resentful? What manner of person would he be?

She stood hesitantly before the front door. Her hand went to the knob, then dropped. Several times she did this, went away for a while, came back.

Don't be silly, she thought, and turned it. Wouldn't he expect the occupants of the house to emerge, to discover him, to exchange some form of acknowledgment? Of course!

She stepped out. Instantly, as though she had stepped into the center of a lighted stage, timidity overcame her. She turned quickly, as if to go back in, but already he had seen her. She saw the alert lift of his head, felt the impact of his gaze. Foolishly, awkwardly, she stood there a moment. Then, because to retreat would have sealed her intrinsically to the quality of the house, she moved slowly forward.

The artist half rose at Ruth's approach, an uncertain, apologetic smile on his mouth. He was a large man, as Ruth had guessed, perhaps in the early thirties, with a deeply-lined face, and dark eyes that suggested weariness and trouble. That he was undeniably handsome, he seemed bent on disproving. His dark hair had been pushed at with impatient fingers rather than combed. His good jaw-line was shaded with stubble. His checked shirt was unbuttoned and hung loose over worn, paint-splattered slacks. It looked as if it had been some time since he'd slept. "Got a nerve, haven't I?" he began, his eyes registering the surprise of Ruth's young beauty, "I'll leave if it annoys you—"

"Oh no!" said Ruth quickly, made even more awkward by the chemistry of his appeal to her, which was the first in her experience. "Please—I don't want to disturb you. I—I was just so curious—" She was glad she had not said "lonely."

"Well, the place fascinated me yesterday when I drove by," he explained, waving toward the house. "I don't know why, but I thought it was empty, deserted. I kept thinking about it in the night and couldn't wait to get back this morning. I've made up a kind of history to it, probably asinine." He shrugged, "Not a bad idea, though, *if* I could paint—" He paused, as if perhaps Ruth's interest, or her comprehension, might already have been strained.

"But I thought I saw you painting," said Ruth, politely refraining from a direct glance at the canvas.

His smile hooked a little. "Yes," he said. He was silent a moment. Then he glanced up with a serious frown. "Sure you don't mind—?" he asked, spreading apart his hands, one with the brush in it, the other with the palette.

"Oh, of course not!" said Ruth.

"It's one of those things," he said, beginning to mix a color as if he hated doing it. "Got this show coming up—committed—and not a Godforsaken thing of any worth to put in it."

"Oh," said Ruth, standing by uncertainly. She was confused. "Then you must know how to paint very well," she added, finding courage in her urgent desire not to leave him yet.

He did not answer. He gave his canvas a cold, disillusioned scrutiny and began to work.

Had he banished her, Ruth wondered? Soon William would appear. She would be reclaimed. The danger that her mind had begun to recognize would creep upon her again.

"Will it take you long?" she asked quickly.

He gave a small shrug. "A while, I guess. It depends. I may scrap the whole mess."

It was scant comfort. Ruth's hands came together and pressed slowly. "May I—" She took a breath. "May I see it?" she asked softly.

He looked up with raised brows. "Of course." Then, seeing her large, earnest eyes, his brows lowered. "Nobody ever asks," he explained. He looked into her face for a moment. "It's not what you call faithful reproduction," he added gently. "I hope you won't be offended."

"I'm sure I won't." Ruth moved around behind him. What she saw seemed so familiar, so much like her own fear-distorted fancies of the future, when even further neglect would have wrought its effect, that she started, gasped. Her quick smile did not conceal her initial shock. "It's—it's wonderful," she said.

He squinted up at her with regret. "Yes," he smiled wryly, "I know what you mean." He shrugged, and sat staring glumly at the canvas.

Ruth made no protest. She kept looking at the picture. It was her absorption that finally penetrated his gloom and sparked a skeptical interest in his eye. "Okay," he said, when her quietness had outlasted his patience, "let's have it."

She tried to word her thoughts sensibly, but her emotion ruled them. "It's so strange—" she said slowly, "as though you'd made the past and the future into one. I—I feel as if I'm standing outside my own life and looking at it—" She met the artist's gaze blankly for a moment, without seeing him. *I don't want to go back into it,* she thought wildly, *I can't, I can't!* She laughed a little to approxi-

mate normality and the artist did not notice her turn away quickly, as if in pain. She could think of nothing else to say.

The artist looked for a long while at his canvas, at the house. "Thanks," he murmured presently. Then, as if forgetting her presence completely, he began to paint.

He painted without pause, without awareness. Ruth stood for a while, watching. Then, because she no longer felt that his disappearance was imminent, an immediate threat, she sat on the ground beside him, quiet and grateful, as if a vital respite had suddenly been granted her from all feeling, from herself.

Gradually, like a song entering her being and lifting it, an unfamiliar happiness stole through her. She leaned back on her arms and stared at the sky. Its blueness held the troubled, self-disdaining face of the man at the easel. She was filled with great longing to ease his trouble.

She turned to his oblivious form. He still worked. It made her glad in a deep and peaceful way. She day-dreamed . . . The painting was acclaimed by the world. But he remembered her, for all his fame and glory, and came back. All this feeling that had come upon her with such foolish swiftness, would be made logical, true. . . .

Her face relaxed into musing beauty, and her mouth curved in a smile. Suddenly, sensing change, she glanced toward the artist. He was no longer painting. He had lighted a cigarette, and sat frowning in some separate meditation. It jolted her to reality. She sat up and watched him, wistfully. Whatever it was that troubled him did so beyond his work, went deeply into his spirit. Perhaps it would win. Perhaps he would give up.

Involuntarily she found herself talking to him, softly, musingly, hardly demanding his ear at all . . .

"It was a happy place once—though you'd never think it. The Barlows were always hard-working people. Three generations of them. The farm was a good one because of it. They were people who did everything for themselves and were almost independent of the outside world. They had their own way and, you might say, their own religion. 'We must be helpful, one of the other. We must make each other's needs our own. We must not speak ill of each other, or judge each other.' The trouble of one was the trouble of all. We were guided by the Bible, each man his brother's keeper, we were taught. But it's a strange thing—"

The artist had looked up. At first he listened with mere politeness. Then his gaze wandered from her to the house and lingered there in increasing attentiveness.

Ruth, encouraged, kept on.

"—the world isn't like that. Or people, so it seems. It's hard to understand—but my Uncle Ben was killed in a drunken brawl. Louise, the eldest girl, married a German, went away to his home there and we've never heard of her since. Jonathan, my father's twin brother, was killed in the war. My father was a good boy, the one that worked hardest and took his family's teaching most seriously, but he took advantage of every girl that would let him and was always in trouble. When he married my mother and brought her here to live, everyone thought he'd settled down. But not long after they had me, he got mixed up with another girl and went away with her, leaving mother and me to get along without him. My grandfather tried to carry on alone and made himself a helpless invalid. My grandmother spent most of her time worrying about William, who could never do much for himself, so mother and I looked after grandpa till he died. Then we looked after grandmother. Now my mother's dead, and there's just Uncle William and me.

"The Barlows just seemed to peter out . . . as if they had never been. . . ."

Ruth stopped speaking. The artist was lost in contemplation of the house. Her nerves seemed to wait. He shook his head slowly.

Ruth saw him glance down again at his canvas. His hands came up to it in a way that seemed to her like barely restrained anger. It was all she could do not to call out, "No!" For a moment she was sure he was going to wreak violence on his effort. Then his hands dropped away, with a mere grunt of disgust. She was not sure whether the disgust was for the work, or for his desire to harm it.

Suddenly William's figure was outlined against the sky at the crest of the hill, as still and defined as a porcelain figurine.

She jumped to her feet. As she moved forward, the artist looked up quickly. Apart from the first surprise of her beauty, his eyes seemed to discover her in initial contact. He stood up quickly. "You'll be back?" he asked hopefully.

Ruth broke into a delighted smile. "If I may—"

She returned swiftly to the house, feeling rich in life and blessings.

"Who's that man, Ruthie? What's he doing there?" asked William, the moment Ruth came up to him.

"He's an artist, Uncle," she answered with the lightness of her new pleasure. "He's painting our house. He was driving around looking for something interesting to paint and this place fascinated him."

William stared, his mouth dropping open a little, his head cocked. "Mmm. . ." he said.

Throughout his meal, William muttered. It was nothing definite enough for Ruth's response. It was an inward growl, not meant for her ears. He ate as usual, though, with the solemn greed of a child counteracted by the final dissatisfaction of the old.

Ruth tried not to show excitement. She tried to divert his mind. But William was like a mule with its ears laid flat back to its head. Ruth barely existed. The moment he'd eaten, he shuffled off quickly to the front door. Ruth heard him open it and go out. She fought back the urge to follow him. He must not suspect her interest or need. She listened carefully. What did the old man intend to do?

She finished the dishes with extra speed, apprehension clouding her joy.

Suddenly William was back. His face was faintly flushed and a light perspiration covered his forehead. "Ruthie! Ruthie!" he called. "He's coming up the hill! He's coming to the house!"

Ruth took time only to note that William's hands trembled before she ran to confirm the news. The artist paused for a moment where one path led to the back door and another, overgrown as it was, led to the front. He chose the one that led to the kitchen.

Ruth went back to the kitchen and waited, her heart beating furiously.

"What does he want, Ruthie? What's he doing here?" William's voice followed her, but he kept himself hidden as if from certain attack.

"Oh, I don't know, Uncle," called Ruth lightly. "Why don't you come and meet him? He's a very nice person."

William did not bother to answer that. "Tell him to go away, Ruthie," he called presently.

This time, Ruth did not answer.

She saw the artist's head and shoulders at the far window and, not waiting for the knock, opened the door, smiling. "Hello," said the artist. "Sorry to bother you, but may I have a glass of water? Don't know why, but I didn't fill my canteen last night."

"Of course," said Ruth. She held the door in such a way that he was invited in. Accustomed as she was to William's small figure, the artist's seemed to fill the room. From feeling large and dominant, she felt slender and feminine—and glad her dress was crisp and fresh.

As she handed him the glass, their eyes met. There was intense awareness in his, something that ran through her like an electric current. She felt shaken, breathless, and for the instant that their gaze remained locked, it was as if he'd suffered the same kind of impact. But even as her eyes widened in its wonder, it was gone, and in his eyes was only a kind of wariness.

"Thanks, Miss Barlow," he said. Just before he drained down the water, he paused. "By the way, my name's George Norren—seems only right that you should know your intruder."

"How do you do," she said. She half turned to the dimness behind her, uneasy of the quietness that concealed William. "I'd like you to meet my uncle," she said clearly. "Uncle William—" she called. But there was no sound.

George Norren, finishing the water, handed her the glass and waited expectantly.

"He's shy of people," explained Ruth.

George Norren nodded. "Well, don't disturb him," he advised. "I'll be getting back."

"It's going to be a wonderful picture, Mr. Norren," said Ruth quickly.

He looked at her with a mixture of gratitude and self-depreciation. "There are people, Miss Barlow, upon whom all positive feeling is wasted, including inspiration generously given." His eyes were kind and amused and, thought Ruth, as deeply hopeless as any she had ever expected to see.

She was stilled, wordless.

"Thanks again for the water," he said and, with a wave, started on down the hill.

She watched him, her heart in a turmoil.

"Ruthie, Ruthie," called William, "you mustn't let him stay around; you must tell him to go away!"

Ruth looked at his strained little face as it emerged from the shadows.

"He's doing no harm, Uncle," she said quietly, with authority.

William stared at her. His lower lip quivered. He said nothing more.

Caution forbade Ruth's going out for the rest of that afternoon. William, as if to keep an enemy within sight for purposes of defense, sat out on the porch, his eyes fixed to the place where George Norren worked.

"It isn't decent," he mumbled, "a stranger—staring at Mother's house."

Ruth smiled. "He's not just staring, Uncle," she said, as if talking to a tiny child. "He has to keep looking at it to paint it. He's making a beautiful picture of it."

"Go down to him, Ruthie," said William, as if he were deaf, "go down and send him away now."

Ruth did not move.

William peered at her. She saw his jaw muscles twitch. His lips drew together in a tight pinch. She had the absurd impression of sitting him out on his own level, stubbornness against stubbornness, but with a third eye cocked for the hidden weapon which, she knew only too well, could be drawn against her with terrifying swiftness.

She left him and went about her work. Later she went out again. George Norren was not to be seen, though his car was still there.

"Just walked away—" muttered William, "left his things and gone."

Ruth's heart ached toward the empty place where he had sat. The easel had an abandoned air. But at least he'd be back for it, she thought.

In the dusk she heard the beep-beep of a horn. She ran out, too disturbed to observe caution. The car was moving away down the road. She waved, a frantic, futile gesture into space. The lights made two pale beams into the countryside ahead. The taillight retreated like a single red eye, farther and farther into the distance, and finally, diminishing to a dot, disappeared. She stood there, stricken, as all the loneliness that she had ever felt became one single, intensified pain bigger than her body, bigger than her mind.

But in the morning he was there! The relief was almost too much, like the effect of sudden, unaccustomed wine. So light did her senses feel that it was difficult to take the possibility of threat from her uncle seriously. But one look at him, after he had seen the artist's car, sobered her like cold water across the face. Rage seethed in the small frame.

"Why don't you tell him to go, Ruthie?" he demanded, his tone breaking with indignation. When she smiled and played for time, he followed her from the sink to the stove to the table, like a child that insists on its wish to an elder, primed with the advantage of its littleness. "Why don't you, Ruthie?"

"Well, perhaps I'll talk to him," she offered cautiously, drying her hands on a towel, avoiding the waiting blue eyes. She must warn George Norren of William's feelings as quickly as possible, she thought, and extend a countermanding welcome. Hearing William's somewhat placated mutter, she went quickly to the door to look out.

The sun was creeping upward over gray clouds drifting indifferently in another direction. Thank goodness—it would be a good day.

George Norren was setting up his easel. She saw him give a great stretch, yawn and yawn again. Then he lighted a cigarette and stood apathetically staring into space. After a while he went over to his car and brought out the canvas and set it on the easel. He brooded a few moments longer, then he sat down, wearily, as if before a task of infinite ennui.

He seemed glad to see her. His smile came out upon his face like sunlight and she realized that she hadn't seen it before.

"I've been looking for you," he said.

"I didn't like to interrupt," she said quickly, "and last night I thought you'd gone."

He looked at her with a warning eye. "Don't be taking an interest in me now," he advised, with an undertone of seriousness.

"How can I help it?" said Ruth sincerely. "I think your picture is good, and—and—"

He shook his head. "No offense, Miss Barlow, but optimism and good faith bind one to honest effort and the truth is I couldn't be honest with my poor old grandmother." The look in her eyes seemed to sober him. "I've made many a good start, is what I'm trying to say," he added more gently.

She did not know what troubled him and could only nod. She looked away, momentarily numbed by a world in which, wherever she looked, walls arose. Then she remembered why she'd come. "I came down to warn you about my uncle," she said with an apprehensive glance toward the house. "He's very nervous. If he should say anything to you about painting the house, please don't let it worry you. It's my house, and I want you to finish your picture."

George Norren looked at her intently a moment. "Yesterday you said he was shy. Today you say he's nervous. And obviously he resents my being here."

"Yes," Ruth said quickly, "but it doesn't matter. I'll—I'll take care of it." She rescued herself from his scrutiny and turned to go.

"Please, Miss Barlow—" he said. "Look, won't you sit and talk a while?" He rose quickly, strode to his car, brought out an army blanket and spread it to one side of his easel where a large tree cut the view to the house. Then he extended a hand in formal gallantry.

Ruth was surprised, incredulous. "Won't it be bothering you?" she asked.

He looked chagrined. "Let me not deceive you—I'm about as inspired as a piece of clay this morning!"

She met his eyes squarely, in frank disbelief. "I saw you working," she said.

"I may have been making with the brushes, putting on a good show," he countered.

"You wouldn't," she said, "not for anyone."

"Well, now, that's such expert character reading that I'll tell you the truth. Just now you've raised a lot of questions in my mind. They interest me more than working."

She still hesitated. She cast another glance for William. Suppose that he discovered her sitting there?

"Don't be afraid," said George Norren. "I'm bigger than he is."

Ruth's eyes were round and immense. "Afraid—?" she repeated.

He repeated his inviting gesture, only more firmly. "A fool could see it," he said. "Something's got you running and I want to know what."

No denial would form itself on her lips. It was the impersonal quality of his tone that drew her toward him in slow acceptance of his persuasion. She dropped quickly to the blanket and sat straight, her slim, brown legs folded beneath her skirt, her hands clasped tensely.

He dropped down beside her, offered her a cigarette and, when she shook her head, put the pack away as if she had provided him with a good idea. "I've got this pack against the jitters," he said. "Maybe I'll conserve. You certainly chose yourselves a spot when it comes to running out of a little something, didn't you?"

"Specially when you have to cycle," she agreed.

"Cycle? No car?"

She told him how the Ford had finally given out.

"I'll tow it to the village when I go; maybe it will sell for junk," he offered. He paused. His dark eyes flicked to hers. "You know," he began, "you can always tell me to shut up and mind my own business, but I get kind of a psychic urge out of this old place of yours. It's one thing to ride by and get an urge to symbolize the life it's seen—another to be a young woman living there. And I wouldn't have spoken of it but for the look of it in your eyes—very beautiful eyes—and this something about your uncle—" He waited, his head tilted in expectation of redress.

Ruth's lips pressed inward a little, but she did not answer.

"You're loyal, and you don't want pity. Okay, fine. So far, you're as rare as a rose in winter and I'm duly relieved, for my pity is badly overworked on myself at the present time. So suppose we agree that I'm just a nosy fellow, one with a somewhat dim view of uncles who frighten their nieces."

"Oh, but he doesn't *frighten* me," she smiled. "He's such a tiny little person, and quite old now!"

He raised one eyebrow at her and was silent. "Well," he said presently, "he's shy, nervous, little and old and has always been helpless. I can't see any difficulty there—" He spread his hands and shrugged. "I had more of an ogre in mind, I must say."

Ruth looked down at her hands and wished they were as well kept as her hair. Suddenly one of his was over them. It was big enough to cover both, wide and strong-looking, with paint-stained, blunt nails.

"You are beautiful," he said softly, "very beautiful. Why don't you get away from here?"

When she looked up, she saw that he was ready to take the consequences of presumption. His hand gathered hers into a hard grip.

"I want to," she answered him simply, "but I can't—I can't—"

Self-awareness went from his face, like a mask sliding off. "You can't what?" he frowned.

She told him then of her uncle's terror of losing his home, his "seizures." "And I can't just leave him alone," she finished.

"But this is horrible! Why, you're letting pity run away with your very life!" George lifted her chin and looked deeply into her eyes. He had forgotten his own despair entirely. "Do you realize it; *do* you?"

She shook her head against his hold. "It's not just pity," she said, but her head held only a vast confusion.

"But it is, it is!" Anger and impatience crossed his face and other thoughts that were not expressed. Suddenly he drew her face closer to his. "Ah, but you're sweet," he murmured, "sweet—"

His arms went around her and held her.

She had no thoughts, except perhaps that the heaven she'd been so assiduously trained for in early life had come about.

She opened her eyes to know if it was so and found in his, not corroboration, but the return of some inward battle he was pitting against himself. He put her away from him and brought out, after all, one of his cigarettes and began to smoke it, lost in some cynical and secret reverie.

Unhappiness flooded her as fast as the happiness. She turned away in embarrassment. How stupid she must seem to him, she thought.

"It's a convenient dream," he said, his tone heavily sardonic, "saved from himself by love for a pure woman!"

She turned back to him, wonderingly. His hate for himself was like a third presence. It hurt her to see it. The urge to vanquish it, to make him share in her own high regard of his value was stronger than her disappointment. Yet it had no logical weight of argument, only the certainty of her heart. She waited, the spectator again, helpless and without words.

As quickly as it had come, his remembrance of self passed, as if it had been an interjection of utmost triviality. "The thing is," he said emphatically, gripping her arm, "you *must* get away from here. No human being has the right to another's life. And what's more, you can't tell me that the old fellow wouldn't make out all right after a while, when he saw that your mind was made up finally. Yes—that's the point. . ." His brow furrowed thoughtfully. He looked away from her. "*The made-up mind.* They sense any chink in it. They know they can still pull off a psychological stunt, that you're still vulnerable to fall for it. But if you weren't—they'd know at once. What would be the use? They'd give up."

Ruth knew instinctively that he was not talking just to her any more, but that in his clarity of conception for her actions, he had stumbled upon some meaning *for himself.* He gazed back at her in silent speculation.

Involuntarily her hand reached to his this time. Comprehension, without form, filled her with tenderness. They were, somehow, in some inexplicable way, she felt, at a similar impasse of living.

"I can almost believe it," she said softly. "I wish I had the courage to try it out. If only he were a little bit stronger," she added, shuddering in acute memory.

"Ah –" he nodded, "the old self-trap. If only they were stronger. And of course they aren't. I know, I know " He stopped and looked at her searchingly, as if he were about to tell her something.

She was very still, breathless with waiting and expectation.

"I wonder—" he began.

Suddenly, in mutual awareness, they looked up. William was standing near the easel. His whole being seemed gathered upward in one tremendous spasm of rage.

"Go away!" he shouted at George Norren. "Go away!" His hands, balled into fists, waved through the air and shook.

Ruth jumped up in dread, half expecting he might keel to the ground.

"Uncle!" she cried, "Uncle! Please—" She ran to him and tried to take his arm, but he shoved her off with strange strength.

"Go away!" he screamed and the light in his eyes was fanatical beyond awareness of Ruth's presence. "How dare you peer at my mother's windows!"

George Norren had got to his feet. There was no expression on his face to denote his reaction to the furious little figure. He came forward slowly and seemed more conscious of Ruth than the old man.

"Please, Uncle," said Ruth, her voice soothing and reassuring, her hand growing less pleading, more commanding on William's arm, "don't excite yourself. Come, let's go; let's go in now and talk about it. Come on, Uncle William, please—" There was a clear undertone of terror in her calm voice.

George Norren's eyes shifted slowly from Ruth's figure to William's. Suddenly he stepped forward, smiling humbly, hopefully. "Sir—" he said quickly, "I certainly appreciate your resentment, and of course I'll be on my way."

Ruth's glance came up to his swiftly, with an even greater terror.

"But I would be grateful for your opinion on my work before I go," he continued. "It's a magnificent old place, you know, and I've wanted to do it justice. In other words, I would like to think that your mother was pleased, that she would feel it had been made immortal by being recorded this way. Of course, I haven't made an exact copy, but I've tried to show how badly her touch is missed from her home. I would like to have seen it then, Mr. Barlow, when she was here—" His tone lowered softly and he gazed from William to the picture, mournfully, reverentially.

William stared, his wrath stalled, but his suspicion like that of a child who has received unexpected condonement of misbehavior. He retained a watchful eye and didn't move.

"I'm certainly sorry I've given the impression of disrespect, sir," added George Norren, abject humility in his manner and tone. "I did ask your niece's permission to continue, but I realize I should have asked yours as well. I can't help feeling most regretful of not finishing this picture, though. It would have been a tribute to a great place—" He paused, and met William's wary gaze with wistful inspiration, "to a great person, your mother, if I may say so."

The pink was receding from William's face, slowly, as the last tint of the evening sun fades from the western horizon. His figure seemed to be shrinking. His vein-knotted hands fell slowly to his sides.

Ruth watched him, all movement stilled in caution.

"I put it to you," said George Norren, extending a hand in plea. "Allow me to make it. Give me a chance to please her in this way. If you should disapprove of the result, I shall give my word to scrap it." He smiled in cheerful acceptance of William's forthcoming decision.

William's lips jerked uncertainly. He regarded the man before him from under lowered, still gathered brows. A muttering came from him, like the rumbling of small stones in his throat, to which both the artist and Ruth strained for sense. But though it continued, nothing specific was revealed.

Presently, without another glance at the man or his picture, he turned and walked off. Ruth had faced the limit of her risk. She went with him.

A little way up the hill, she turned. George Norren was waiting for a sign from her. She nodded quickly. He raised an arm. Then she turned back before William could sense her action.

The inside of the house contained a curious restlessness. Like a strong magnet, the artist drew the absorption of both William and Ruth. Nothing was the same since his arrival. Their meals were interruptions of their watchfulness, which, though for different reasons, was equally intent.

Ruth did not have to hide the turbulence of her feelings. William would not have noticed if she'd turned blue, except inasmuch as it might disrupt his vigilance. On the other hand, to have stepped out toward the lone figure, to have gone near him again that day, was not the kind of chance Ruth could afford. Already the old man's hands shook. Although not directly threatened, he suffered some similar emotion in this outsider's steady scrutiny of his home. The

placation of George Norren's attitude was like a lid that had been put down temporarily over a caldron of steam.

Again, at dusk, Ruth heard the beep of the horn. She was careful this time not to run out. William sat in his rocker warily and his head turned sharply to her as she moved out beside him. "There, Uncle," she said, "he's going now. Perhaps he's finished." When she raised her arm in answer to the wave from the car, it was the essence of a prayer. She stood very still, long after the little red light had withdrawn from the dim edge of her world.

William began to rock. The night crept up like a black canopy. No moon, Ruth saw with sinking heart.

She turned away from the barren darkness, from the rhythm of the rocker that seemed to take her heart with it in a vacuum of monotony.

She might have dreamed of love that night, but it would have been like taking a knife deliberately to her breast, like walking with eyes open into a consuming flame.

Restless, she rose from bed and wandered to the window. The blackness had moved off. A moon hung like a light behind a curtain of smoke. Over by the slope where the road curved to the house was the dark shape of a car. Ruth closed her eyes, and tears ran from them.

In the morning, William was not well.

She did not wait to do her work, but opened the front door and waved to George Norren.

His wave was instant and she knew that he had been waiting. Warmth, not of the pale sun's, enfolded her. She could not look forward or back in time now, only to the present, the moment of seeing him there and of going to him—

He stood up when she was near, but did not approach her. A profound change had come into the gaze with which he met hers. "I see the whole thing now," he told her at once. "I was pretty glib yesterday, didn't begin to understand the risk it meant to you. What happened? How's the old fellow now?"

"In bed."

George Norren frowned. "One of his things?"

"Not quite," said Ruth, "but that rage was bound to upset him."

"What should I do, Miss Barlow?" George Norren made an impatient sound. "What *is* your name?" he grinned.

"Ruth," she smiled.

"Ruth—" He turned the name over in his mind and nodded. "Ruth," he said, returning to seriousness, "what shall I do, stay or go?"

"Stay!" she answered, with such pleading that he stepped toward her and held her to him in comfort.

"Hey—" he said softly, "you're shaking." He stroked her hair, and rocked her a little.

Presently he held her away and said, "Notice anything?"

She looked up at him. "You've had your hair cut."

He nodded. "Yup. Shave and cut. See what you've done? Not only trapped me into an honest day's work, but made a gentleman out of me."

She smiled uncertainly, assuming nothing from this apparent effect of herself upon him, anticipating his swift retreats. "Wouldn't you have had to, anyway?" she asked.

"No intention whatever," he said, "until I faced civilization again."

She looked at him curiously. "Where do you drive off to at night?" she asked softly.

"Why, to eat. I've cut it down to once a day, but that's the minimum. After that, appetite or no appetite, I can't stand the growls my stomach makes."

Ruth laughed.

"Mm," he said, "that's pretty. Do it again."

But she couldn't. "Do you sleep all night in your car?" she wanted to know before he might sink into uncommunicativeness again.

He nodded.

She went on quickly, for the lightness was draining from his expression. "Didn't you know there's a good inn at Banksville?"

"Didn't care," he said. His face was closing against her. "Didn't want anyone to find me until my work was done." He met her large, intent eyes with the shade of self-depreciation barely held off in his own and dropped his arms from her. "A gesture—" he said, "would you understand anything about that? It was a weak man's way out of a situation he couldn't solve, a desperate move to recover ability, so that at least a life's work wasn't thrown down the drain together with everything else."

She waited.

"Pity," he went on, in the tone she dreaded, "my excuse against action. That's what I discovered while acting the oracle with you yesterday. Telling you to go ahead, nothing to it, do what I haven't been able to do yet. Yes, Ruth, you've shed a light. Too bad I haven't the guts to make use of it!" By this time he'd turned from her altogether.

She waited a moment longer, then in obedience to some instinctive prompting, moved slowly to his painting. She looked at it for a while in silence. "It's as if all the life that had been there is there still, invisible, but having to wait until the house itself is gone before it can die away. It wants to; it's more than ready. It's like my great-grandmother, who was still alive when I was little, but so shriveled and old, so dead except for just her heart to stop so she could be buried and done with that she used to sit and wait, go to bed each night hoping she'd never wake up. She kept on waking up and crumbling away a little more. Then one day she just fell forward in her chair and was gone. She'd had fourteen children and somehow it's as though the house has been used the same way, till the very end of its strength—"

He was standing behind her now. "'The Womb'—" he murmured. Suddenly he gripped her shoulders. "'The Womb!'" There was restrained excitement in his tone. "That's what I'll call it!"

He met her eyes, hardly seeing her, and slowly picked up his brush. "I've got less than a week—" he murmured. "But perhaps—" His words trailed off. He began to work.

The next morning George Norren was in a bleak mood. "It's one thing to be making some headway at last," he told Ruth, when she came to him, "another to know that one'll soon be setting the spring of one's trap again and walking in."

"I thought this would help," said Ruth, gesturing to his work.

"Well, it does, of course." He looked at her from the depths of self-disgust. "Even if this flops, it's proved something that had to be proved before anything else could count. But, damn it, it isn't enough. Suddenly it isn't enough."

"You look terribly tired," said Ruth, putting away the panic his gloom set up in her, keeping tenaciously to the moment at hand. "Maybe you ought to rest."

"What from?" he said bitterly. "Oh, undoubtedly some sleep would be salubrious," he nodded, "but it's a trick, neat if you can do it."

"Don't you sleep?" asked Ruth in sharp concern.

"Sure—but I left my sleeping pills behind in a fit of virtue. Likewise abandoned the bottle. My halo fits where it touches, and touches nowhere." He looked up with a glimmer of a smile. "You know something, though," he added, "I feel better since you got here. I need you in my pocket."

He went over to her, and gently gathered the back of her hair in his hand and held it away so that it turned

her face up to him. "You're like a cool touch on a fevered brow," he said. "Do you know that? You stand there and you're like the sky and the trees and the sun, as simple and real as that. I look at you and I'm ashamed."

He looked down at her, silent, unmoving. "You mustn't look at me like that," he said. "You mustn't love me. Do you hear? I want you to believe me—it's a wrong thing, a waste. I'll hurt you and that's something I'd hate myself for more than ever. I want to help you, if anyone can. I say that, because no one can help me but myself. When it's like that, you've met yourself face to face. All I've been able to do is look away again. I don't think you'd do that."

Ruth rescued herself from the bliss of his nearness. "You're helping me," she said, lowering her gaze, "a great deal. My uncle got up again this morning. He's probably watching us now from a window."

The artist looked up involuntarily, then back at her. "More risks, eh?" he said.

She looked up at him again. "I don't know—" she said.

They both turned slowly and gazed at the house. One of the shutters had given way to the strong wind of the night and was about to fall off. A pair of chickens strutted around the corner, paused in caution, decided to turn back, disappeared. There was no other sound or visible clue to a living presence. The silence seemed to move over them, binding them together in a vacuum.

"Yes—" murmured George Norren, "I can see how it'd get you, no matter how much good sense you had. It's a dandy background to go nuts in." He gripped her arms. "Only you're not going to go nuts," he told her. "You're going to lick this thing. You've already started. You're on your way!"

She nodded slowly, not certain whether she was believing in him, or what he said. All she knew was that it was impossible at this moment to feel hopeless. It showed in her eyes, her gradual smile.

"I'm going to get to work now," he said. He shoved his fingers through his dark hair, as if impatient of what his head held, as if to rid himself of it. Then, because apparently he had failed to do so, he continued, deeply frowning, and took up where he had left off.

She leaned against a tree, and filled her eyes and heart with the material for memories. For soon there would be nothing but the past.

After a while, she moved off.

"Hey," he said, noticing her at once, "where are you going?"

She smiled. "Got to get Uncle William's lunch."

He made a face.

She hesitated. Then suddenly she was saying it, "Why don't you come up and share it with us, Mr. Norren?"

"Mr. Norren!" he repeated vehemently. "What is this? George is my name!"

She looked at him sidewise. "George," she said quickly.

He appeared to relax, to approve. "But no, thanks, on the invitation," he told her. "Darned if I'll wave any unnecessary red rags around the old man. You're the one to suffer for it, not I."

"It's my house," she said, "and I want you to."

He, in turn, looked at her sidewise. "Your virtues are adding up, fair lady," he said, "and I foresee a happy ending for you—but—isn't this kind of jumping with two feet?"

"I'm not doing anything to him," she said, shaking her head, "just asking a person for lunch."

He meditated. "Well—put like that, I see what you mean. Still—"

"Only if you want to," put in Ruth. "We're not wonderful company—"

He lowered his brows accusingly at her. "Your uncle I can live without. We'll pretend you didn't say the other."

She laughed, softly, and his eyes brightened with the sound of it. "Then you'll come," she pleaded.

He spread his hands. "My stomach and heart say yea. My head says nay. The majority gets the vote, doesn't it? So thanks, Ruth."

She drew a breath of contained excitement. "I'll call you," she said.

She paused at the door to the kitchen, her eyes rounding. It was strange that no sound came from her, no gasp or outcry. Her hand came slowly up against her breast.

William, sitting on a chair in the middle of the wide-board floor, his younger brother's old hunting rifle between his knees, jumped in alarm as he lost his grip on the trigger and it sprang with a hard click. "Goodness, Ruthie," he grumbled, "it's hard to hold! Never looked so hard when Ben shot with it."

"Uncle!" said Ruth at last, coming forward slowly. "What are you doing with it? Suppose it had been loaded!"

William darted a glance at her, and smiled. "Found some ammunition in the tin box in the tool shed, Ruthie." He jabbed an uncertain, shaking hand into a pocket of his overalls. "See?" He held them out, but gingerly, as if suspecting that she might grab them from him.

She stood beside him, feeling foolish, for it had been her intention, and now to take them from him would require force. "What are you going to do?" she asked, making up her mind to grab the rifle itself.

But as if anticipating this move also, William fixed his knees tightly about it and looked up at her, his blue eyes defiant. "I know how to shoot, Ruthie," he said, nodding. "I watched Ben a lot. I can do it. I'm going to put the little bullets in here, see—" He pointed proudly to the chamber, but with caution, alert to Ruth's reaction.

Ruth stood a moment more. Should she scuffle with him?

Already, with quick glances at her, he was sliding in the bullets. It was now, or perhaps not at all, she thought.

"Don't you try to take this from me, Ruthie," he said. He sounded like a child guarding an unapproved plaything, except that where a child would be bluffing its ability to ward off aggression, William meant it. A child, if his bluff were called, would have to give in. William would not, even if the result was defeat. Ruth could sense that in the frenzy of his fingers, the quick inhale and exhale of his rasping breath.

"Just tell me what you want to shoot," she said quickly.

"That fella." William pushed at the bolt with clumsy fingers, but managed to succeed. "If he comes near."

Ruth frowned. "But why, Uncle William, why?" Her voice rose in bewilderment. "You talked to him. You saw what he was, that he meant well!"

"He didn't go, Ruthie." William fixed her with a gaze that held a cunning, a secret knowledge.

"But he's not finished. He told you he was going to finish, unless you told him definitely not to."

"You made him welcome, Ruthie," said William. "You shouldn't."

"Of course." Ruth felt the advantage of her youth, her right, her strength, and absurdity in its use against the small, wrathful old man who faced up to her. "I made him welcome and I still do. And in any case he isn't even trespassing. He's on the road and our land doesn't start until the fence," she said evenly.

William's mouth pursed with its secret. His eyes narrowed. He gripped the rifle hard. "He's got his sights set on you, Ruthie. I saw that look in men's eyes before."

Ruth's lips parted in abrupt protest, then slowly came together in silence. At last, she understood. Uncle William's fear had been abstract, a vague sense of insecurity at having his mother's home under scrutiny—but now it was concrete. The stranger, through *her*, would attack his sanctuary! It gave Ruth a swift inspiration.

Why had William recovered, failed to experience the full impact of his "seizure"? Her eyes searched the old-child face, no longer serene, but tired and grayish, the lips in an almost permanent quiver. Why did he rise to pit his will and final strength to it?

"That's very silly, Uncle," she said quietly and turned to busy herself with the coming meal. "He'll be on his way any time now. He's a famous artist, a city man. He'd have no interest in a girl like me. He just talks to me because I'm here and I talk to him because—because I'm lonely."

The quietness caused Ruth to glance warily at William. He had lifted the gun onto his knees. It pointed toward the door. He did not seem to have heard what she said.

"You must put that gun away," she said firmly, drying her hands, and walking toward him. "I've asked Mr. Norren to share our lunch and as soon as it's ready I'm going to call him in."

He turned slowly to her, swiveling his knees. His eyes were like a startled kitten's. His hand fumbled toward the catch.

She waited for a moment, her heartbeat throbbing through her veins. Then she put out her hands slowly toward him. "Better give it to me," she said, her tone steady.

He stood up. The chair went clattering back to the floor. He moved away from her, taking small backward steps until he was against the wall.

Ruth moved uncertainly and he shook his head. "No, Ruthie," he whined, "don't you take it." He hooked his finger around the trigger.

"Come on, Uncle," she said presently. "I'm going to call him now."

William blinked, like an owl disturbed by light. She paused a moment. He had raised the muzzle a little. It pointed about half way up the length of a person's body.

"Put it away," she said sternly.

"Best not call him, Ruthie," said William softly, pleadingly.

"Nothing's going to stop me," said Ruth. She moved to him, and put out her hand. "Do I have to make you give it to me?" she asked.

He shivered, but did not relinquish the rifle.

Ruth stepped to one side and reached for the butt. With an involuntary jerk, William's finger plucked at the trigger. There was a harsh, reverberating explosion and a bullet ripped into the china closet, sending dishes crashing.

Ruth screamed, then stood paralyzed with shock. William tottered a little, dazed. Then they both looked at the shattered glass, the broken dishes.

"Mother's platter—" murmured William, a sob rising.

The next instant the front door had opened, and George Norren appeared at the kitchen entrance, startled questioning on his face. "Thought I heard a shot, anything wrong—?" he said, and stopped. His glance around was a swift appraisal.

William had raised the rifle and was pointing it straight at him.

"Uncle!" cried Ruth. "Stop it, don't, put it down for heaven's sake!"

George turned. "For the love of Mike!" he muttered. "Look out, sir," he said with a quick smile. "You're going to hurt someone with that." He started forward, kindly, as if to save the old man from embarrassment.

William's arms jerked. Ruth screamed and George ducked. There was another explosion. A bullet tore past George's head, about a foot wide of it, and planted itself in a hard main-beam of the wall. "Good God, man!" he yelled at William.

William screamed, dropped the rifle and covered his face with his arms. George rushed forward to pick up the rifle and was in time to catch the old man as he swayed sideways in a faint.

Over William's form, the eyes of the two met. "I'm sorry," said Ruth shakily. "He got this idea that you liked me too much. I suppose he thought you might influence me about the house in some way that threatened him."

George looked hard at her, frowning. "I can't decide whether it's a bad thing that I ever saw this place, or a good."

"It's good," said Ruth quickly. "I know it is." She turned before he could comment and led the way upstairs to William's room.

George observed, as he watched the way Ruth went about settling William, "You're good at this sort of thing. No wonder he's terrified of losing you!" He hovered uneasily in the tiny room, seeming to fill it.

Ruth waited as William's lids rose slowly over his blank blue eyes. "Mother—" he whimpered. Ruth felt his pulse again. It was very weak. She looked at him a few moments in silence. Then she rose slowly and looked directly into George's eyes. "Lunch was ready," she said. "I was just going to call you when this happened. I hope you'll stay and eat with me."

"Mother—" William repeated in a faint moan.

"Please do," urged Ruth.

George gave her a long, questioning look. "I must admit I'm confused," he acknowledged. "I want to do whatever helps you, but you'll have to be the judge."

"Stay," she asked softly.

He took her hand and gave it a hard press.

In the late afternoon, torn between running down to say goodnight to George, who would soon be closing up and going for his dinner, and staying beside William, who clung to her hand and cried, Ruth made a sharp and unexpected decision.

"Uncle William," she said gently, "I'm going to ask the artist to stay, to offer him a room until his picture is done." Amazement halted William's tears abruptly.

"It's no good to say anything against it, Uncle," she went on. "I've made up my mind. Of course," she added, "he might refuse. He was very understanding about being shot at and the way you feel, and he won't want to upset you. But I'm going to try to persuade him."

Painfully the old man assembled his scattered and weakened forces. "Don't—" he begged in a grating whisper, "No, no—"

"Uncle," said Ruth, the continued softness of her voice obdurate in itself, "you must believe me when I say that there's nothing for you to fear about Mr. Norren. He means no harm to you, or to me. He's kind and good."

William's eyes sought hers quickly, and to her own surprise Ruth looked away. She stood up. "Now rest until I bring you some soup," she told him, settling his covers. "There's nothing to worry about except getting back your strength. I'll be gone a few minutes, then I'll be right in the house for anything you need."

He rolled his eyes up to hers in mute appeal. She gave him a smile, but there was in it not a tinge of the pity that she could no longer feel.

She caught George just as he had folded away his easel and was sliding it into the trunk of his car. He was astonished and disturbed by her suggestion that he stay in the house. "Listen, Ruth," he protested, "I've managed all right so far. The back seat's not at all bad. You'll just make more trouble for yourself."

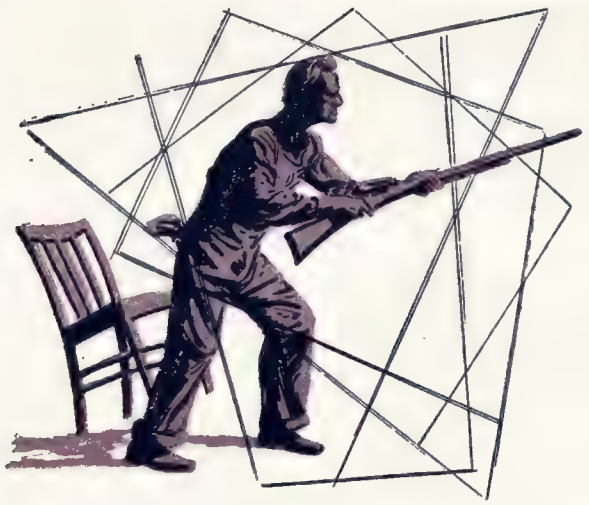
"If you sleep well and eat properly, you'll do better work," said Ruth.

"Oh—I'm almost finished, for that matter," he argued.

"You are?" she said quickly.

"Another couple of days at the most. And look—I'm right here if you should need me."

"It's not that," she countered, turning from him to hide her feelings. "I'll be managing after you've gone, you know."



"Then what is it, Ruth?" He came close to her, put his arm around her shoulders and shook her gently as if to detract from any deeper significance.

"It will help me, too."

He put a finger under her chin and raised it. "In what way?" he asked with gentle suspicion.

"Between my uncle and me," she said simply.

He stood looking down at her, searching her eyes. Then he shook his head. "I should have half your courage!" he said. He moved his arms around her and held her. "If only I could be born again," he murmured against her hair.

She gazed sadly past his cheek, her body yearning, her love barely held from abandoned confession. "Is she beautiful?" she asked softly.

"Yes."

Ruth waited a moment. *I would kill myself if he tired of me,* she thought and suddenly knew, with painful sympathy, what the unknown person was doing to George. *No,* she decided suddenly, *I wouldn't. I'd let him go—!*

"There's nothing in my favor," said George, as if reading her thoughts. "I never even loved her. My ego got an appetite for what she fed it. It wasn't even straightforward sex. I kept going back for more until the years piled up like a wall. Until I came here, I thought I pitied her. It seemed utterly believable that she'd take her life." He made a sound like a laugh. "Maybe she would. All I've got yet is a theory."

Ruth was still. "I made up the room. . ." she said presently, gently disengaging herself.

He smiled at her. "You win," he said.

The next days were the nearest thing to happiness that Ruth had ever known. She tended William with competence and, though vigilant for the sudden relapse, she did not believe it would come. It seemed clear to her that her uncle no longer quite believed in the power of his helplessness. It was not a concise awareness, just something that she felt was so. When, in facing George, he had known it could not avail him, he had not used it. She could be quite wrong, but meanwhile, George was here and, though she wished him to complete his work satisfactorily, she was glad there had been some rain.

He helped her with her chores. They laughed at his ineptness at old-fashioned housework. He wondered at her strength, her resourcefulness, her endurance.

No longer did the rejection, the caustic self-jibe spring so quickly to his lips. Oftener he took her hands in his, or sat looking at her in deep speculation that seemed to imbibe the quality of her eyes or face. He loved to hear her laugh, to see her smile. He was enchanted by her honest little speeches and told her so. He worked best now when she stayed near and missed her so much when she was busy that, when she reappeared, he reached for her hand to keep her there.

One day they went into the parlor. It was dark and stuffy. The draperies were like ghosts watching them.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," George said to a large portrait of a woman, who stood with her arm about William, looking down on them with disapproval.

"That's Grandmother Molly and Uncle William," smiled Ruth.

George nodded and continued to study the portrait. "You know, Ruth," he mused, "this is not your problem, your burden. It's a misfortune of life when a weakling can't wean himself from his mother. Little William belongs in one of those good homes for the aged. It's a pleasant life for them. They take excellent care of them. They have their companionships. And he'd soon adjust; they all do."

Ruth started and paled. "Ssh!" she whispered, and went quickly to the door.

"What on earth—?" began George.

"Suppose he heard that!" Ruth's eyes were huge with apprehension.

George looked at her in momentary mystification. Then his gaze focused only on her fear, her anguish. "I meant only to be practical," he said, "but I forget. Forgive me—"

He went to her and gathered her in his arms.

She did not attempt to fight off the warmth that flowed through her. She closed her eyes. Looking down, he saw the fringe of her lashes, her parted lips. Frowning against the compulsion that was too strong for him, he bent slowly and kissed her.

Although he was the first to open his eyes again, to recover equilibrium, it was plain that he had been severely shaken. He continued to hold her tightly against him, almost angrily, as if to protect her from the danger that he himself had inflicted. There was something he wanted to say. The denial of the words brought back the troubled lines to his face and made even more intense the original distaste for himself.

"I love you—" whispered Ruth very softly against his chest. Her eyes were big with gain, with loss, equally fused. She was still, disarmed, unable to keep herself or him.

Perhaps he had heard her. He gazed past her head as if some slow inspiration were penetrating his mind. He said nothing, but his grip around her softened to tenderness, while a glint came into his eyes that Ruth, looking up, discovered and tried, wonderingly, to understand.

There was a soft thud somewhere in the rooms behind them and they jumped apart, looking at each other in sharp question. Almost immediately, in mutual accord, they smiled.

"Hell—" said George, "another week in this place and you'd be looking after me, too!"

"He's out of bed, though," said Ruth. She looked up again quickly. "The rifle," she said, "I completely forgot about it!"

His expression sobered, like a reflex reaction to hers. But suddenly, as she started quickly out of the room, he grabbed her arm and pulled her back.

"Hey—" he said, "look. One of us has got to make sense and I'm beginning to think it's got to be me. First of all, you know the old fellow's weak as a new-born kitten. He couldn't lift the rifle at this point, let alone aim it. Second, you keep forgetting that you're not playing his game any more. I don't want you to forget it ever again. You don't even have to take it from me that it's your salvation not to—you know it yourself. All I've done is point it out to you, the way you've pointed out mine to me."

She gazed at him gravely. The impulse of departure left her body. Her shoulders relaxed.

There was a repetition of the sound they had heard. More followed, coming closer. This time Ruth did not move. She looked at George and he nodded.

The door was pushed softly inward. William's tiny figure stood framed in the lighter shade from the hallway. He had put a much-darned robe over his nightshirt. His eyes, round and gentle, met George's and Ruth's combined attention with apology. "Ruthie," he smiled, "could I please have a cup of tea?"

"Why yes, Uncle—" said Ruth, surprised.

"And please," he said, with a pitifully furtive glance to and away from the tall figure of George, "will you find my tobacco, Ruthie?"

"Yes—" she paused in concern and looked down at his feet. They projected nakedly from his bare ankles, knobby, blue-veined. She frowned. "Uncle, you know better than that. Come." she added, exasperatedly taking his arm and leading him away. "I'd better bring your rocker into the kitchen where it's warm, I suppose—"

George stood where he was, watching them, without expression.

Just before she turned from sight, Ruth looked back at him and there was new self-knowledge in her apologetic little smile.

It was a chilly evening, with a suggestion of frost in the crisp air. George and Ruth sat in the kitchen, where it seemed most cheerful and warm. William sat in his rocker and smoked, a faraway glaze over his expression.

"I'm hoping, sir, that you'll take a look at my picture before I leave," said George, his tone offering back to the old man his lost dignity.

William looked quickly in the opposite direction to George's glance and a tinge of pink crept up through the white-stubbled depression of his visible cheek. He made no answer.

George's and Ruth's eyes met. Ruth shrugged. Silence cast a tension over the room. But presently, gazing at each other, they forgot it again. Their kiss was like a secret treasure they had discovered mutually, with a worth that could be understood by no one but themselves.

In a little while, as their conversation moved on in unintentional revelation of their absorption in each other, William got up, shuffled over to the shelf where the cookbook was kept and carried it off to the dining room.

Ruth frowned. Then she laughed softly. "I've done something wrong with his food again," she whispered, "not the way Grandma Molly did it."

George shook his head and lifted his hands in a gesture of defeat. "There's nothing crazier than people," he said.

"Now he'll pore over that for hours," explained Ruth, "as if to show me."

They looked at each other a moment. "Let's face it," said George. "He's hopeless."

Ruth's eyes looked troubled.

"I know," said George. "It's too bad, but it's a fact." There was a remindful sternness in his tone.

Ruth smiled, a wistful acknowledgment. Then her eyes brightened. "Though it's a good sign, too, when he does that," she said, humor pressing a dimple to one side of her mouth. "He does it only when he's sure everything's going to be all right. Pretty soon he'll get in one of his little tantrums. Then I'll know he's quite happy again."

George leaned across the kitchen table and took her hand in a grip of encouragement. Then he leaned away again and became serious. "You know I can't stretch this thing out much further. I've run out of excuses, even to finishing touches and stuff."

"You mean the picture's done?" Ruth's hands pressed tightly together and her body stiffened.

He nodded.

She looked at him, her eyes frankly pleading.

"I hate to leave you here," he said.

But still her eyes pleaded.

He looked away and lighted a cigarette.

There was a silence, terrible to Ruth, while her heart seemed to cry out for the word, the hope that she could no longer deny herself.

"There's one thing I want to be sure of," he told her. He nodded toward the invisible presence of William in the dining room. "Will it soon be time for children to be in bed?"

"Yes—" whispered Ruth softly. She rose.

When she returned, George was standing on the porch in the darkness. He turned quickly to her. "It's not as cold out as in," he said. "Could you get a sweater or something and come for a walk? Not far, just to shake the cobwebs out of my brain."

"I'll be warm enough," she said and they strolled down the steps, down the hill toward the road.

"How many leaves have fallen since yesterday!" observed Ruth. "Winter won't be long."

They walked silently a while, then he put his arm around her waist and held her close against him as they went. "Are you sorry I ever happened on this road?" he asked her.

"No." she answered truthfully. "Are you?"

"I would be," he said, "if you were."

She strained to his meaning. Was there to be nothing, nothing at all beyond? "This was the way you drove in," she said, her voice small, "and this is the way you'll go—" She waited, but he did not say that he would be back that way, too.

Would he never speak, she thought!

He stopped suddenly and crushed her to him. It was more of an agony than a kiss. "Ruth," he told her, "there are men who say 'I love you' easily and who make promises about themselves. I've been one of them. Do you understand?"

"I think so." she said weakly, her world standing still.

"That's why," he said softly, his lips against her cheek. "I can't say what's in my heart to say to you now."

She gave a gentle sigh that he did not hear. "It's something," she said.

"You know what I want it to be, don't you?"

She was still.

"Everything," he whispered.

She nodded against him. He was laying before her the cold estimate of his self-evaluation. She loved him for it and her hopes clung to his honesty as if it were a raft for her, too. "I believe in you," she said.

"Don't, Ruth. I'm a convincing character. It hasn't meant a thing. I could sell myself a ticket to the moon with words. I'm so sincere that I'd swear to my integrity on a Bible. No one's more surprised than I am when I run out on myself."

To persevere was like a foolish insistence on a dream and Ruth gave up.

"I'll hope anyway," she said, "because I have to."

He held her more tightly. "If I'm a man at all," he said, "you won't be wrong—but, darling, spare yourself everything you can now. Put all your strength into getting out of this place. Think of nothing else."

"You'll write?"

He released her and they started slowly back toward the house. "The answer's the same," he said. "If. What good otherwise?"

"May I write to you? Will it be unwelcome?"

"It might be wasted bounty, a gift I couldn't match with its worth."

"I wouldn't care. I wouldn't care at all!"

They stopped again under the big maple that enfolded half the house.

"Then I'm grateful and glad," he said. "I want to know what you do, and to know if I can help you in a

practical way. I'll write down my address and you mustn't lose it."

A ghost of happiness returned to Ruth. It seemed a great deal, to know where he was, where he could be reached.

"And don't forget what I said about your uncle," George went on. "It's the best solution, an elderly person's home. Will you promise to work toward it? I'm certain he'll be all right. You'll have done the only sensible thing. In no time at all, he'll be fine. This old monster of a house has put a spell over you and you can't see it as clearly as an outsider. Please listen to me about this. Maybe that fellow will still buy it. You can try. And if not, get that real estate person in the village to help you."

Ruth started to answer and paused. "Did you hear that?" she said. "A sort of breathing sound?"

"Uh-uh—" He cocked his ear. "Probably a branch against the house. A breeze has come up since we came out."

Ruth held him from moving for another moment, her body tense.

"Now, now—" George brought her to him with tender force. "No more of that, remember?"

She relaxed. "His hand seemed so cold tonight," she murmured.

"Listen, darling. Face it. Some day he is going to kick off. No matter how much you worry, how much you suffer. It isn't going to be your fault, or anything you could have prevented." He said the last words separately, with extra emphasis.

"I know it, really," she agreed.

"All right," he said, "now how about that promise?"

"Yes—" she whispered, with a slight shiver against him.

"Ah—" he breathed. "Now, you see the difference between us. Well—at least I shall be sure. That at least will have come from our meeting!"

He pressed his lips to her pale, rounded brow, to her soft, waiting mouth.

Above them, William laid back an intervening branch of maple leaves, withdrew his head from the window and padded slowly back to his bed.

Chapter 6

On this, George's last morning, they sat together in the pale sunlight on the steps of the porch. George's things were packed. They had looked together for the last time at the painting. "You see," he'd said, "in a way I'm carrying you with me." And he'd begun to be excited, too. "Sounds just too corny," he said, "but I feel as if I've preserved a family record. This was the home of the Barlows and the Barlows were a kind of people that lived in a kind of way that was special to an era of human existence. I only hope others will understand. It could fall flat—or it could be a bridge, a new beginning."

"It will be." Ruth said. "I feel so sure."

William came out, saw them talking, their heads close, and turned back into the house. He would not come out again, even though Ruth called to him that George would soon be leaving and George rose to pay his respects.

They looked at each other with question. "I don't think it's any use to bother with him," said Ruth. "Let him go."

George made a wry expression, partly regret, and sat down again.

Then, because so much had come to be understood between them, and because George was not bound beyond his capacity to promise, and their time had dwindled so close to what might be an end, he began to tell her a little of the person who loomed in his mind, to form her for Ruth from shadow into substance. Ruth's heart seemed constricted as he talked, yet she was glad he did.

"If things were really cut-and-dried in a relationship," he mused, "if human nature were divided into neat compartments of right, wrong, bad, good, and it were quite clear what was strong and what was weak, what one could help and what one couldn't and one could merely decide which was which and act, that would be fine. In the first place, I probably wouldn't have been drawn to Tina. Not that I'm asking any quarter!"

He frowned at Ruth. "I've gone beyond that. I lived on that bilge for two years—saying I hadn't the heart to tell her I couldn't marry her, after all. Even quoting to myself that pity is akin to love!"

He relaxed again, as if the aside to Ruth had set something straight which was important between them.

Ruth was still with listening, but demanding nothing more than he wanted to give.

He flicked an ash from his cigarette and watched it scatter into dust on the light breeze. "Well, anyway—" he continued, "we knew each other at college. She was a strange, fluttery sort of kid, always asking me questions about everything and getting me to help her. I kind of liked it. Sure I liked it! Obviously, from the start, I was going to love having my ego stroked. She clung to me like an uncle, a big brother, but was always putting up her mouth to be kissed. Then when I'd comply, so to speak, she'd be the opposite of helpless. I got all knotted up with her until I didn't know whether I was responsible for her or wanted her—"

George flicked the stub of his cigarette off into the weeds and drew out his pack to light another. "No need to conserve now I'm headed for civilization," he grinned, then turned quickly to Ruth and put his hand over hers in apology.

She shook her head to show she had not been vulnerable to despair.

He got his cigarette going, then went on: "Well, somehow she decided I meant to marry her. Every time I'd get up courage to tell her that it wasn't that way, her beautiful eyes would fix on me and she'd say that I was all she had in the world. And it was true. She'd been adopted in the first place, then her adopted parents were killed and she was brought up by an aunt who was strictly amoral.

"Then, one day, I stumbled on a conversation I wasn't meant to hear between two girls on a picnic. They said Tina was doing a neat job of concealing another affair from me. I put it to Tina and she admitted it. I broke with her, relieved as hell for the excuse, too.

"Then came the war and I was stationed in Honolulu. One day, who should sing out to me but Tina. She'd got herself a desk job there. Women were so scarce that old spinster secretaries were getting proposals of marriage from virile young soldiers. Well, I fell back into this lure with Tina. She'd come all that way, hoping to find me. She was lovely in her uniform, but even in that she had that thin, hopeless, helpless look, with her gold hair and big violet eyes, all out of place and pathetic. The other guys envied me. Old ego raised its hungry puss again. I was Don Juan, Santa Claus and Father Time all wrapped up in one cute package.

"You *must* love her, I told myself conveniently. So I said we'd get married when the war was over and she went whooping about. Then I got transferred. I heard that she was going around with others, but she always explained it away by saying that she was no good, useless, without me to guide her. I would think of the aunt and of what might happen to Tina if I turned my back. And she considered herself firmly engaged.

"When the fireworks were over and we were civilians again, I kept finding ways to put off the vows. I don't know what I expected. Magic, I guess. That I'd open my eyes and suddenly not give a hang what happened to her. She was always in some kind of stupid trouble—charge accounts she couldn't pay—giving checks that

bounced—getting drunk and making herself cheap—even stealing something from a friend because she liked it so much. Afterwards, S.O.S. Bail her out, explain, pay off—torn between revulsion and a feeling of guilt. Maybe she was right and all she needed was for me to marry her. My stalling got on my own nerves. I couldn't work or sleep and I couldn't think straight. I felt trapped, and yet there was nothing really except this sense of being all she had.

"I tried again and again to talk to her. She would get headaches, a so-called breakdown. She'd recover if I'd only promise never to leave her. If I looked at anyone else, she'd be on the trail, making scenes, pulling stunts. I thought I saw her motives, but they were always helpless love for me. And you can delude yourself into your grave with that! She stopped asking about marriage, just settled for all my attention, all my spare time.

"If I left her—? Suicide. Would she or wouldn't she, I'd debate through the night? Was it bluff or true? Was she just crazy enough to do it? Finally, I just ran out. And here I am. I left a note telling her not to worry, that I'd gone for my forty days in the wilderness, to try and put something on canvas."

He stopped, and looked at Ruth wonderingly. "Gosh, I never meant to go on like that. You know, you have a strange effect on me. I talk to you and end up understanding everything better."

"George—?" said Ruth, lost in thought.

"Yes?"

"She's a lot like Uncle William."

"Yes," he nodded. "That's why I could find an answer for you, I suppose."

They gazed deeply into each other's eyes. Behind the house, in the fields, the cow lowed. They smiled. Then, slowly, their eyes saddened. They had reached the end of the road that they could travel together. It separated now, became two pathways, one for each. No words could merge them into one road again. And if action could, it was an imponderable part of a distant time, nothing that could alter this moment.

She went with him to the car. Their kiss was painfully sweet and he could barely leave her. But she fought back the tears and hysteria that would have been so easy, the mad urgency to prolong the inevitable, and moved from his arms. It seemed incredible that she could stand and watch him go from her, get in behind the wheel, start the engine that would move him away, away—the dark eyes; the dark, beloved head; the big shoulders; the familiar slant of eyebrows; the fine nose and mouth; the wry, sorrowful expression that would be imprinted on her memory for life.

He gazed at her, doleful, distressed, caught in a paralysis of conflict.

"Ruth—?"

She shook her head, unable to speak again and hold back emotion.

"Ruth, I—" He stopped.

She bit her lip and her eyes were hollow and anguished.

"Hell!" he said, "I *won't* say goodbye. So long, Ruth."

She nodded and raised her hand.

With one last, long look, he drove away, the car gathering up dust, bumping at impersonal speed down the rutted road. His arm stayed out, the hand raised, until it became to Ruth's vision but a blur against a gray and coral horizon. Then, so suddenly that it took away her breath, the car was gone from sight.

She ran up the hill and saw it again, far off, curving like a large insect over the ridge, circling away, smaller and smaller in a haze of dust. And it seemed then to Ruth that the shadowy form of a thin, blonde, violet-eyed girl rose up in that far mist and the car moved farther and farther toward it and finally dissolved in it.

She stood there, gazing at the place where the car and the shadow had been. Then she turned slowly and looked up at the house as if seeing it after a long sleep.

She felt as if she were following William, in and out of a room, up to the chicken house, back. She seemed to be stalking him in the dark hallway, pursuing silently at his little routines. Now—she would think—*now!* But the gray day gradually diminished, thickened into low-hung mist that settled on the frost-bitten foliage with the final threat of death and the words were unsaid.

She came upon him, then, as the damp air began to strike with evening chill, knocking his pipe on the stone behind the kitchen door. The back of his reddened neck did not carry the pathetic implications of his eyes and quivering mouth. As he continued to stoop there, squatting so that he looked like a strange gnome-creature, not even quite real, her purpose rose up.

"Uncle William," she began, "I have something to say to you. Come in and sit down."

Too late, she thought, to remember that that was the way she'd begun the last time. When he looked up, his bushy brows in short, thick arcs of question, she trembled involuntarily. Suppose that scene should, after all, be repeated! But under the brows, she saw, there was no terror, but rather an infinite sadness with which he must hear a verdict long suffered in advance.

"Yes, Ruthie?" William straightened up slowly, undoing the set of his old bones, shuffling toward her with a gentle, inquiring air.

He allowed himself to be directed and sat docilely while she poked at the coals in the stove.

She sat down slowly before him.

"Uncle—" She folded her arms and hid her hands in case they should shake. "Uncle, I hate to have to say this, you must believe me. I think I—I've come to know just how much it means to you to stay here in this house—" She paused, expecting the worst, steeling herself against it, knowing that it could seal her doom if she could not.

But William sat like a boy about to receive a long, unjust dissertation from a harsh adult. His shoulders bunched up, closer to his ears. She noticed that his lips had a gray color and were tightly-pressed, without the usual threatening to quiver.

A strange, new feeling tingled along her veins. A heretofore unthought-of possibility presented itself to her mind. There was something just a little different about William. Resigned—yes. But something more. Was it likely that he was planning a rebellion, a strike? That he might refuse to leave the place?

Suppose that he did, she asked herself? Would she be able to cope with it? Would she have the determination it would take to force him bodily into a car, have him taken away if need be?

A shiver jerked her shoulders.

Yes, she would have that courage!

A faint warmth of challenge tinted her cheeks. Her eyes lost their last hesitancy. Somehow, beyond her limits of perception, it seemed as if she and her uncle were meeting in a final duel of will.

He had made no comment. He simply was inert, waiting.

"But Uncle," she continued, in the respectful voice she had always used to him, "there are other places where I think you could be happy and well-taken-care-of. I have thought it all out for a very long time. As long as you feel that you'd rather not come with me wherever I go, I thought you'd find a nice, pleasant existence in what they call a 'Home.' The building would be comfortable and homelike. There would be motherly people to look after you. Good food—much better than my cooking, Uncle. And there would be many others just like yourself, around the same age and everything, who also needed to be looked after, for you to talk to and be friends with."

She paused to note his reaction. There was none.

Not knowing whether to take hope or not, she continued. "I'm going to make every effort to sell the house, Uncle. You must try to keep hold of yourself, prepare your mind. There may be time to think about it, to get used to the idea, because if Mr. Jensen has lost all interest in it, I'll have to try other ways, you see. But if he hasn't—Well, anyway, I'll see him tomorrow if I can."

His silence, continuing after she had finished speaking, unnerved her further. Yet she could not ask him to word his defeat, could she? It was more than enough that he had not started any symptoms of his hysterics. His head bowed slowly toward his chest. It occurred to her then that there were other ways for him to respond, equally shattering. He might become paralyzed. Or, even more simply, his heart might fail.

"Uncle," she said, rising and starting toward him, "are you all right?"

He seemed to come awake. He evaded her hand and got to his feet. Without a look or word, he shuffled off. She watched him continue through the hall, open the door, go outside and, in spite of the dark and cold, sit in his rocker.

She waited for some time and, when it seemed as if he might sit out there indefinitely, she went out. "Uncle, don't sit there. Come inside. It's nearly dinner time. I'll bring your chair in."

To her amazement, at the word "dinner," he moved a little. He turned his head slowly in her direction. There was no anger, no recalcitrance in his expression. With a deep sigh, he got up from the chair, as though whatever had brought him there had passed and reality had taken precedence.

He lifted the chair and she went to help him. He allowed her to take it from him and carry it in. When they were back in the warmth together, she wished he would tell her something of his feelings about the future.

For some time he watched Ruth, watched her pick out some potatoes from the burlap sack in the corner, wash them, begin to peel them. Perhaps, her thoughts went on, he was taking assurance from these normal acts. She might have to go through it all again really to reach him. The idea started up the pounding of her heart again. Had she proved nothing yet? Must the courage to be firm be found again, the dire possibilities tested anew?

"Ruthie?"

The suddenness of his speaking, when it had finally come, startled her so much that the knife slipped and made a slight cut in her thumb-pad.

"Yes, Uncle?" she said, turning quickly.

But whatever she had feared was unrelated to the quiet, pleading look that she received from the old man. "Would you let me cook the dinner?" he asked. "Would you, Ruthie?"

She was disconcerted by the totally unimagined sequence of his reactions, awed by the ever-new variations of his effect on her. Now what, she thought, frowning?

"But Uncle, you can't—" Suddenly she stopped, struck by eagerness in his wide-open blue gaze. Was it fair to tell him he was incapable of helping himself? Wasn't it only right to let him try?

"I'd like to try Mother's omelette, Ruthie," he said sweetly.

And then it seemed to her that she understood. It was in the nature of a last request, something that, to a man who considered himself condemned, might be a means of comfort.

"Well, I suppose you can," she told him, moving uncertainly away from her task. "Is there something I can get ready for you, or help you with?"

He got up slowly, put his pipe in a dish on the table and looked around. "I watched everything so much, Ruthie. I can do it by myself." He frowned. "Only where's Mother's book?"

"I put it back on the shelf, Uncle. I thought you'd finished with it."

His frown deepened. It seemed to be for himself, rather than for her. She got the book and he took it from her quickly, as if she might take it back. She hovered, reluctant to leave him to the mercy of the stove. "Are you sure?" she murmured.

He did not hear. He opened the book, looking for a place. Then he turned to her and the old petulant note was in his tone. "Go on, Ruthie. Leave me be now," he complained.

She moved away, uncertain, then surrendered with humor to the situation. Let him work it out, she thought. She wouldn't embarrass him in his curious need and she made up her mind that, if his omelette was at all edible, she would eat it with a pretense of zest.

From the kitchen came many sounds, a clattering of pans and crockery. He is angry with me, she thought, for not being his mother, for being like her, but in the end being myself. He wants to show me how much better she treated him by making something of hers that I didn't do right. It will give him some strange kind of revenge.

"Ruthie—" he called her at last. She went in.

"There!" he said, triumphantly.

Ruth's dark eyes darted to the unbelievable disarray. She could not have visualized anything like it. Every pan seemed to have been partly used and every kind of ingredient. The air smelled strangely of grease and smoke. She paid no attention, but looked to the proud product of his labors. It lay upon a plate, large and flat and shiny, with a curious, gray-yellow color and darker lumps.

"*That's* Mother's omelette, Ruthie!" William explained, his smile cherubic.

She did not have the heart to tell him that it did not look just right. As she sat before it, she had to control her rising distaste for the concoction.

"Eat, Ruthie!" he persuaded her. And as he spooned more onto her plate, she half-closed her eyes. If she could just suffer through, she thought, it might be the last time she ever had to play the puppet in his infantile games. It was a joyous thought—to be an adult among adults!

"Good, eh, Ruthie?" he nodded. Thus had she forced praise from her mother for the first cake she'd made, wanting not only assurance that she had divested the grown-up world of some of its mysterious prowess, but the victory of their full acknowledgment. But William wanted more than equality. She met the full pressure of his stare and knew that behind the vapid blueness lurked a rage, a vast rage for his littleness, his dependency, his inadequacy and the forces that had left him bereft of his beloved and only staff in life.

"Very good, Uncle," she humored. Oh, how would she get through the hours, the days, the possible weeks ahead, until she was free! Forcing down another mouthful, she had to bring the vision of George clearly and vividly up against a stab of despair.

"Come, Ruthie," he urged, as she put down her fork in revulsion to the grease. "It's just like *she* made it. I studied it carefully!"

"Enough, enough!" she said, indifferent to what he might do. "You eat the rest." How typical, she thought, that he had only picked at the stuff.

But he wasn't looking at her. The shine in his eyes did not seem to be the liquid presage of tears, but of some sorrow so deep that it had uplifted him.

She rose quietly and began to restore order. By the time she was ready to reach for the light-cord, she was deeply tired, and for that she was grateful. It would be good to forget, to give herself up in faith until another, if not better, day.

"Come, Uncle," she said, with patience that was no longer that of youth with age, strength with weakness, but of final expediency. Tomorrow, she thought, would be soon enough for specific planning.

He rose stiffly, watching her, but it no longer mattered what strange bent his old mind took. "Go on," she said. "Put on the hall light and I'll follow."

He went in slow obedience, with backward glance. She sighed.

"Good night," she said briefly, when he was in bed.

He didn't answer. He watched her face.

Yes, she thought, there will be times yet before we see the end. She turned off the light, still seeing his round, baby-owl stare. "I'll leave the door open," she said, not considering this act of expectation, "call me if you need me. Good night, Uncle."

There was still no answer. She went through the quiet house to her own room. Briefly she dreamed of George, but not too happily. Then she was asleep.

Out of a darkness that was partly real, partly a dreaming, William came into her room and stood by her bed. She could not ask him why he was there because she had no power of speech. Suddenly he was beating her with his fists, striking feeble, but stinging blows at her chest and stomach. And then, his face contorted with wild rage, he took as many hard objects as he could find in the room and hurled them at her. She tried to cry out, but no sound came. She tried to ward him off, but there was no strength in her arms and she flailed out futilely.

There was no sense of surprise in what was taking place. She had expected it. There had been something wrong with his quiet acceptance of her ultimatum.

The pains stabbed at her from the hard objects, but soon William had stopped throwing things and was panting ominously, his breath drawn out in long, harsh rasps. She was able to look at him. He began to shake. From head to toe it took him, as if he had become a small tree in a violent windstorm. Suddenly, even while she reached to him, a great spasm jerked his body, throwing back his head. His eyes rolled and he grabbed at his throat as if he were choking. "Uncle!" she screamed, "Uncle!"

But it was too late to help him. She had done it at last, killed him. He sagged slowly, like a sack of bones, to the floor. Guilt and fear tore through her, like flames of pain. In horror beyond any redemption that George or the world might offer, she screamed, "No, no Uncle! No!"

Her eyes opened quietly. For a brief time, like a second, perhaps, she was bodiless, suspended in an abyss. Then she moved. It was not real, she realized. She had dreamed it.

The next moment, she was conscious of William, standing by her bed and relief throbbed warmly through her body, through her mind.

Just a dream. . .

"Ruthie? Ruthie, are you all right? You've been screaming and moaning terrible."

She looked away from him. "I had a terrible dream," she said.

"Poor girl—I been with you hours, Ruthie. Seems like you'd never wake up." His blue eyes were wide with fear.

"For hours, Uncle? You mean I didn't just get you out of bed?"

"No, Ruthie, it's going on dark again." His lip quivered. "I haven't had much to eat. Couldn't get the fire going good, Ruthie."

She lay still, shocked and questioning. Slowly, as she attempted to assemble her scattered forces, she was conscious of hard pain in her stomach. In an instant the awareness spread to her chest, to her temples.

"Uncle," she said, "I'm sick—something's wrong with me."

"That's what I thought, Ruthie. What am I going to do?"

She stared at his expression of self-concern. Funny that she'd never thought of their positions being reversed. Funny that she'd never wondered what would happen if she

had needed care in this isolated place, with only William. Perhaps because she'd always been so healthy.

"But what can it be, Uncle?" she puzzled.

He looked at her vacuously, unassisting.

Suddenly she knew. The omelette! That greasy mixture, the unaccustomed combination in her stomach. What a fool she'd been to go so far with him in his silliness.

She got up, resisting with difficulty the impulse to tell him her discovery, and reached her toes for her slippers. Her head rocked and she nearly fell back. A wave of nausea rose swiftly through her.

She pushed William aside and stumbled past him.

Presently, feeling somewhat recovered, the pains less acute, she went downstairs, attended to the stove and put on coffee.

"What would you like?" she asked her uncle, hoping that she could withstand the smell of any food.

"Porridge, Ruthie," he answered, coming up quickly behind her and looking eagerly into her face. "I didn't have my breakfast, you see."

With each passing moment her head reeled giddily. The pains returned. She made an extra amount of the grayish mixture he loved so well, in the mounting certainty that she would not be cooking for him again for a while.

Then, just before complete collapse, she got back to her bed and sank into it.

William peered at her anxiously.

"Don't know how you'll do it, Uncle," she moaned, "but you'll have to walk over to the old Novak place and phone Doctor Rowlen."

"That's a terrible long way, Ruthie," William complained.

"Please, Uncle," she said. "Please!"

She didn't know whether he answered. The next time she opened her eyes, bright sun lay like steel dust across the foot of her bed. She lay in a pool of weakness, her limbs like separate, leaden adjuncts beyond her ability to move. Sharp pains contracted her stomach, drew it up in an unbearable knot of agony. She writhed, gasped for breath.

"Uncle—" she groaned, "Uncle—"

"Yes, Ruthie."

She was relieved that he was right there. He was, at least, a person and she could not have borne this alone. "Did you call the doctor?"

"Yes, Ruthie, I did," said William, coming around the end of her bed into her vision.

"Oh thank you," she breathed, "thank you—" She relaxed a little against the pillow, soothed by the assurance of aid.

"He came right away, last night, Ruthie."

Her eyes jerked open. "He came? But how is it that I didn't know!"

"You were asleep. We couldn't wake you and the doctor said that was a good thing, that you should sleep a lot, Ruthie."

She managed to raise herself off the pillow a little. "What did he say was wrong?" she asked, her breath quick and difficult.

"He didn't know, Ruthie." William sat down near her, and she saw that he had managed to bring his rocker into the room. "He said he'd be back today." He paused and looked at her in proud command. "He said you were to eat and keep up your strength, the way you always tell me."

She subsided, frowning. "How could I eat!" she said exasperatedly. "All I want is relief from this terrible pain. When, oh, when will he be back?"

"Any time now, Ruthie." William's tone was unwilling in sympathy. "He said maybe you'd eaten something bad and your stomach is terrible empty."

He put down his pipe and got up, his joints cracking. "Don't go off to sleep again, Ruthie," he muttered, as he shuffled out of the room. "You got to eat a little."

She groaned in pain and at the thought of food.

Presently, in strange cycle, her pains quieted. She lay wracked and still, not daring to hope, to move, in case they should be brought back to being. She could feel the rapid flutter of her pulse in her wrist. Waves of drowsiness washed over her. It didn't matter, she thought, as if a spectator of herself lying there, it didn't matter. She couldn't eat, anyway. . . .

She was prodded from sleep by the hard jab of William's finger. "Wake, Ruthie, wake," he was repeating in unceasing sing-song, "wake, wake."

"Ah—" she breathed and sunk away from him.

"Wake up, wake up!"

Something hard pressed between her lips and she thought wonderingly that the doctor had come, and that she was refusing the thermometer. She opened her lips in glad co-operation. Thank goodness, she thought, thank goodness. . .

She was aware of some sticky substance entering her mouth. It was too late to spit. It slid down her throat.

She opened her eyes wide.

"Come, Ruthie," William said, bending over more closely, "just a few more mouthfuls."

"No, oh, no. . ." She turned her head and it seemed that she had caused a hammer to strike it. She winced, but William's zeal would not be stayed. The spoon came at her mouth like an instrument of torture, which she had not the strength to escape. "Go away!" she cried to him. "Go away, Uncle!" She couldn't help it, the blind rage against his stupid insistence. "Don't you see I'm very ill? This isn't just a stomach upset. For heaven's sake, Uncle, get the doctor back again!"

"But he was here, Ruthie. You were sleeping."

"No! He wasn't! He couldn't have been!" Panic lifted her voice hoarsely. "He'd have wakened me. You didn't go, Uncle. Tell the truth!"

William grumbled as he withdrew the spoon, upon which was some of the porridge she had made, yesterday, the day before—when? she thought, her panic increasing wildly. She had lost all contact with time. William glowered at her under his brows. "Of course I went, Ruthie. That's a mean thing to say."

She knew that a walk of that length would have been a great ordeal for him, but her pains dulled her conscience. "But he must be able to do something. You must get him again, at once!"

"He gave you medicine, Ruthie and he said I was to sit right by and in four hours give you some more, all through the night and day." William nodded, as if he had said, "So there!"

"Where is it?" frowned Ruth, pressing her hands to her skull, in an effort to concentrate. "Please let me see it, Uncle."

"I've got it in the kitchen, Ruthie." He shuffled off, nodding to himself, mumbling.

Concern and gratitude nagged her momentarily. She could not think how he was managing to feed himself, let alone do for another. Yet when he returned, carrying a small glass of whitish liquid, tears of helpless fury coursed down her cheeks. "It's the bottle I want to see, Uncle," she explained, sinking back in exhaustion. "I want to see what he's giving me."

"It's like this, Ruthie," William argued gently, "white. Don't you see?"

She rolled her head from side to side on the pillow. It had never occurred to George, or herself, that she might be trapped here, not by William, but by her own helplessness. She gazed at William with glazed eyes as he bent to her with the glass. Was this going to help her, or would she, as the state of her body indicated at this moment, simply die—?

She closed her eyes against the thought, but it followed her awareness, real, a fact without the possibility of fancy.

"Now, Ruthie, don't go to sleep before you take it."

She was slipping away, her thoughts and feelings tobogganing down a deep, dark hill. With all her effort, she could not stop—

"Ruthie!"

The pitch of William's voice, like a brake screeching across her brain, brought her eyes open again.

She was aware of unusual firmness in his grip of her shoulder and saw the responding fervor in his expression. Of course, she thought! He's terrified beyond any other fear in his life that I'll die. How could she blame him—it was something real to be terrified of.

"Drink it, Ruthie, drink it!" he commanded, his lisping words breaking with emotion.

She looked desperately at the liquid and a dread revulsion shook her. Medicine or no medicine, she knew that her stomach would not hold it. "In a little while, Uncle—" she groaned, "in a little while—"

But William pressed her head upward and the glass at her lips and spilled it through them.

She shook her head and kept turning it, nausea lumping in her chest.

"Come!" William's command was a scream of pure rage.

Ruth focused on his eyes in surprise. Their blueness bore down on her, pellucid, unremitting, like a preying bird's. It seemed to her, in that moment, that his whole aspect had changed.

Suspicion leaped into her mind, swift, whole, as if it had been there, waiting. With the fierce effort of horror, she pushed at him. The glass jerked from his grasp and shattered on the floor.

He looked surprised, then frightened, then absurdly woeful. "You shouldn't have done that, Ruthie," he murmured.

She watched him, her horror greater than the slow cramping of her stomach.

He turned to her sadly. "I'll have to get some more," he said and sighed.

"No!" she shrieked, "No!" raising her hands as if to ward off a blow.

William got up, heedless of her, and moved away toward the door.

"I know what you're doing," she cried out desperately. "You're poisoning me! You're trying to kill me!"

William hesitated a moment and turned his head to study her. He seemed unsure of what he should say or do. "That's not a nice thing to say, Ruthie," he said gently then and continued slowly from the room.

She began to shriek, to shriek and shriek into the unending nothingness of a silence that was like dark seas.

Chapter 7

Ruth fought through her dreams, battled green-haloed monsters, fled from falling boulders, struggled out of weighted blankets that covered her mouth, pushed away the knives that circled and stabbed at her stomach and suddenly, without seeming transition, was awake. William was sitting in his chair, rocking steadily, watching her.

Her eyes rolled in stark fear. The small, upright figure, the soft white hair and wistful expression, so long the object of her compassion, had become an agent of death, the embodiment and source of murderous intent.

William saw her expression sorrowfully and, taking his pipe from his mouth, he began to talk, softly, as if in a church.

"Ruthie—you mustn't think this was his idea. He's sorry about it. He wouldn't hurt you, Ruthie, for anything—"

Ruth struggled vaguely with the puzzle of this third-person separation and stole a terrified glance at his face. Had his mind completely slipped over the border into madness?

"—But he was afraid, you see," continued William. "He had to protect himself. His mother showed him how. She marked a place in the cookbook, a long time ago, for him to find. It was a recipe, Ruthie, for destroying small animals. He remembered that there was some arsenic in a box in the loft—"

Ruth's cry broke into the lisping monologue. "I'm dying," she gasped. "Uncle, Uncle, please! Don't let me! Quickly, get Doctor—" Before she could finish the name, she had fainted.

When she returned to consciousness, William was not there. His blue serge jacket was draped across the back of the rocker and his pipe was resting in a bowl on the table.

She made an effort to sit and managed to rise to her elbows. The room reeled around like a carrousel, but in a moment slowed. Protruding from the inner pocket of William's jacket, she saw the white square of an envelope, stamped and written across in the way of special deliveries. Her first thought was of Cousin Vi—but suddenly her heart raced. George! Had he written to her?

The thought sent some reserve strength coursing through her. Half dragging herself, half collapsing, she reached to the letter. Violently out of breath, listening for the sound of William's tread, she opened it with badly shaking fingers. The words blurred to her weak vision. She blinked hard and cleared the moisture from her eyes, and tried again, and again. At last she was able to read:

My darling, it is done, that which I had to do! Taking my own advice to you, I faced it up. If she does it, I told myself, I'll have to keep on talking the rest of my life, or drown in guilt. If she doesn't, then I'm the prize fool of all time. Well, darling, I'm the fool!

It was all over in a minute, one sharp scene, and Pfft! I could walk out the door. THE MADE-UP MIND— *that was the difference. Oh, I guess there'll be attempts at revenge, messiness of one sort or another, but she knows now that there's no way back. I feel as if I'd been under the effects of some long-lasting drug since the first day Tina hung her troubles around my neck on the campus. Anyway, it's over.*

Now I can say what I wanted to say to you in the first place. I love you. I loved you at once. Will you marry me, Ruth? I want to get you away from that old place immediately, without waiting for anything. If you say yes, we'll take the old man right to a home; never mind if you can sell the house or not. Let it stand there until someone thinks of something about it. I want to make up to you for all the loneliness and hardship you've gone through. I want to see you gay and happy. You're wonderful beyond belief to have stood it. You know how I feel; I'd have lifted the old chap bodily, to an institution of some sort. But that's because my heart isn't wide-open like yours—only for you, Ruth. Tell me quickly when I can come—

There came the familiar shuffling sounds of William's approach. She stuffed the letter into the envelope, back into the pocket. Only just in time. William came in slowly and looked at her, his head cocked. "Out of your bed, Ruthie?" he asked.

There was perspiration on Ruth's face. Her eyes were hollow, ringed in black, but in their dilated depths was a reborn intensity of will. She drew her shoulders back into the bed and lay passive, docile.

William continued to study her. "This isn't right—" he muttered to himself. He continued to stand there, wringing his hands against his chest in slow perplexity.

"Do you understand, Uncle," she whispered brokenly, "that you're sinning against God? Grandma would be shocked if she knew."

William looked over sharply. "You shouldn't be talking, Ruthie," he said, puzzled. "You shouldn't be able to by now." She saw the marks of fear begin to trace themselves on his heavily-stubbled face again. He could not take care of himself as well as she had looked after him and his hair had a wildish disorder, and his blue eyes were more startling than gentle. There was something monkey-like now about his smallness. If anything, it was more frightening to her than the impenetrable obsession of his reasoning.

He darted his eyes at her from under grotesquely gathered brows and folded his hands behind him. "He'll have to see about this, Ruthie—" he said regretfully and, nodding to himself, went off again.

It was dark in the kitchen. William fumbled about and pulled on the light. The chaos of the room was absolute. He had managed, somehow, to eat and keep alive and there was something of pride in the way he moved about through the clutter, impervious to its details. He stuffed some bread crusts that were on the table almost greedily into his mouth, with more zest than he'd ever shown for a prepared meal. "Kill a chicken tomorrow morning—" he murmured aloud. "Louise, maybe. Good and fat just now—" His eyes filled with quick tears at the thought and he let them fall without wiping at them.

Presently he took some white powder from a box, filled a glass with water, already bubbled with staleness, mixed in some peppermint from a medicine dropper and stirred.

In the outer darkness, where shadow and fog blended, a car came slowly to the bend of the road and stopped. Its engine and lights were switched off and it was lost in the other shapes of night.

Presently a figure emerged from it and moved slowly, cautiously toward the looming structure of the house. Keeping well within the cover of shadow, it slipped like a shadow itself through the tangle of foliage, circling the huge trees and pausing a while in the black mass of a giant trunk. Then it continued toward the one light of the house. George Norren approached gradually until he edged the lighted square of window. There he remained a few minutes, in observation of the movements of William within.

He saw William bring forth the box of whitish powder. He could see all the details of the room, of the old man's actions, clearly. He saw him use the medicine dropper, make a clumsy move with his shaking hand and begin again, his lips moving incessantly.

Turning swiftly, George moved around the house to the front door. It was locked. Then he went to each successive window. He found one that would budge for the hard shove of his palm and hoisted himself over the ledge into the house. He found himself in the large, black room that was the dining room. Treading cautiously forward, he collided heavily with a large piece of furniture. He paused and, reaching into his pocket, brought out a packet of matches and struck one. It showed the tense flex of his jaw, the narrowed survey of his eyes. He went on, pausing at the creak of the old boards and waiting.

Then, with somewhat less caution and more speed, he moved up the dark well of the stairs. At the top landing he paused but an instant, then started along to Ruth's room.

The door stood open into the unlighted room. The harsh sound of heavy, spasmodic breathing came from it and then a long moan, followed by several tortured, unrelated sentences.

"Ruth, Ruth!" he gasped, plunging toward the sounds. He dropped the match that had burned away in his fingers and groped about for the light. When he found it and saw the litter, the mess, the huddle of bedclothes around the prostrate form of the girl in the bed, his face went ashen.

"Dear God! Ruth—!" He went to her, lifted her shoulders against him and, stroking back her disheveled hair, pressed her thin, feverish cheek to his. "Ruth, Ruth, it's George. Ruth, darling!"

But she only moaned and, holding her away, he saw her eyes roll without awareness. He placed her back gently and tried to bring a little order to the covers around her.

"Doctor—doctor—" she groaned.

He touched her brow briefly. "Yes, my darling," he said. "Just hold on. Hold on, do you hear, Ruth!"

He turned and headed down the stairs and out to the kitchen. William was just leaving it, glass in hand. "Get back in there," commanded George, indifferent to the disparity in their sizes, immune to the stark terror in the old eyes. "Keep moving," he continued. "Back up and go into the pantry."

The glass dropped from William's fingers and he stood, paralyzed, his hand still poised. Then he swayed.

"No you don't," said George, grasping the thin shoulders and propelling him. "None of that. If you're going to play sick tonight, you're going to do it by yourself, in there!"

He pushed him into the damp, food-smelling, mice-soured passage and shut the door. Since there was no key in it, he propped a chair under the handle.

"But the mice!" yelled William. "The mice!" Never had such terror been in his tremulous, childlike voice.

"The mice yet—" muttered George.

In response, he pulled off the light and made his way, sometimes stumbling in reckless urgency, to the car. The lights flashed on full. The motor started up. With a furious jerk, he swung the wheel and got headed back the way he'd come.

At the edge of town, George drew up, brakes screaming, before a darkened house, awakened the occupants and obtained directions to the doctor's. He sped on.

At the side of Doctor Rowlen's door were two bells. One said EMERGENCY. George pressed a finger hard into it. It seemed an endless time before a light appeared inside.

At last the door opened and the pale, constricted face of the doctor presented itself. He was in a dark-colored dressing gown over pajamas.

"Doctor Rowlen?" asked George in quick relief.

"Yes." There was no expression to assure George beyond this fact.

"Doctor, can you come to the Barlow house? Ruth Barlow is terribly ill. Poisoned, I'm pretty sure. She's delirious."

To George's surprise the doctor didn't move, but stared at him. "Poisoned?" he said.

"Yes, doctor, I can explain while you're getting ready."

Doctor Rowlen's dome forehead gleamed in the hall light as his chin rose a little. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Well, sir, I'm George Norren, a friend of hers—" began George, then stopped, understanding that the man intended to be tedious. "Look," he said, stepping in past the unwelcoming figure, "shouldn't all this come later? The girl's in a bad state. Won't you come, sir?"

Doctor Rowlen moved, as if a reflex acted to George's size and undaunted manner. "It's very strange," he argued, but not so arrogantly. "I've never seen you before and I've known the Barlows one and all since I was born. You come dashing in here in the middle of the night and say that Ruth Barlow has been poisoned. How do you know? What were you doing out in that lonely place?"

"As I said, let me explain while you get ready. If you will come." George tightened the wide belt of his trench coat as if to keep his hands under control.

Doctor Rowlen's gaze followed them, and traveled briefly the rest of the army officer's coat. "All right," he said, pursing his lips. "I'll come. But I warn you, if there's anything fishy to this, I'll not hesitate to call the police."

"I only hope you do, sir," said George vehemently. "In fact, I'm inclined to do it myself, now, while I'm able to."

Doctor Rowlen undid the belt of his gown and started up the stairs. "Follow me if you like," he called brusquely.

"Yes, doctor," said George. He began to talk at once, to the man's back as he moved about getting dressed, to explain himself and all that had occurred prior to this evening.

"So I stuck the old fellow in the pantry and beat it here—" he finished.

"You locked up little William!" There was fury in the doctor's tone. He picked up his instrument case.

"Got the antidote?" asked George. "The white powder's arsenic, isn't it?"

Doctor Rowlen didn't answer. With set face he went to his dispensary and returned without having acknowledged George's theory. He snapped the locks of the bag and they started out into the night.

"I want you to know that I don't believe any of this about William," said Doctor Rowlen just before he stepped into his coupe. "Why on earth should a sweet, harmless old man poison a niece he's always loved?" He pressed his lips in disdain of anything that George might offer.

"Self preservation," answered George, "his own kind. It's my fault for telling her he'd back down and go quietly when she faced him. She knew better—but she never guessed this!" He touched the smaller man's shoulder. "Look, sir, I don't go for melodrama either. Just look the thing over yourself." He motioned toward the coupe. "Can it travel?" he asked, with a brief, apologetic smile.

"Adequately, I'm sure," answered the doctor and slammed the door sharply.

The two cars moved away through the village, to the outskirts and into the dark hills. George kept getting far in advance of the doctor's car and having to slow down to make sure he was following. But the other pair of lights reappeared, moving steadily, without wildness.

George frowned, shook his head and swore. "If she dies," he said aloud, "I'll choke the breath out of that pokerfaced sawbones! Slowly!"

At last the two cars were alongside each other at the foot of the hill below the house. "You'll release the old man first," said Doctor Rowlen, "before I do anything."

"I'll keep him in tow," answered George.

When they reached the kitchen and George had put on the light, the doctor halted in a stunned instant before the disarray. Then he looked at George and George went to the pantry, from which a feeble banging had begun.

"They ran all around! They touched me!" screeched William wildly.

Doctor Rowlen went to him and put an arm around his shoulder. He spoke to him soothingly, like a father, and apologized for George's rough behavior.

George edged anxiously toward the hall. "For God's sake, Doctor—!" he spoke sharply.

With one last exertion of his power, the cold eyes of the man stared into his and he delayed. Perhaps it was only the span of a breath in time, but George's fists clenched. He motioned to William. "You follow us upstairs, Mr. Barlow," he said and the three at last ascended to where Ruth lay.

The moment the doctor saw Ruth, he lost all resistance. In confusion and concern, he went into swift, professional action, using George as assistant. William, cowering in a corner, shaking as if the floor were vibrating under him, was, for the time, forgotten.

"Poison?" asked George presently.

"Looks like it, certainly."

In spite of his evasion of committal, he was preparing the antidote. George glanced at William, but the wide stare of blue eyes was like a wall against which accusation and wrath rebounded without effect. George shook his head and turned back to Ruth.

For nearly an hour he worked with the doctor. "Where'd you get your experience?" the doctor asked gruffly when George proved strangely competent.

"Put it down to war," said George, his eyes on Ruth's face, waiting for signs of recovery.

"Oh—" muttered the medico. "See much action?"

"Enough." George looked sharply at the doctor. "Were you in?" he asked. There was no sincere interest in his tone; it was a question evoked by the exaggerated casualness of the man's own inquiry.

The silence could have been the doctor's preoccupation, but together with a curious flush rising slowly from the flaccid jaw up through the pale flesh, it caused George to abandon the subject, a glint of perception in his eyes. He glanced at William, back to the doctor, as if linking them in new comprehension.

Suddenly there was a sigh, long and deep. Ruth twisted and moaned. Her eyelids fluttered open. Her eyes stared, rolled a little, closed again.

"Ruth, Ruth—" George's voice, low, reassuring, urged at her like hands, drawing her back again from her shadows.

Presently her lids came up slowly, stayed. She was very still, as though listening carefully for what her sight had not shown her.

"Ruth, honey, it's George. The doctor's here. Everything's all right."

She remained still.

The doctor moved forward, his eyes narrowing. He counted her pulse, said nothing.

William made a sharp whimper, like a puppy in pain, and pressed into the corner until it squeezed his shoulders to its shape.

Ruth's eyes alerted. Her breathing quickened. Cords stood out on her slender neck as she strained off the pillow.

George pressed her hands, smoothed her brow, hope mixed with anguish. "Ruth," he repeated, "it's George. You're all right now; everything's all right."

He smiled, held his breath, waited for recognition.

There was none. Tears welled to her eyes and moved in slow hopelessness down her cheeks.

"Ruth!" said George, shock lifting his voice as he hardened his grip on her.

She flinched without any increase of contact in her gaze and, confirming disbelief in his image, searched past and beyond it in separate dread. . .

Following the direction of her search, George moved involuntarily to protect it, to make a shield between her and the discovery of William.

It was too late. Rising off the pillow, her face convulsed, her eyes mad with horror, Ruth shrieked wildly, shattering the quiet of the house.

George could not stop her. She did not hear him, feel him. Great spasms went through her while her eyes remained fixed on William and she drew the next ultimate of strength to shriek again until there was hardly a sound left to come but its hoarse spending.

Under this barrage, William's figure slid to the floor slowly and, hunched over his knees, he tried to hide himself.

Doctor Rowlen's hands clenched. "For heaven's sake," he muttered. "That's enough to kill him."

George looked up. His hands lifted off Ruth's, their knuckles whitening, but a light moan from Ruth reclaimed the attention of both men.

"She's going out," said the doctor.

Before George's anxious call could reach her, even before the doctor's observation was completed, Ruth's head rolled back on the pillow. Her eyes closed. Her face became a mask in which only her moving lips denoted the fevered grip of delirium. . . .

. . . Strange that the courtroom should fall so silent. All were looking at the judge, Doctor Rowlen, who looked

only at her. She looked into his eyes and saw twin reflections of William. In one reflection, he was held by a muscular-looking attendant. His mouth hung open. His eyes rolled. "This man," said the attendant, "was driven past his own strength to survive." The reflection flashed off and the other showed William's dead face as another man covered it over with a sheet. Doctor Rowlen turned to face her. "You killed him," he said. The reflection dimmed slowly.

"Ruth Barlow," a large voice boomed, "the court upholds you. You are free!"

"No!" she screamed suddenly, as the doctor's triumphant face appeared before her again. "I did it, I did it!" She told them all, turning from one side of the great room to the other, "I did it!" But no one paused; they moved off, everyone moving off in other directions, not hearing her, not aware of her, and then a field, and trees, trees bending over her blackly. . . .

"Hear—she admits it herself," said Doctor Rowlen. "There is the shortcoming of youth and power. Lack of caution."

"She's still delirious—" muttered George. He moved Ruth's cheeks gently between his palms.

Doctor Rowlen reached for his jacket. "Nonsense!" he said firmly, with an undertone of triumph. "Her pulse is steadying. She's sleeping nicely." He glanced at William. "Better see the poor fellow gets some sleep, too." He looked into his bag and brought out a bottle of pills.

"Good lord, man—" George rose to his feet, blocked the path of the doctor. "You can't take a girl's delirium seriously. You can't walk out on this. This is attempted *murder*."

The doctor poured water from a pitcher into a glass and carried it to William. "Here, William," he said gently, showing him the pill, "I want you to take this. It will make you feel better."

William ducked his head.

"He's bats," said George, "plain bats. It's your duty to commit him."

Doctor Rowlen murmured soothingly to William, as if he had not heard George.

"Well, believe me, if you don't take him with you, I'll see that the police know that, too. And," he added meaningfully, "the Medical Association might also be interested."

Ruth's eyes opened upon the back of the two men. She made no other accompanying movement. Even when George's shoulders jerked, as if he would lunge toward the doctor, her pupils did not flicker.

"What eats you, anyway?" George took a step toward the bent figure of the doctor. "I'm beginning to think you're as nuts as he is."

The doctor turned and straightened and carried the water to a table. His face was expressionless, but his mouth was tightened. "As I said," he stated tonelessly, "there are shortcomings to youth and power, particularly in a woman. They see only in straight lines to what they want for themselves. It comes as a shock to them that needs are not always fulfilled, but woven in compromise to the needs of others." He closed his bag with two sharp snaps.

"For heaven's sake what's that got to do with all this?" George's jawbones tensed. His scowl was a threat.

Doctor Rowlen met it directly. "She would understand better than you. She knew that William's life depended on her. She knew that what seemed like madness to you was fear. She preferred to take her life, rather than give it to him."

"Ruth poison herself? What rot!" George's voice broke off, as the bedsprings made a soft creak. At the sight of Ruth's open eyes, his own lit with relief. "Ruth!" He sat down again and took her hands, "Thank goodness!"

She looked at him blankly.

George rubbed her hands. "Honey," he asked with gentle forcefulness, "I know it's hard on you, but can you tell us what happened? That's all, then we'll let you alone; you can sleep."

"You're going to be all right, Miss Barlow," injected Doctor Rowlen professionally. "You've been fortunate to have been both healthy and light-handed in the dosages."

Veins pulsed in George's temples. "You see, Ruth," he insisted, "he thinks you tried to poison yourself. He won't take William unless you tell him the truth."

. . . The two men moved toward her in a twilight wave, backed by huge bell sounds. Ruth held her own. Out of the words that rumbled from them came immense inspiration, of which they were, so far, innocently unaware. She must be very, very careful, though, or they would discover that they had given her a way to escape, to rid herself of the black cloak in which, even if only Doctor Rowlen could see it, she was imprisoned. . . .

"All right, darling, if it's too much, just nod," George framed the next words reluctantly, placing his hands on her shoulders in emphasis of her safety. "Your uncle gave you poison, didn't he?"

The figure in the corner crouched tighter into itself. Doctor Rowlen made a sound of anger in his throat.

"I don't think she's conscious yet," said George, perspiration appearing on his brow.

The doctor took this as a cue, willingly. He picked up his bag. "Well, I'll be looking in in the morning," he murmured.

"Wait," said George.

Attention returned and centered on Ruth's face. Slowly she shook her head from side to side, a soft, rolling movement.

"What?" George's head cocked toward her in bewilderment.

Her head kept moving, like a hypnotized bird's.

"She's not awake," said George. "She's still doped."

"I don't agree." Doctor Rowlen paused alertly. "Her eyes are open. She's looking straight at you and she's denying what you said."

George's lips compressed. "Baloney," he muttered. "You may have your degree, but I've seen that look before, too many times."

"Well," the doctor said tersely, "that makes a difference of opinions. Either way, I'll move along now. Don't neglect the old man in the meantime. His heart is acting up. Better get him into bed, too."

The movement of Ruth's head quickened.

George frowned. "You mean William didn't try to—" He refused the rest of the sentence as her eyes dilated.

"No—"

It was barely a word, more a sound drawn from between unmoving lips.

"But I saw him with the stuff, Ruth!"

She shook her head. "No—" Again the sibilant murmur came.

"You see," said the doctor. "I was right."

Ruth's head began an up and down movement now. Her eyes turned to rest for an instant soulfully upon the doctor, then closed.

"Ruth!" said George, but her head sank heavily to one side.

Doctor Rowlen took her pulse again. "It may take a long sleep to bring back her strength now," he said regretfully. "She shouldn't have been taxed."

George set her covers straight and slowly rose. "This is all crazy," he muttered, running a hand across his eyes.

Doctor Rowlen gazed at him a moment, then at William. He sighed. "It certainly is. One tries to help. But to what avail? It's plain to see that his fate is only a matter of time and that you'll raise happy little children over his dead body."

George wheeled and for a second it seemed that he would strike the tall, cold-eyed man. But his shoulders slacked. "Look," he said slowly. "This won't be the last you hear of this. Meanwhile I suggest you don't come back, tomorrow or any other time."

"That, I believe, is entirely up to the Barlows," Dr. Rowlen began impersonally.

George's words, sharp and abrupt, cut across him. "If it's necessary, I'll call in someone else. Good night."

Doctor Rowlen hesitated. Then he smiled. "Good night," he said quietly. The doors closed in succession. His car started and drove away.

In the room there was the sound of William's hard, quick breathing and Ruth's—gentle and even. George turned slowly to William. William's eyes were childlike with hope and reprieve.

Chapter 8

Footsteps jerked Ruth from sleep. Her eyes opened. Her nerves alerted. At once she was aware of freedom from pain. She felt a sly, new strength, a readiness for defense. The footsteps, though, were not shuffling. They were light and cautious, but with a firm lift and fall. Her hands shook. Memories and emotions churned with bewilderment. She felt apart from herself in time and space.

When the large figure of George moved softly into the room, carrying a tray, it was as if another period and place were superimposing itself over the present.

His sleeves were rolled up. He wore a dish towel around his waist. The worry in his face as he entered, gave way to barely-contained exultation. "You're awake!" he said. "You're actually awake!"

He set down the tray and moved to her side. "Honey," he whispered, squatting by the bed and taking her hands in his. "Oh, Ruth, it's good to see that look in your eyes at last. Now I know you're all right. You've even got some color."

"George," she murmured, her gaze still questioning.

"Yes." He nodded, comprehending. "It's all real. You can count on it. And you're going to be well. As soon as you can travel, we'll leave here, forever."

She was quiet, gathering her forces. Her hands locked more tightly with his. "William?" she asked. "What happened?"

George looked at her a moment, then he moved to sit on the bed in a more comfortable position for talking. "Well, I'll tell you, Ruth," he began, with the old wry lift to his mouth. "I thought for a while that I was going to have to wait for you to tell me that." He smoothed the hair back from her brow. "But it just so happened," he continued, "that I learned the truth from William himself."

George laughed, half to himself, and shook his head. "With that inimitable logic of his, darling, he decided that we were on his team. He looks upon you as a mother who lied to save him and, because I sent the doctor away, I'm his savior, too."

"*I* lied to save him, George?" Ruth withdrew a hand to press it to her forehead.

George was serious again, concerned. Quietly he explained the events. "I took a chance," he finished. "I didn't call Rowlen back and I didn't call another doctor, either. I nearly went out of my head—you've been asleep over forty-eight hours."

Ruth looked past him, into a strange, receding world. "I dreamed it all," she murmured, "I dreamed it all—"

"You never were fully conscious," said George.

She looked back at him earnestly. "But it's strange. It was true, it was somehow true, too."

George waited, questioning.

"I've been afraid ever since Doctor Rowlen told me that moving Uncle William would surely kill him. Don't you see, George, when I was ill, I actually believed I was guilty of destroying my uncle."

George's eyes narrowed with understanding. "You know, Rowlen has really held you here almost as much as your uncle. He was deliberately sadistic. He *wanted* to see you destroy yourself for William. If you had died, he'd have been partly responsible."

They looked at each other.

"What webs our lives do make," George said after a while. He smiled gently into her eyes. "Even I, as you recall, was only an innocent passerby who thought he'd paint a particular house."

He felt her answering smile.

Presently she asked to be propped up and indicated interest in the contents of the tray.

George brought it with pleasure. "I had no real hopes when I whipped this together," he said modestly, "or I'd have made it fancier. Truth is, this kitchen's no aid in learning to cook."

"My goodness—" Ruth looked startled (would she always remember William and the cookbook?). "How did you manage?"

"I made William show me how things worked," George said grimly.

She could not help it. She paled and her breath quickened.

George was contrite as he held a glass of milk to her lips. "Sorry, honey, but don't worry. He's well under control."

His casualness reassured her. She sipped the milk cautiously. "What are we to do about him, then?" she asked, trying to match the lighter note.

George avoided her eyes. "I was going to come to that later, when you'd got back some pep."

She tried a little bread and butter. Soon she sighed and he took away the tray. "We must get away from here," he said. "You need decent food."

"You'll probably want to turn him over to the police," she said, seeking his still-evasive glance.

He came back to her and sat down again. This time he looked at her directly. "All right," he said, "if you feel you can discuss it, Ruth, I'll tell you the way I figured it. I figured that your uncle is only going to be committed in the long run, no matter which way it happens. Why not just turn him in ourselves? When we go."

Ruth pressed her hands together. "But will they believe us? Wouldn't they want a doctor's word?"

"Ah, honey," George pressed her arm in mitigation of disparagement, "believe me, there could be no doubt. The first minute I saw him, I knew. I'd never seen anyone like him walking around loose before."

Ruth looked at him a long time, very hard.

"I believe you," she said finally. "I believe you." It seemed to her she was uttering the password, at last, to freedom.

He kissed her. "Get well fast," he whispered.

"I could do a dance right now," smiled Ruth.

Presently he left her to doze again. "I've got my chores," he told her. "I'll be back."

She relaxed happily. Vaguely there came the unexpected sound of two voices beyond the door. Had William been listening, she wondered hazily? It wasn't vital. . . .

She drifted off.

As George stepped into the hallway from Ruth's room, William backed furtively against the opposite wall. George eyed him curiously. The small face showed neither fear nor guilt, but more the reflex of miscalculation. Perhaps he had just happened on the conversation behind Ruth's door. Perhaps he had a mission of his own and had thought George elsewhere. He smiled at George and George was unable to decide.

"Don't go in there," he told him, indicating Ruth's room.

"Oh, no. I wouldn't," said William.

George hesitated one more moment, then shrugged. "Better stay away from this end of the hall altogether," he said. "Understand, now? I don't want Ruth to set eyes on you until she's completely recovered."

William raised his eyes. "Won't Ruthie want to see me?"

George stared. Was it craft or innocence in the blue eyes? He nodded toward the stairs. "Go on ahead, down to the kitchen," he ordered, "I'm going to keep my eye on you."

The little man moved ahead obediently, with backward glances over his shoulder. At the bottom of the stairs, he shot an unsure, ingratiating smile into George's face.

"Okay," nodded George, "okay."

William went on quickly. George shook his head.

William waited for him in the center of the room, like a puppet that must be set into action by his will.

"For heaven's sake sit down, relax." George surveyed the room. "Or better still, wash the dishes. I'm going out to fix that pump handle, if I can."

William gave a small shudder. He shuffled reluctantly to the sink. "I never washed dishes," he mumbled.

"Well, the time's come, then," said George. "And mind you stay put. No roaming."

George's grin was arrested by the sight of a dead rat at the side of the kitchen steps. It had been eating from a tin cup that had been put there. George examined the cup. Quite plainly there had been arsenic in whatever mixture it had held.

He stepped back into the kitchen, quietly. William was turning back his cuffs, delicately, with shaking fingers. He did not look up.

George scanned the shelf where he had found the arsenic. There was no sign of it. Had William hidden some of it? Or had that cup been there without his noticing it before?

George went swiftly to his task in the desolate yard.

When he returned, William was still at the sink. He whimpered as George came in. "Mother always did this. She didn't make me."

"But look here," said George. "If you were to be left alone here, as you say you want, how would you manage?"

William's face was flushed; his eyes shone.

"It'd be my house, then, wouldn't it?" He folded his hands against himself in ecstasy. "That's what Mother wanted. You'd change your mind about taking me with you!"

George's face clouded with distaste, as well as doubt. He looked as if he might push the eager-faced figure away from him, but he was cautious. "What's made you think we'd take you with us?" he asked.

William's face went slowly blank. "Ruthie would never leave me by myself."

George's head cocked. Uncertainty fought with contempt. He assayed the pathetic size of William. His face hardened. He drew in his lips and his eyes narrowed.

Then suddenly he laughed, shook his head and drew a cigarette from a pack. "Tell you what," he said, lighting it and glancing at William through the smoke. "You behave yourself and I might prevail upon her. She might do it for me, you know."

Their eyes met. The blue of William's was empty, like patches of sky seen through portholes. His mouth quivered.

"Finish the dishes, then go out and butcher one of the chickens as I told you yesterday. No hysterics. We've got to eat." Understanding William was like guessing the contents of a box by shaking it.

Ruth was sitting in a chair by her window. George lounged on her bed, smoking.

"Where is he now?" asked Ruth. Happiness was restoring her strength. Her eyes were clear. Strain-lines were fading. With a very little help, she could be beautiful.

"Same place. He sits on the kitchen steps by the hour."

Ruth's smile faltered a little. "How does he act, though? Do you think he heard, or not?"

"Don't know, honey," George shrugged. "Can't make up my mind. But in any case, it doesn't matter now. It's just that I thought it would hold his shenanigans down to a minimum if he didn't know. Maybe I shouldn't have done it, but I gave him the idea I'd talk to you about leaving him here, try to persuade you. He snapped at that. House would be his, what Mother always wanted and so on."

Ruth gazed out the window. "It won't be easy, at that," she said. "It's strange—maybe you won't understand—but now that I'm all right and you're here, I don't feel any resentment against him."

George pursed his lips. "Mmm. Well. We won't aim too high, my love. You'll steer clear of the little man and on the ride he'll sit with me." His head tilted back

in sudden laughter. "Who's crazy around here, anyhow? Anyone would think he was a fiend out of hell."

Ruth suppressed a small shiver. She gave George a fleeting, almost furtive, glance, then took up some sewing that rested on her knee. "Would it—" She paused, took courage. "George, would it be so dreadful to do what he wants—let him stay, I mean?"

George's cigarette halted in mid-air. After a moment he took a slow, thoughtful puff and exhaled. "I might have anticipated this," he said, "knowing you." There was a hint of frustration in his half-smile.

Ruth looked up. "No, George, this is different. It's not for any of the old reasons at all. It's just that, well—" She faltered before George's objective gaze. "Well, all right, maybe there *is* something more to it than logic." She looked down at her sewing. "Maybe it's being related, or knowing someone so long, or something that happens to you, in spite of yourself, when you've been depended upon completely. I don't know." She let her hands drop against the sewing, forgetting it. "I'll never know why people get all mixed up with each other and don't walk away when they can—but they don't seem to, do they?"

George's gaze, too, had dropped. He seemed to be preparing himself against the flow of soft, hurried words. "Go on," he said, "go on—"

"Well—" Ruth's hands moved together and clasped. "George," her voice rose and took on firmness, "no matter what you may believe, it's going to kill Uncle William to be taken from here."

George clapped a hand lightly to his brow. "And you still can't bring yourself to risk it?"

Ruth's gaze did not waver.

"George, darling," she said, her eyes bright, "that's *not* what I mean."

He looked at her slowly, warily.

"No," said Ruth, "what I mean is that perhaps there's a choice of ends for my uncle." Now she looked away from George again. "I keep remembering what he said, the way he talked when he—when I—" She smiled quickly at herself. "While he was waiting for me to die. It was so impersonal. He merely wanted danger to himself removed."

"A lunatic, Ruth!"

Ruth nodded. "Yes. I know. I'm not saying anything otherwise. But—" Once more her eyes sought George's forbearance and her words lowered. "What I want to say is that, if one knows that this way, left here, he'd understand what was happening, that it was what he'd asked for, his own way—then wouldn't the other be like a revenge taken on him?" Ruth paused a moment, then added, "And George, I don't want revenge."

George was silent. He looked at her a long time, then turned to gaze out over the hills that were becoming known to him.

Presently he leaned over to the ash tray and stubbed out his cigarette. Then he stood up, tightening his belt in mutuality with his thoughts. "No, Ruth," he said flatly, "no. I understand the way you feel, but the whole thing from beginning to end is an hallucination, a mental gyp, and I won't have you a part of it for another day. We're getting out of here in the morning. We're going to skip the contents of the place for now. And the old guy comes with us, as arranged."

He went over to Ruth and kissed her mitigatingly. "I'm sorry, honey, but that's the way it's got to be." He straightened and looked toward the door. "I still think it best to say nothing to him," he added. "When the time comes, I'll take care of it."

Ruth sat very still.

After a while her hands rediscovered her sewing. She took it up. Her breathing was quick and even, her face composed.

George looked at the clock. A businesslike abstraction came into his eyes. "Two more meals," he mused, "for what they're worth."

He turned to Ruth. His gaze softened. "It's come to an end, honey," he said. "It's come to an end."

She did not look up. She went on sewing. "Don't go yet," she said. "Sit down again. Talk to me some more. Finish what you were saying about the success of the painting, the apartment. Tell me about the—" She took a slight breath. "Tell me a lot about the future."

Chapter 9

The wind swept through the trees with a quiet, steady moan. From time to time supple-ended branches whipped the window panes sharply. The silence was stirred into restless emphasis as William sat, hands in pockets, pipe in mouth, staring at nothing visible, his eyes goggling with vacancy, not even looking up as the clatter of a loose shutter reverberated like sudden, gentle thunder through the house.

George's restlessness had mounted with the settling of darkness. He left the warmth of the kitchen, passing William in perverse roughness, resenting the old man's oblivion, angry with the enforced companionship, and mounted the stairs for one more look-in on Ruth.

Her figure lay flat and quiet under the bedclothes. He could not tell whether she was asleep or not. He stood there, making no sound, listening for her breathing. It seemed peaceful, but he stayed, his big frame hovering in the darkness as if expectant of something.

"Hi—" Ruth's voice came softly.

He smiled with relief, his breath sighing. "Hi," he whispered.

"Anything wrong, darling?" she asked and the bedsprings creaked as she turned farther toward him.

"No, not a thing. Just checking. It's a hell of a night. I'd never be anything but a city guy in a place like this. How'd you ever stand it, Ruth?"

"I've almost forgotten, with you here." Her voice was soft, happy.

He moved swiftly to her. "Just this one more night," he whispered. "Sleep it away, my darling. Tomorrow is the beginning."

"Yes—" She moved from his arms a little. "Where's William?"

"Sitting. Just sitting, in the kitchen. Happy as a gadfly. Thinks we're leaving him here. At least that's what I figure. He hasn't said a word more."

Ruth leaned back toward him slowly. "Well, get him to bed, darling, and get to bed yourself." She wrapped her arms about him and kissed him. "Good night," she whispered.

"Good night."

George arranged her covers gently, smoothed back her hair and went out softly, leaving the door ajar.

As he reentered the kitchen, William was moving back to his seat from somewhere. He seemed flushed from exertion. George scowled down at the back of the fluffy white head in bafflement. Then he shrugged.

"Okay, William," he said. "Off to bed, please."

William's blue eyes came around to meet with George. "Finish this bowl," he pleaded. "It's just right now."

George sighed. "If you say so, I guess." He drew out a cigarette, lighted it and sat down at the table where an old newspaper was spread out. He read it without seeing the print, his free hand drumming gently against the table.

After a few moments he pushed back his chair and shoved out his long legs in abrupt end of endurance.

"Come on," he said, "come on. Let's get it over with."

William looked up at him, his eyes wide and blue and round. "You and Ruthie going away in the morning?" he asked. "Like you said?"

George appraised him. "Yeah—uh-huh," he allowed with caution.

William kept looking.

George had to break his own stare or be party to, or part of, William's strangeness. He spoke roughly to cover his ill-ease and stood up. "Let's shake a leg."

"I'm not sleepy," said William.

"It doesn't matter; do as I say."

"I don't *want* to be in my bed."

George folded his arms. "Shall I convey you there, sir?" he asked. Then realizing the stony ground for humor, added, "Do you want to be made to go, William?"

"No, I don't. I'll sit here very quietly. I won't disturb anyone. I won't go near Ruthie. I just don't want to go to bed." William crossed his legs, as if to implant himself there in his rocker.

George sized him up. "William," he said quietly, "are you forgetting? Would you rather I was a policeman?"

It was crude, brutal, but it brought William out of his seat as if propelled physically. His face broke into creases and lines of crying, without the accompanying sounds. He put his pipe on the table and prepared to follow George.

"I'll wait until you knock it out," said George, "so you can take it up with you."

"Thank you," said William nervously.

Then he preceded George up the stairs, holding heavily to the banister.

George followed him into the room, glanced around it, then began bringing forth clean underwear from the chest of drawers.

"Why you doing that?" asked William plaintively. "I don't need clean things tomorrow."

"Better start you off right," said George and braced his shoulders to hear William's next words.

"Oh," said William.

George waited a moment, but William was untying his shoes, his lips moving in soundless preoccupation.

"Okay," said George, when the old man was settled in his bed. "Now stay there. Good night."

"Good night. But I'm not sleepy," mumbled William.

George closed the door. After a moment, he opened it and peered in. "Any key to this door, William?"

William sat up. "Key? Why should you want a key? You wouldn't lock me in here, would you? Besides, there hasn't been a key since I can remember. Mother may have had it a long, long time ago. Once, when I was very little and she—"

"All right, all right," said George and closed the door.

He stood for a while in the dark passage. Then he returned to the kitchen, placed the lid over the embers in the stove, turned off the light and went up to the front room, the one called "Sister's room."

He could not get control of his sharp restlessness. He sat listening to the wind, the scurry of animals, distantly, how distantly, a bark, or was it the howl of a wolf?

William opened his door with extreme cunning. His slippers scraped the boards of the floor a little and he bent laboriously and took them off. He knew his way, not with vision, but with familiarity and love for every shape that made up his home. He moved along the passage slowly, a step at a time, absorbing through his senses the odors and textures of his lifetime. Though he did not understand them as such, they were his guide, his support against the bursting, pounding rhythm of his heart. They gave him courage, assurance of reality in the rocking, widening world of darkness. His bare feet knew the sag, the warp of wood beneath them. He would have been able to make a straight journey to his mother's old room by the breath of lavender that hovered perpetually within its range, but he stopped first at a shallow cupboard built into a niche and, drawing its door slowly outward, groped to the middle shelf where, in all his memory, candles and the wherewithal to light them had always been kept.

They were there now. Shaking dangerously near incapacity, his hands clasped about a candlestick, a box of matches. He waited, his eyes popping, listening; then he turned and crept into his mother's room. Gently, gently, he closed the door.

The candlelight cast a gloom rather than a radiance over the beloved place. William stood very still, looking about him. He examined, one by one, each treasured article of his mother's. Tears fell softly down his cheeks.

"Mother—" he whispered.

Lifting the candle high, he turned away at last and something new was in his step, a purpose that quickened his movements, lent them agility.

To the far end of the passage he trod, making hardly a sound, pausing when he did so to wait, his hand held against the greater sound of his own heart. Occasionally a joint protested with a sharp crack that seemed sure to penetrate the sleep of his enemies, bring them upon him in final catastrophe, but he reached the attic ladder safely.

There he paused for the mice to scurry to cover. The scratching startled him, though anticipated, and he cowered, a whimper escaping. Still there was no interruption of his solitary faring.

He made the sharp ascent with difficulty, his breathing growing harsh. The attic was so crowded that there was barely room for him to find his way. The candlelight glinted on the tears that welled again. Memories condensed, brought all together in one area of vision, were nearly too much for him. His hand encircled his throat to ward off the feeling of suffocation.

He picked his way among the cobweb-festooned furniture—the trunks and cribs, the high-chairs and commodes, the horse blankets, the browned linens, blue-green clothing, the feathered neck-pieces, the broken music-box, the wicker baby-carriage in which he himself had been wheeled. . . .

He stumbled over a frame strung with rows of colored beads. He moaned with the fear of failure. Still, after a lengthy wait, the silence of the house was broken only by the constant wind that seemed up here to threaten the very structure, although it had withstood far, far worse. A tiny china tea cup rolled over as he passed, its handle crumbling softly against the dust-thick floor.

He came at last to what he wanted, a pile of newspapers and periodicals made up in stacks, once carefully erected, that had slipped center-wise to age and yellow in layers of permanent disorder.

He looked at them a long time, thoughtfully. Perspiration covered his face, ran down his scrawny neck. He began to shake, not as before, but with a violence that lowered his knees and caught his body into spasms. His lips moved and a word was shaken into utterance on the close air, sudden, incoherent, frightening to himself.

He turned away from the pile an instant to search the rafters. His eyeballs rolled, the whites glistening in the flickering light. "Mmm-other—?" he questioned, the chattering of his teeth a counterpart to the husky sound. He crossed his arms upon his chest and waited. His head lowered; his hands lowered. The shaking candle descended. A gust of draught washed across the little tongue of flame. It leaped outward.

The spurt of light brought him awake. A flame pierced the dimness in a single, upward pirouette, high and pointed from his hand, from the dry paper.

He came to life. His body straightened. His eyes were wide, fierce, the white eyebrows beetled into shadows down his face.

Slowly he extended his hand to another protruding edge. Another flame kindled, leaped. Methodically he encircled the pile, extending his candle to each exposed corner until it accepted the flame, responded.

He stood back then and watched his handiwork. Not for long. Quickly he turned and retraced his steps, lowered himself gently into silence and space. Nothing moved there, in the deepened darkness. He made his way again, step by step, keeping to the sides of the hall where the creaks were like the night itself, contracting the boards.

He went into his mother's room. Softly he closed the door. He walked to the bed and gazed down upon it. A softness, a faint smile, touched his ashen face with innocent wonder. He blew out the candle, got into bed and enfolded himself within the heavy covers.

George had drifted into a semiconsciousness of waiting. He stirred at the hoot of an owl. He sat up as the floorboards creaked with the lowering temperature. Once something flew hard against his window. He sat for minutes, puzzling at what it might have been. A nameless anxiety preceded a goal so near. Almost he surrendered to a compulsion to place a chair against William's door, but he overcame it with mental jibes at his bravery. He did the same with his urge to wander the house like a night watchman, telling himself that he did not know what to watch. Also, it only disturbed or worried Ruth to haunt her room.

He closed his thoughts off forcibly. . . .

. . . He couldn't have told at what point the dream of smoke became a waking thought. He staggered from the chair, separating himself from vagueness with a hard shake of his head. He had, after all, fallen asleep. His sniff was a verification of consciousness.

The pungency of what he drew wrung a grunt of alarm from him.

He plunged from the room and stumbled at the onslaught of smoke and heat that blanketed over him.

Ahead of him, down the hall, flashed a brilliant tide of flame, advancing so quickly that his very pause altered the point to which it had advanced. It had already traveled along the left turn of the hall and consumed it. The sound it made completed that thrall of panic before George began to shout for Ruth. As he beat his way through the smoke, beams crashed at some overhead point.

"Ruth!" he yelled, "Ruth!"

From nowhere the flames seemed to link forces, to merge for the rush toward him. "William!" he shrieked, although the flames had already become a sheet, billowing and roaring an obstruction to that end of the house.

Ruth had leaped from bed. George caught a glimpse of her white face, saw her reach for her robe.

"No," he shrieked. "No! Come!"

She flung herself toward him and he grabbed her, but even as they turned back into the hall, the flames were there.

They backed up, and George felt himself blacking out with the fan of heat. "The window—" he managed to gasp.

It was Ruth who got it open. She shouted his name at him until his senses were pulled back into function.

They leaned out. There was no time to assess their chances. He lifted her in his arms, struggled to the sill, slid as far as he could and dropped.

They did not know how long they might have lain on the ground where they landed—a moment, perhaps several. Ruth felt a sharp pain the length of her side. George groaned. "Oh lord, my shoulder—"

The next instant, however, they had forgotten their pain. Behind them the house seemed to be crumbling downward, collapsing like a great mass of inward-hurtling lumber, all that had held it to form and design magically vanishing. They got up and, hand-in-hand, ran from the blast of heat.

"Uncle William—" gasped Ruth, but George shook his head.

They stopped and turned, and stood there in silence, watching. In all the silent hills there was no one but them to see what was taking place. That in itself added a ghastly helplessness to their shocked vision. There was nothing to do, nothing that could be done. . . .

And, in there, William.

George moved even closer to Ruth and tried to shield her from the cold that came from the night behind them. She shivered against him, her new strength ebbing fast.

The structure cast a light that might have attracted a vast crowd anywhere else. The glow showed the black silhouetted trees, giant and still and vulnerable, and reddened the sky above in a great arc. Shadows reached out and danced along the ground and flickered on the faces of George and Ruth.

"Why has it started at the top and burned downward, I wonder?" asked Ruth.

"God knows. I doubt if we ever will."

Now, with a muffled rumble, a wall tottered and crashed apart. Parts of the interior stood exposed like rooms in a dollhouse, but only for moments and then they, too, were drowned in flame.

"We can't wait," George said, clutching a little at his shoulder. "You'll get pneumonia—"

But Ruth held back, seeming hypnotized in the glare of the disappearing house.

"Darling," he said softly, "don't think. Except that we're lucky to be here."

Suddenly she buried her face against him, clung hysterically. "Poor, gentle little William," she moaned softly, from some realm she could not share with George, or anyone. "He never understood."

George held her tightly. "I know, Honey," he said, "but perhaps he's happier now than he's ever been." It had been the best he could offer and he looked down a little fearfully at Ruth, as if, perhaps, the objectivity had let her down.

Ruth, though, grew strangely quiet. She looked up again and toward the still-glowing structure that had contained her life, and her uncle's.

"Yes—" she breathed.

George did not disturb her for a moment more.

Then he turned her firmly away. Skirting the heat, they made their way to his car. In it were some of the blankets he had used for his wandering. Ruth sat in the seat beside the driver's and he wrapped her in them.

"Don't look back, darling," he said, as the car moved off into the night. He put an arm around her.

She moved against him. "No," she said.

The glow behind them paled, vanished. The windy darkness lay ahead and the dim lights of the distant town. She kept her eyes to them. . . . THE END

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